THE SECRET OF MAKING MONEY.

BY A MAN WORTH £20,000,000.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

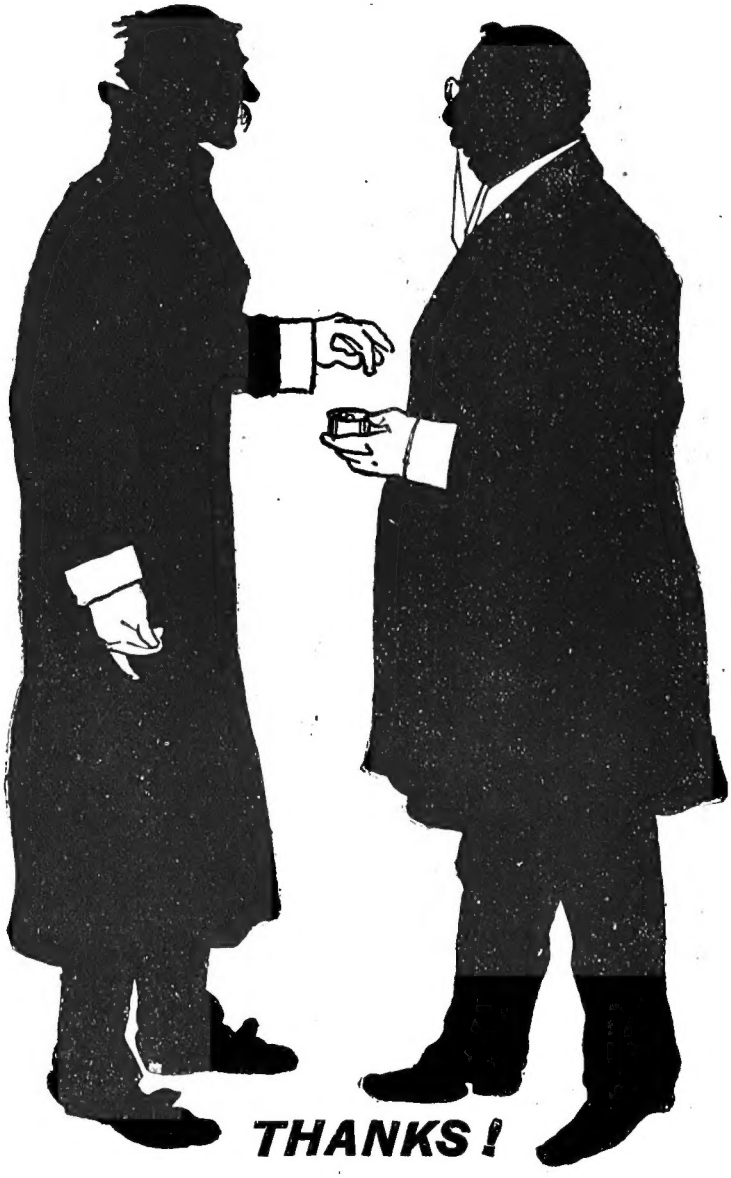
Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 5. Vol. I.—March, 1899.

3p. net.

Digitized by Google

BEECHAM'S PILLS!



THANKS!

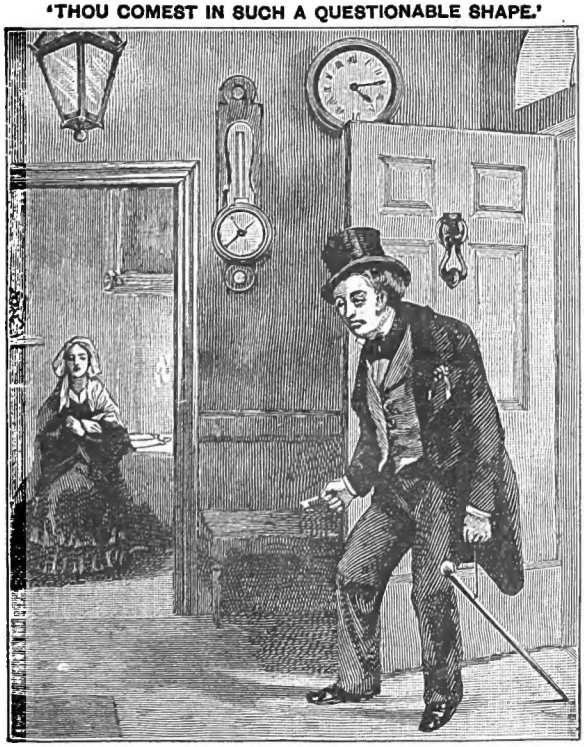
Digitized by Google

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.' —GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—*'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'*—LORD LYTTON.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'
—BISHOP HALL.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'



SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' an Imperative Hygienic Need. It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by NATURAL MEANS.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am RESTORED to MY USUAL HEALTH; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours most truly—VERITAS."

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE. WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Digitized by Google

SOCIAL FESTIVITIES

A most pleasing feature of the Season, are easily and economically provided with the aid of LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT. It renders possible the preparation of a variety of rich soups, gravies, and delicate entrées, which, before its introduction, cost an infinite amount of time, trouble, and expense.

Mind it has this Signature,

J. Liebig

in Blue.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

"THE NIMBLE 9D."

GREAT REDUCTION in price to 9d. per lb. in order to reduce stock, but

QUALITY GOOD AS EVER.

NEARLY 100,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD

TO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED PURCHASERS.

NEWHAM'S LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

THESE BEDS are warranted doubly purified, dusted and perfected in our own extensive factory at Boston, Lincs., made in strong linen bordered tick. The quality, sweetness, and purity of every bed guaranteed. These beds ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION, and many thousands of purchasers have sent us flattering testimonials and other orders for beds. Note following prices, *which are 25 per cent. less than our recently advertised prices.*

No. 1—Single Bed, Bolster and Pillow, 6ft. 3ins. by 3ft. 6ins. weighing 40 lbs. ... **30/-**

No. 2—Double Bed Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 50lbs. ... **37/6**

No. 3—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 4ft. 6ins., weighing 55lbs. ... **41/3**

No. 4—Extra Size Bed, Bolster and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6ins. by 5ft., weighing 65lbs. **48/9**

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., *Carriage Paid* to any station in the United Kingdom. FEATHERS ONLY **9d.** PER LB. The trade supplied. All orders must be accompanied by cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days). Send for samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., which will be sent *Post Free*, and need not be returned. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

Please mention this Magazine.

R. M. NEWHAM & CO., *Boston, Lincolnshire.*

SALUTARIS

THE MOST VALUABLE TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF 1d. STAMP.

SOLD BY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c., EVERYWHERE

In QUARTS, PINTS, NIPS (¼ Bottle) and SYPHONS

SALUTARIS WATER Co

236 FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

Digitized by Google

A REVOLUTION
IN THE PRICE OF
WHITE SHIRTS.

Unlaundried White Shirts.

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

IN 3 QUALITIES.

No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt, **2/6** each, **14/6** half dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half dozen, post free.

No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per ½-dozen. Also the "CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad front and one stud-hole and large square cuff not reversible, at the same price, **3/9** each

WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers, 191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

YOUR DRESS DRY CLEANED!

without Shrinkage or Unmaking or DYED ANY COLOUR for **4/6**

Much money is saved by our Dry-Cleaning System. The same article can be frequently cleaned, each time being restored to its original appearance without detriment to the fabric.

YOUR SUIT DRY CLEANED . . . AND PRESSED for **5/-** Don't cast the suit off simply because it is soiled. Send it to us and we will return it equal to new. All orders returned, carriage paid, in a few days. Write for Price and Colour List.

H. GREENHALGH & CO., Ltd., DYE WORKS, BURNLEY.

OF ALL CORSETS—THE BEST.

PATENT
J.B SIDE-SPRING Corset

HEALTH! COMFORT! ELEGANCE! *Beautiful in Construction, Unrivalled in Style.*

These Corsets are constructed in accordance with physiological principles, give no undue pressure, but yield to the movements of the body, and the side supports are *unbreakable*. They are modelled in different shapes to suit various types of figures, and yield a most graceful and rounded appearance. Proclaimed by ladies everywhere to be the most perfect Corset obtainable.

Prices 3/11, 5/6, 6/11 and 10/6.

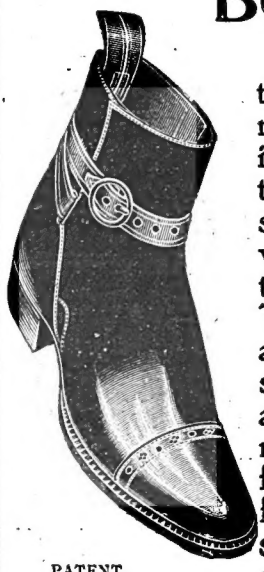
Obtainable from the principal Drapers & Ladies' Outfitters, but if any difficulty in procuring, write for name of nearest agent.

Insist on having the J.B. Side-Spring Corset—The Best.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

J. S. BLAIR,
GREAT ANGOATS STREET, MANCHESTER.

SOUTHALL'S BOOTS



PATENT.

Several thousands of men are saving from five to twenty shillings by wearing Southall's Boots. That is not all. The same men are enjoying more comfort, and are feeling better shod than ever before. These advantages are so palpable that a large percentage voluntarily write and express their satisfaction after a few weeks' wear.

We supply Southall's patent Boots, also the ordinary patterns. Above is an illustration of our Patent Boot. The structural advantages are that it has no laces or buttons, and no seams.

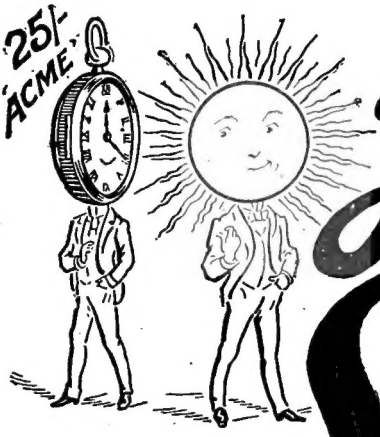
	£	s.	d
Good plain boot, narrow or medium welt	0	12	6
Good plain boot, stitched foreparts, wide welt	0	14	6
Superior quality, welted, medium or wide welt	0	18	6
Superior quality, hand-sewn, narrow, medium, or wide welts	1	2	6

We will send a self-measurement form, and our illustrated catalogue, on receipt of your address. There is no question about your being able to accurately measure yourself with the form; and we undertake to fit you like a glove.

Southall & Co.

Department 17, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

Digitized by Google



BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

H. SAMUEL'S celebrated Watches contain special New and Remarkable Improvements which can only be obtained in H. SAMUEL'S Watches, and are protected against infringement.

H. Samuel's Reliable Watches

Sol. "He's ALL RIGHT! You can rely on HIM!"

H. SAMUEL'S Watches are always Reliable, always Valuable, always Satisfactory, and One Month's Free Trial is allowed. Money returned in full if dissatisfied.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

WRITE IMMEDIATELY for H. SAMUEL'S magnificent New Royal Quarto Volume. 3,000 Beautiful Illustrations and 200 Pages crammed with full descriptions. EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS. Marvellously Low Prices and Hundreds of Amazing Testimonials. WATCHES, 6s., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 25s., &c. GEM RINGS, 4s. 6d., 7s., 10s. Real Gold and Silver BANGLES, Brooches, Chains, &c. Also CLOCKS, Cutlery, PLATE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c. All at WHOLESALE PRICES. The Trade THUNDERSTRUCK! Readers AMAZED! at the Extreme Beauty, High Quality and INCREDIBLE VALUE. This Book enables shrewd Buyers to SAVE POUNDS by placing at their command at their own Firesides, the choicest products of the world. Every article is GUARANTEED. BEWARE of Imitations, Puzzles, Monthly Payment Systems, by which the Purchaser is made a Debtor, and NOT the absolute owner of the Goods until the entire debt is paid. H. SAMUEL'S Prices are the Lowest for Prompt Cash. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL is allowed to prove the Quality and Value, giving the fullest assurance of good faith. H. SAMUEL'S Royal Quarto Volume explains everything, and contains full Lists, and Particulars are also enclosed with each Volume of H. SAMUEL'S

25/-

BONUS GIFT FREE.

SPECIAL BONUS GIFTS

Free for Purchasers. Ten Lists of Handsome and Desirable Presents for selection. Every Security given to Purchasers. **A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL** allowed, and if dissatisfied, the full amount returned.

It is a delight and a pleasure to examine our magnificent catalogue, and see the marvellous value offered. The Prices are startling in the huge saving they show on ordinary retail shop prices, frequently charged for inferior goods. A splendid advantage which should appeal to you as it has done to **250,000** persons who have become "Highly Satisfied" wearers of our Watches since we revolutionised the watch trade.

H. SAMUEL'S Solid Sterling Silver **"ACME"** Watch for Ladies and Gentlemen, Warranted for FIVE YEARS, and complete with BONUS FREE GIFT, sent Post Free. **25/-**

WRITE AT ONCE!!!
POST YOUR LETTER TO-DAY!!!

And to-morrow H. SAMUEL sends you this **GRAND NEW VOLUME,** richly and artistically embellished by Coloured Illustrations,

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!

H. SAMUEL (Dept. C.), 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, 95, and 121, Market Street, **MANCHESTER.**

Also at PRESTON, BOLTON, LEICESTER, ROCHDALE, and CARDIFF.

Digitized by Google

OGDEN'S

"GUINEA-GOLD"

CIGARETTES

3d. Per Packet.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Digitized by Google

A Special Offer to Every Reader for One month from date.

ARMBRECHT'S 100-A.1 TONIC WINE

NATURE'S OWN PICK-ME-UP

For FATIGUE of Mind & Body-Sleeplessness & depressed Vitality.

ROYAL MAGAZINE.

SPECIAL ORDER FORM.

On receipt of this Coupon, accompanied by 3 stamps, the Proprietors agree to forward a Tasting Sample **BOTTLE TO EVERY APPLICANT,** providing it is ordered within one month. **THIS IS NOT A PATENT MEDICINE,** but a powerful **NERVE STIMULANT** for fatigue of mind and body, and possesses most wonderful recuperative properties. We ask you to take advantage of this offer, and to **TEST IT FOR YOURSELVES.**

Sole Address:

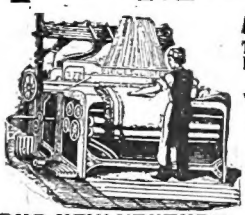
ARMBRECHT, NELSON & CO., *13 & 14, DUKE STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,* **LONDON, W.**

Price of Full Size Bottle, post free, 4/-; or Half Size, 2/6.

M&C

Digitized by Google

The "Monarch" Record Reduction Sale



A FREE GIFT! 100,000 BEAUTIFUL RUGS ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY.

THIS OFFER IS MADE TO READERS OF THE "ROYAL MAGAZINE," 1/3 99, ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL ORDER OR STAMPS, VALUE 5s. (Regd.), IN 20 PATTERNS, TO YOUR HOMES. THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE.

We will forward direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount, **5s., a Genuine Woven Reversible CARPET,** suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in art shades, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. "We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—*Exchange and Mart.* "Wonderful value for money."—*Church Bells.* Hundreds of favourable Press notices from the *Christian Globe, Christian World, Christian Age, Rock, Catholic Times,* &c., &c. With each Carpet we shall give away a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for **9,6.** The greatest bargain ever offered. (Cut this out.)

OUR NEW VENTURE. **Yes, Two Different Pattern Hearthrugs or Carpets for the Price of One!** (*Copyright*).

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the **"Queen's Royal" Household**

Sale Price **2/- HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household
Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam, Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

6 ft. by 6 ft.	...	4/11	9 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	16/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.	...	6/-	10½ ft. by 12 ft.	...	18/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.	...	7/6	12 ft. by 12 ft.	...	21/-
8 ft. by 9 ft.	...	9/-	9 ft. by 15 ft.	...	19/6
6 ft. by 12 ft.	...	10/6	12 ft. by 13½ ft.	...	22/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.	...	11/-	12 ft. by 15 ft.	...	25/6
9 ft. by 10½ ft.	...	13/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.	...	30/-
9 ft. by 12 ft.	...	15/-	12 ft. by 21 ft.	...	35/6

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Octagon Villa, The Lizard, R.S.O., 15/3/98.

J. CARWARDINE, Esq., writes:—"I am very pleased with the Carpet you sent me. I have saved 50 per cent. by giving you the order. I paid half as much again to a local tradesman for carpets the same quality a year ago. I have never been so pleased of any former purchase."

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

Sale Price **HEARTHRUGS 5/6**

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture, will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs 16s., Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto at 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs: In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ ft. by 7 ft.,	11/-	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9 ft. by 12 ft.,	38/-
6 ft. by 9 ft.,	16/-		11 ft. by 12 ft.,	47/-
7½ ft. by 9 ft.,	23/-		12 ft. by 13½ ft.,	59/-
9 ft. by 9 ft.,	28/-		12 ft. by 16 ft.,	69/-
9 ft. by 10½ ft.,	33/-		12 ft. by 18 ft.,	77/-

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.

LADY HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

Also RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS, bordered to match, 18 in. wide, 1/8 per yard; 22½ in. wide, 2/- per yard; 27 in. wide, 2/3 per yard.

OUR NEW VENTURE! *Yes, Two Different Pattern Hearthrugs or Carpets for the Price of One!* (Copyright.)

H.R.H. Prince L. of Battenberg.
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam.
Marquis of Breadalbane.
Sir Henry de Bathe.
Sir Henry Bellingham.
Sir E. H. Blair, Bart.
Archbishop of York.
H.I.H. Eugenie de Christoforo.
Princess Palæologue Nicephorœ Commene.
Princess de Croy.
Duchess of Wellington.
Marchioness of Breadalbane.
Marchioness of Hastings.

To Readers of the "Royal Magazine," 1/3,99, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value

(Regd.) We will send you THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices. **Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS for 8s.** [*Cut this out.*

Prodigious Sale of the "Prudential"

TURKEY DESIGN CARPETS (Regd.)

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

Size.		Each.	Size.		Each.
6 ft. by 6 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	2/11	9 ft. by 15 ft.	Reduced Sale Price.	12/6
6 ft. by 7½ ft.		3/11	10½ ft. by 12 ft.		11/6
6 ft. by 9 ft.		4/9	12 ft. by 12 ft.		12/9
7½ ft. by 9 ft.		5/11	12 ft. by 13½ ft.		14/6
9 ft. by 9 ft.		7/6	12 ft. by 15 ft.		15/9
9 ft. by 10½ ft.		8/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.		19/6
9 ft. by 12 ft.		9/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.		22/6

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.), to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. long and 1 yd. wide. Special Offer—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUES of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free if mentioning "ROYAL MAGAZINE" when writing. We rely upon spontaneous Repeat Orders from our Clients for the Maintenance of our Trade. Established nearly Quarter of a Century. All Orders despatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

Telegraphic Address: "*Eclipse, Leeds.*" National Telephone, No. 948. N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free & shipped at lowest rates.

Digitized by Google

FOR INDIGESTION

"Bermaline" BREAD.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING BAKERS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:—"This Bread should be eaten by all who are in any way affected by digestive ailments."

BEDSTEADS *of Every Description for Institution or Domestic Use.*

Carriage Paid, Packed Free, Discount for Cash.

DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY.

Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c., &c.

Latest Designs & Improvements

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

5 Years' Guarantee given. Best Value for Money in the Market.

Showrooms: **31, Albert Street.**

CHARLES RILEY, Albert St., Birmingham.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Please cut out for future reference & mention Magazine.

I Beg Pardon! But do you clean your BRASS and METAL WORK with

NEEDHAM'S METAL POLISHING PASTE

There's nothing like it for quick, clean work. **No Acid in it.**

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sole Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

IN USE 70 YEARS

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

THE GRAND OLD REMEDY FOR LUNG DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS; and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS.

Affords **great relief** *in* **Asthma** *and* **Chronic Bronchitis.** *Invaluable for* **Hoarseness. Splendid** *for the* **Voice.**

Of all Patent Medicine Vendors, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/-

A New Occupation and AMUSEMENT.

HARBUTT'S MARVELLOUS MODELLING MATERIAL.

PLASTICINE

ALWAYS CLEAN AND PLASTIC WITHOUT WATER.

Perfect DELIGHT of Children Endless Gratitude of Parents.

Hundreds of Testimonials.

Artistic, Constructive, Inventive, and Most Fascinating.

A Packet Post Free, **1/3**; *or, with Boxwood Modelling Tool,* **1/7.**

"The Complete Modeller," a box fitted with Plasticine, in four colours, full instructions and all requisites. **2/10** post free.

W. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Hartley House, BATH.

A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH!

KIRN'S PHOSPHO-LACTINE

SUPERSEDES COD LIVER OIL.

ANTI-ANÆMIC! INVIGORATING! RECUPERATIVE!

This Powder is an agreeable and pleasant remedy for **CHILDREN, ADULTS,** and the **AGED.**

This newly discovered **Substitute** for **Cod Liver Oil, fortifies the system, regulates the appetite,** and is a **great stimulant.**

Most **valuable** and **efficacious** in cases of **Anæmia, Influenza, Rickets, Debility, Brain Fag,** and all kindred ailments.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, at 2/9 per box.

If not procurable send Remittance to

KIRN'S PHOSPHO-LACTINE, Ltd., 154 to 157, Fleet Street, London.

Paris Depot: - 21, BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN.

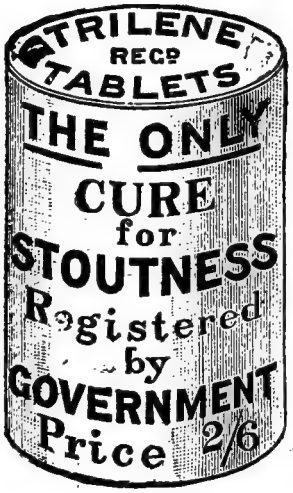
Digitized by Google

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

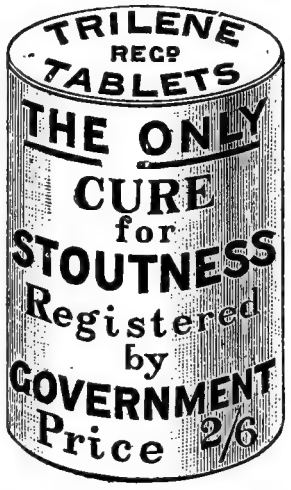


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. D. Burton, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all tell me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.
"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.
Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.
"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.
"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Taylor Robinson, of Tweed Green House, Whalley Range, Manchester, says: "Am so much thinner and lighter that I hardly recognise myself."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Google

"REAL IRISH TWEEDS."

SPRING AND SUMMER PATTERNS.

Suits, 35/6. Trousers, 9/6. To Order.

Carriage Paid.

The New Spring and Summer Patterns are now ready This Season's Patterns are very fine and most effective—Rich in Colours, Tony in Style and Character, Fast Colours, and Shrunk. For hard, honest wear they have no equal.

Suits to Order, 35/6 ; Trousers, 9/6.

(Carriage Paid.)

Fit, Wear, Style and Finish Guaranteed.
If not satisfactory, Full Money returned.

Our present system of Self-measuring is most reliable, or Pattern Garments may be sent as Copy. In every case we hold ourselves responsible for fit.

For School Boys and Youths requiring hard wear they are highly recommended. Pieces for mending purposes are sent with each Boy's Suit.

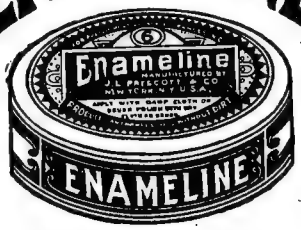
The highest possible Testimonials from all classes as to Fit and Finish. We are not slop or Factory Tailors ; everything is Cut and Made by Experienced Workmen to Order only.

Patterns sent Free with Self-measuring Forms, &c., on application to

D. TOWELL,
Royal Avenue, Belfast, and Larne.

Bankers.—BELFAST BANKING Co., Ltd.

ENAMELINE



THE MODERN
Stove Polish

PASTE & BLOCK

The only up to date Stove Polish in the market.

MANUFACTURED BY
J.L.Prescott & Co

Google

JUST SO! "Just so, just so, says the old gentleman—Géraudel's Pastilles—the very thing I want in this beastly weather. Nothing like them for stopping my cough and keeping my lungs right."

ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM. 72 IN A TUBE FOR 1/1½. **JUST SO!**

Digitized by Google

A Public Boon

It is to the critical and discerning ability of the public that Guy's Tonic owes its present proud position. The remedy has been weighed in the balance and found to possess exceptional merit, and to give exceptional value. That is why the number of fluid ounces of Guy's Tonic sold in the shops to-day is five times as great as it was ten months ago. Nothing but strong public approval could account for this marked access of trade.

As a Remedy for Digestive Disturbance, depressing pains and oppression after eating, and for preventing food becoming like a weight at the pit of the Stomach, Guy's Tonic is invaluable. People who take it after meals digest their food thoroughly and completely, so that the Body is far better nourished in every way, and there is an entire absence of those unpleasant symptoms which make food and eating a bugbear to so many.

The Nerves also, by reason of the tonic and restorative power possessed by Guy's Tonic, are so soothed and yet strengthened that a marked accession of Nerve Strength and Physical Vigour accrues to those who use Guy's Tonic.

Congratulations

Mrs. M. A. JACKSON writes from 3, Castle Villas, Lenton Boulevard, Nottingham:

"I am pleased to see the price of "Guy's Tonic is reduced. I have found "great benefit from it for Liver trouble "and Indigestion."

E. P. LUBBOCK, Esq., of 8, Carlisle Terrace, Gravesend, writes:

"I am pleased to learn of the reduction "in the price of Guy's Tonic. I hold a "very high opinion of your medicine."

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

LIVERPOOL,

And 73 to 76, King William Street, LONDON, E.C.

Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.

AGENTS WANTED.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

is unequalled as a remedy for

PILES, THROAT COLDS, CHAPPED HANDS, CHILBLAINS, SCALDS, BURNS, CUTS, EARACHE, NEURALGIC and RHEUMATIC PAINS, RINGWORM and SKIN AILMENTS generally.

Large Pots, 1/1½ each, at Chemists, or post free for value.

Illustrated List of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.

£20

Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See IIId. Guide and Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d.

'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'

Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)

186, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.

N.B.—The largest and original house. (*A reputation of over half a century.*)

Manager—HY. MYERS.

TABLE DAINTIES *APPETISING! NUTRITIOUS!*

SPRINGFIELD HOME POTTED MEATS AND SARDINE PASTE

For TEA—For LUNCH—Make Excellent SANDWICHES.

These delicious meats (12 varieties) are now in great demand, and the public are cautioned against inferior brands. **Be sure** your Grocer supplies "Springfield" brand. **FREE SAMPLE**—If any difficulty in obtaining, mention name of your grocer and send 2½ stamps, to cover postage of Samples.

HORROCKS & WATSON,
Springfield Model Works, SOUTHPORT.

WHELPTON'S PILLS

The BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

CERTAIN CURE FOR HEADACHE.

RELIEVE CONSTIPATION

7½d., 1/1½, & 2/9. Of all Chemists.

G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Ct., Fleet St., **London, E.C.**

ESTABLISHED 1835. 8037

How to PAINT

CRYSTOLEUM

PICTURES WITH ALSTON'S MEDIUMS.

New Book of Instructions, **1s.** Complete Outfit, **£1 1s.** Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

Digitized by Google

DR. TIBBLES'

Vi-Cocoa

FOR BREAKFAST & SUPPER

PREPARED FROM COCOA, KOLA, MALT, & HOPS.

A PERFECT FOOD BEVERAGE

TEREZOL REGD.

CAN'T TALK,

but it tells its own tale wherever Furniture is polished with it.

A FREE SAMPLE will be sent to any lady kind enough to write and willing to make a trial.

Address—The TEREZOL Co. Ltd., Pendleton, MANCHESTER.

TEREZOL BOOT PASTES

FOR

GLACÉ KID, & BROWN BOOTS,

are unrivalled.

Sold by all good Bootmakers.

OH! I MUSTNT FORGET TO PACK SOME OF

6d. per dozen, and in **6d.** pkts., half-doz. **1/-**, **1/4**, **2/-** per doz. Special make for use after accouchement **2/-** per doz. *Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, the Stores, and Chemists.* Or direct, Postage 3d. per packet extra. Samples free on application to the MANAGERESS, Hartmann's Depot, 26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

HARTMANN'S

Hygienic **TOWELETTES.**

INDISPENSABLE FOR TRAVELLING.

Home Use. Save Washing.

INSIST ON HAVING HARTMANN'S.

MACONOCHIE'S

Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

NEW SEASON'S (1899)

GOLDEN HOME-MADE MARMALADE. *A REALLY DELICIOUS PRESERVE.*

For Breakfast or Tea— **PATÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE,**

TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES

A really Superior Sauce: **MACONOCHIE'S CHUTNEY RELISH**: A valuable aid to Digestion.

MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

Google

GENUINE PURE DIAMONDS.

Sapphires and Diamond, or Rubies & Diamond, £1 12s. 6d.

Magnificent Cluster Ring, £5 5s.

And 18-ct. hall-marked, solid gold jewellery at

MANUFACTURER'S FIRST COST.

Send for illustrated price list. You will find it

A PERFECT REVELATION.

SINGLE STONE DIAMOND RING 25/-

Full money refunded on all articles not approved of and sent back by return post.

ED. SANDERSON,

Diamond Merchant and Manufacturing Jeweller,

23, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.

KALS are superseding Petticoats. They improve the figure, prevent fatigue, give warmth without weight, and delightful freedom and comfort. To ensure these, Regd. KALS and not ordinary ladies' knickerbockers should be purchased. Our

Kals

at **3/11** post free, we guarantee to wear well for 12 months; if they do not we will GIVE another pair. Send your order at once to the Manageress, stating waist measurement and your height; or, if you wish, first send for pattern of the material and Price List of better qualities, post free.

Kals are only obtainable DIRECT from

KALS, Limited,

18, Stonehouse, PLYMOUTH.

DIRECT STEAMERS

BETWEEN

PARIS & LONDON.

BURNETT'S, 14, Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C.

SULPHOLINE

SHILLING BOTTLES **SKIN LOTION**

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

LADIES Should Stuff their own Cushions, Pillows, &c., with

"SWANEE" DOWN

ABSOLUTELY CLEAN! LIGHT! LUXURIOUS!

Even Lighter than Feathers, and Softer than Silk. It never becomes lumpy and heavy, and is much preferable for Lining Quilting, Cushions, Tea Cosies, &c. Equal to Eiderdown. In bags of 5lb., 10lb., and 20lb. Price **9d.** per lb. Sample bags of 3lb. post free for **2/6.**

GORTON M'F'G. CO. (A Dept.), GORTON, MANCHESTER

MITCHELL'S ROYAL LIBRARY.

Dept. H, 16, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, S.W., and 23, Old Bond Street, S.W.

Circulating **Music Library,** Subscription £2 2s. per annum in advance. **Pianofortes** on the **Hire Purchase** system, or on **Hire,** from 10/6 monthly. **Pianoforte Tuning,** £1 1s. per annum. **Pianoforte Repairing.** Circulating **Library** of **Fiction,** Biography, Travel, &c., from £2 2s. per annum.

RESERVED SEATS for all THEATRES and CONCERTS.

Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'

Price 30/- Post Free.

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. **GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS.**

Famed Silver HUNTING WATCH.

Price **15/-** *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch, with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and **guaranteed for five years.** Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

ALLISON & CO., *Jewellers,*

197, EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.

ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

PATENT

ALWAYS NEAT & TIDY.

Martin-Silent Tool Bag, made in one piece of leather. No stitching. The centre strap only has to be buckled to fasten the bag. This strap also automatically fixes the bag tightly against the saddle. The 1899 pattern is greatly improved in substance and quality.

MARTINS-SILENT CYCLE SADDLERY.

Our Saddles are the careful production of practical experiments resulting from experience in hard and long distance riding. The fittings are of the finest quality Steel covered with Leather. Made in Light, Medium and Heavy Roadsters and Racing Patterns.

We guarantee Saddles and Bags for Two Years.

Retailed at all Cycle Depots, and fitted to machines, if so specified, without extra cost.

MADE IN SUPERIOR QUALITY ONLY.

Martin-Silent Pump Carriers, 6d. pair. Cannot possibly scratch the enamel.

MARTINS BIRMINGHAM LTD.

LADIES

MEN'S SEAT. No 105

Dr. ROOKE'S SOLAR ELIXIR and ORIENTAL PILLS

Have had a continually increasing sale throughout the United Kingdom and the British Colonies since their discovery more than *sixty years ago,* and are especially noted for their *strengthening and restorative* properties.

In all cases of *General Debility, Consumption, and diseases of the Nervous System they are invaluable.*

DR. ROOKE'S SOLAR ELIXIR is sold in bottles at 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/- each. The ORIENTAL PILLS in boxes at 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6 each by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

FREE TO READERS. DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET, an admirable compendium of medical science and information, will be sent free and post paid to any reader who will send a post-card (naming this magazine) to

Dr. CHARLES ROOKE, Scarborough, England.

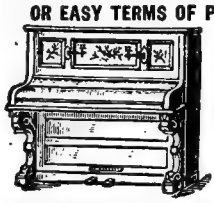
PIANOS!

50 per cent. Saved by Purchasing from the Absolute Manufacturers.

EVERY PIANO GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS.

From £15 10s. Cash (usually sold retail at £31).

OR EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT MAY BE ARRANGED.



SAVE YOUR MONEY by Trading Direct. Pianos at Wholesale Prices direct from the Factory by the leading and well-known Firm of

E. BISHOP & SONS LTD.,

Head Office:

Belmont Street, Chalk Farm, LONDON, N.W.

West-End Show Rooms—

19, BAKER STREET, W.

Branch Show Rooms—

387, GRAY'S INN RD. KING'S CROSS.

Medals & Highest Awards at all the International Exhibitions.

Our Pianos are well known in every Town throughout the World. Buy direct and save the heavy profits of the middleman. Such facilities have never before been offered the Public. Securely packed and delivered to any part of the United Kingdom. Write for Price List and Full Drawings. **Est. 1862.**

Digitized by Google

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

FOR THE

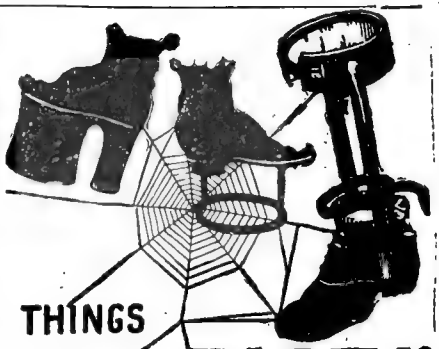
LAME.

DIPLOMA for GOLD MEDAL, Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897; also HIGHEST AWARDS, Paris Industrial Exhibition, 1895; and Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

The O'Connor Extension Co.'s Patent Appliances

Enable those with Shortened Limbs and Weak Ankles to dispense with unsightly Instruments; to Wear Ordinary Shoes; and to look like other people.

Address—**THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.,**
2, BLOOMSBURY ST., OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.C.
Pamphlet Free on mentioning the "Royal Magazine."



THINGS OF THE **PAST !!**

10/6 PATTERNS FREE.

Allen Foster & Co

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

10/6 PATTERNS FREE.

10/6
Design No. 545.

Buy Direct by Parcel Post from the Leading Firm of London Costumiers.

Design No. 94. HALF A GUINEA. Velvet Trimmed Costumes.

Consists of fashionably made Skirt and Bodice tight-fitting, with full front, tastefully trimmed with velvet and pretty buttons. **Great value for money.** This Costume can be had either in the Specialite Serge, or in the smooth-faced Venetian Cloth, in Black, Navy, Electric, Blue-Grey, Fawn, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Crimson, and Purple. Price, **10/6**. Costume complete, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, **5/6**, carriage 5d. extra. In sending order, give measurement round bust under arms, waist, and length of skirt in front.

Design No. 545. HALF A GUINEA. The Reefer Costume.

This Tailor-cut Costume consists of the Reefer Jacket and Skirt. The Collar is of Velvet. Can be had either in the Specialite Serge, or in the smooth-faced Venetian Cloth, in Black, Navy, Electric-Blue, Brown, Fawn, Blue-Grey, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Red, Purple, &c. Price only **10/6**, carriage, 6d. extra; Skirt alone, **5/6**, carriage 5d. extra.

ALL PATTERNS AND PARTICULARS POST FREE.

Regular Stock Sizes of Costumes are 34, 36, and 38 in. round bust under arms, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42 in. long in front. Larger and Special Sizes to customers' own measurements, 1/6 extra. In sending order, please give measurement round bust under arms, waist, and length of Skirt in front.

Allen Foster & Co. are offering a Special Line in **LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS,** in Black and Navy Serge. Lined throughout.

Price only **3 11.** Carriage 5d.

10/6
Design No. 94.

Skirt only 5/6

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.

The London Manufacturers,

17, ROSCOE STREET, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Benger's Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, & THE AGED.

Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Published by special permission of the Russian Court.

"Balmoral Castle,
"Scotland,
"25th Sept., 1896.

"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.

"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER."

ASTHMA

BRONCHITIS,

CHEST DISEASES,

Shortness of Breath,

BLOOD SPITTING.

Those suffering from the above receive POST FREE particulars of my Special Cure, which is not of a TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE, LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a

PERMANENT CURE

is assured.

I HAVE TRIED THE TREATMENT ON MYSELF, and have practised it for 18 years on many thousands of Special Cases, with the very best results, and **many Medical Men and many Clergymen** have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one.

Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising successes by patients who have **suffered for 30 years**, and more, though in advanced years—say 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been

GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from

COLD FEET.

PAUL WEIDHAAS, Pulmonary Institute,
39 T.P., YORK ROAD, HOVE, BRIGHTON.

ASTHMA (Six Years' Standing).

"DEAR SIR.—As I have already told you, I have been a sufferer from Bronchial Asthma six years, left me from Influenza. My strength failed me entirely. I began to spit blood. I felt worse tired when I got up in the morning than when I went to bed. It brought me so low and weak that I had given up all hopes of ever being better, having tried everything we could hear of. I am pleased to say I now feel as well as ever I did, at the present time, hoping I may remain so. If I get a cold it passes off without my former trouble. I can rest well and do my work with pleasure. Walking used to be a burden, now it is a pleasure.—Yours very faithfully, Miss A. VINCENT, Ruddington." *Address on application.*)

Mr. WEIDHAAS is prepared to pay

£1,000

to any Charitable Institution if the above are not genuine extracts from letters of patients. The original letters may be seen at his Institute by any bona-fide inquirers.

WANTED

EVERY YOUNG WOMAN and GIRL
TO READ THIS.

If you have paleness and want of colour of the complexion, cheeks, and lips, breathlessness, palpitation, nervousness, languor, low spirits &c., you are suffering from ANÆMIA or bloodlessness.

MAYHATINE BLOOD PILLS

Quickly remove this condition, bring back the ruddy glow and blush of health to the pale sickly-looking face, and transform a delicate girl into a strong well-developed woman.

Many thousands of totally unsolicited Testimonials have been received from the United Kingdom, America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, The Transvaal, Cape of Good Hope, Turkey, and various parts of Europe.

Nicholl's Mayhatine Blood Pills (Regd.) **1/1½, 2/9, 4/6;** *of all Chemists, Stores & Patent Medicine Vendors; or Post Free from*

Mr. NICHOLL, Pharm. Chemist, 23B, High St., Belfast

A JEWEL OF A PEN 3/-

GOLD MOUNTED & CHASED ~ 5/-

There are many Stylographic Pens, but ONLY ONE which gives entire satisfaction THE "CALTON," because it is simple and faultless. All who use it say it is a JEWEL. Have you tried one? We send it complete in box, with filler and directions, post paid 3/-

JEWEL," Fountain Pen, fitted with 16-ct. Gold Nib, Iridium Tipped, 5/-, Mounted and Chased, 7 6.

All Kinds Repaired.

Dep. A **JEWEL PEN CO.** 58, Fenchurch St. London, E.C.

A Perfect Marvel.

J. G. GRAVES will forward a 9-CARAT GOLD RING (STAMPED), as below, on receipt of P.O. for 1/6.

9-carat Gold (stamped) 1/6

9-carat Gold (stamped) 1/6

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, &c., and full particulars of J.G. GRAVES' Easy Monthly Purchase System.

J. G. GRAVES, DIVISION ST., SHEFFIELD [DEPT. R.M.]

LEWIS'S WONDERFUL VELVETEEN

AT **2/-** A YARD.

In Dainty and Fashionable Tints.

Can only be obtained direct from **Lewis's,** in Market Street, **Manchester,** who will forward a large Box of PATTERNS POST FREE on application. FAST PILE, FAST DYED, EVERY INCH GUARANTEED. If a dress should wear badly or be in any respect faulty, Lewis's will Give a New Dress for Nothing at all, and pay the full cost of making and trimming.

LEWIS'S Pay Carriage on all Orders to any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

Please mention "ROYAL MAGAZINE," and address—

LEWIS'S in Market Street, **MANCHESTER.**

Google

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S
Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Stenhouse's

LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY

"A singularly pure spirit of peculiar softness and mellowness of flavour."—*Lancet.*

Wm. STENHOUSE & Co., West Regent St., Glasgow.
London: Mowbray House, Victoria Embankment. Manchester Office: 2, Station Approach, Oxford Road.

INDIGESTION

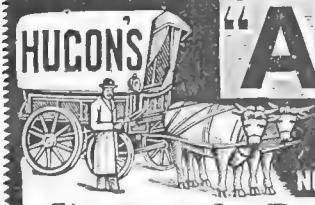
Shown by Pain after Eating, Flatulence, Heaviness, Disinclination for Work, Depression of Spirits, Nervousness, and Sleeplessness, may be prevented or removed by using at table a saltspoonful of the Natural Digestive

PEPSALIA

From Chemists and Grocers, 1/- and 2'-

TIME & MONEY SAVED BY USING

HUGON'S



"ATORA" BEEF SUET

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST
FOR PUDDINGS, FRYING, COOKING.
NO CHOPPING, NO WASTE, 1lb EQUALS 2lbs. RAW SUET

It supersedes Raw Suet, Lard, and Cooking Butter.

Ask your Grocer for it, but if he does not keep it send 8d. in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers:—**HUGON & CO. LTD., PENDLETON, MANCHESTER** for a sample 1 lb. box and book of recipes. *Be sure also to give the name of your dealer.*

STONE'S GINGER WINE

A GRAND THING FOR WINTER.

STONE'S GINGER WINE is prepared from the finest Jamaica Ginger, and is a most healthy and palatable drink. **Ginger** is noted for its gentle stimulating qualities, and the most convenient form for taking it is **STONE'S GINGER WINE.** Be sure to ask for **STONE'S,** and see that you get it

Sold by all leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Grocers, or on draught at Bars and Refreshment Rooms.

Wholesale—THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY COMPANY, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 6D

GREY HAIR

TRIAL BOTTLE, PER POST 7D

ALEXANDRE'S

SHADEINE

Colours grey or faded hair, BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN & GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, sulphur, nor anything injurious.

Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

A medical certificate with every bottle.

LARGE BOTTLE 3/6. Post Free, 3/9
TRIAL " 6d. " 7d. } Secretly Packed

N. M. ALEXANDRE, Hair Specialist. (Estab. 35 years.)
30, Westbourne Grove, London, W. (Paris Depot, 28, Rue de Chabrol).

HOW CAN YOU GET IT? GET WHAT?

A highly-finished and artistic **OIL PORTRAIT** on canvas, with handsome frame **complete** of

YOURSELF, a RELATIVE, or a DEPARTED FRIEND

painted from **any** photograph; perfect likeness guaranteed, otherwise **the money returned in full.**

SPECIAL PRICE: 30/- carriage paid; cash with order.

The quality of our work is proved by the numerous **repeat orders** we receive.

FOUR ORDERS with cash, if sent by **March 31st,** will entitle the sender to **One Oil Portrait** of same size and quality **Free.** NOTE.—All photos sent to us are carefully preserved and safely returned. Presentation Portraits of Lodges, with regalia to order, from **five** to **fifty** guineas.

Write for Price List for other sizes and list of references to our numerous clients. Address

THE EXCELSIOR PORTRAIT COMPANY,
Head Office: **Britannia Buildings, Oxford Place, LEEDS.**
Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed.

HINDE'S

Two things for every pretty face — "Hinde's Curlers" and a looking glass

CURLERS

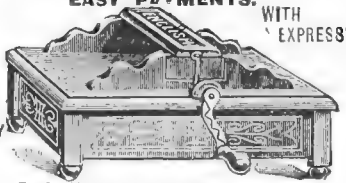
In Boxes 6d. and 1/- in every town and village.

"BUY THIS MONTH, WHY?"
Write for particulars."

The "ENGLISH" ORGANETTE

EASY PAYMENTS.

ONLY 4/- MONTHLY



Plays Hymns, Popular Airs, Quadrilles, Polkas, Waltzes, Horn Pipes, etc. Any tune can be played with artistic effect by anyone.

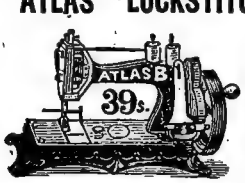
A mere child can play it. Most marvellous musical Instrument in the World.

PRICE 30/- TERMS: 4/- DEPOSIT AND 4/- MONTHLY.

Organette delivered when first 4/- is paid.
Write for list of music and full particulars. Mention this Magazine.

J. M. DRAPER, Organette Works, BLACKBURN.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 1212, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

WIRE CYCLE SADDLE

(WOODS' PATENT).

These Saddles are now fitted with a Patent Wrought Steel Clip. Weight of Saddle greatly reduced.

Fitted with Leather Cover.

AN IDEAL SADDLE FOR LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

NO MORE CHAFING.

SADDLE SORENESS ENTIRELY PREVENTED.

One Month's Trial Allowed.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANISED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.

Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying ONE TON AT *Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.*

Catalogues and Prices free on application to the

LONGFORD WIRE CO., Ltd., WARRINGTON.

London Office: **61, ST. MARY AXE.**
Liverpool Show Rooms: **159, DUKE STREET.**

Please mention this Magazine.

THE SHIRT YOU WANT

We supply a linen-fitted shirt, with body of soft cotton and front and cuffs of pure linen, at 2s. 3d., or a sample free by post for 2s. 6d. It fits perfectly and is cut right at the neck, so your collar will not torment you. Full length, with just enough fulness in the proper place to make you comfortable while wearing it. Send size of collar used when ordering. Second quality, 1s. 9d. post free. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue of Shirts of all kinds, Underclothing, &c., sent on receipt of postcard.

H. J. BLYTH, Earl Grey St., Edinburgh.

To ASTHMA Sufferers.

Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE.

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/- each. Free Sample sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

HALFPENNY

'MENE' TOWEL

FOR LADIES.

Sixpence per Dozen.

HEALTHY, COMFORTABLE. CLEAN.

Cheaper than Washing.

Will last twice as long as any penny towel sold.

To be obtained from all Ladies' Underclothing houses and Chemists. If unable to obtain, 2 doz. will be sent post free for 1s., or 12 doz. for 6s.

A Free Sample will be sent to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES,
60, Fann St., Aldersgate St., LONDON, E.C.

Google

Yes, Sir!!

Tortoise-shell Mixture is what I smoke.

. . . It is a mixture of pure Tobaccos, scientifically blended, free from added scent, flavouring or sugar, which only spoil the natural aroma of the natural leaf. It differs entirely from any tobacco hitherto put before the public. Give it a trial. Sold in 1 ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce Tortoise-shell tins.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Etc., says:—
"Pure tobacco is as essential a condition for the smoker as pure food and pure air . . . and your Tortoise-shell Mixture is absolutely pure and makes a cool and fragrant smoke."

Sold by all First-class Tobacconists, everywhere.

Manufactured & Guaranteed by— **W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN,** IPSWICH, LONDON & NORWICH. Est. 1790.

Google

£25 for an Idea.

BLACK AND WHITE DESIGN COMPETITION.

OPEN TO ALL.

1st Prize	£15	0	0
2nd ,,	5	0	0
3rd ,,	2	0	0
4th ,,	1	10	0
5th ,,	1	10	0

Coupon.

DESIGN COMPETITION.

Name.....

Address.....

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd.,
29, Old Bond Street, London, W.

Design in black and white suitable for a SHOW CARD to be displayed in Chemists' windows.
The Show Cards to be used by Mrs. POMEROY in advertising her Toilet Preparations.
Suitability and originality of design is required rather than accuracy of drawing.
All competitors to send crossed postal order for 1/-, accompanied by the above coupon, for which they will receive a cake of Pomeroy Soap, and voucher with instructions.
Every design must have a voucher pasted on the back.
All designs must be received by May 1st, 1899.
Designs which do not receive prizes will be returned if postage is sent.
Address: **Design Competition, Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.**

ENLARGED PORTRAITS

(Size 12 in. by 10 in.).

Beautiful Hand-Coloured Enlargements on **Opal,** measuring 12 in. by 10 in. They are most exquisite productions, and we assert that we have never before sold one at less than £1 5s. Our price now, for head and bust, is **12/6,** delivered free. Groups or full figure a little extra. Mind they are done on large plates of OPAL, and not on ordinary paper. Send for one as sample.

THEY WILL LAST FOR EVER.

Send Portrait with lock of hair, or colour of hair, eyes, and complexion. (Portraits returned.) Write Name and Address on back of portrait, and send P.O. for **12/6** to

THE 'GRAMA' CAMERA Co.
101, THE ALBANY, LIVERPOOL.

WATCH & CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a NICKEL-PLATED WATCH, also a CHAIN and CHARM, for selling 1½ dozen packages of BLUINE at Fivepence each. Send your full address, including name of County, by return post, and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large premium list. No money required. **BLUINE CO. (Dept. C 5), 241, Gipsy Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.**

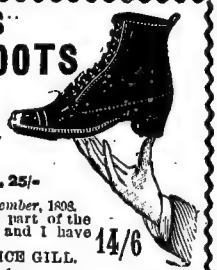
NORRIS'S HORSE-SKIN BOOTS

FOR

COMFORT, DURABILITY, AND APPEARANCE.

Every pair guaranteed.

Superior qualities, **17/6, 19/6, 21/-, 25/-**



Sunny Side, Hereford, *23rd December,* 1898.
The boots supplied in the early part of the year have worn excellently well, and I have certainly never had better value.
E. MAURICE GILL.

14/6

A Perfect Fit by Post—Our System.

Send old boot for size, or shape of foot on paper. Cash with order. Price List and Testimonials Post Free.

Write to **G. R. NORRIS,**
28 & 29, St. Swithin's Lane. Also at 8 & 9, HOLBORN VIADUCT; 62, KING WILLIAM STREET; and 55 & 56, BISHOPSGATE STREET Within).

Ladies' & Gent's Sample pairs 10/9 Postage 6d. extra.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.
Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

ZOX

CURES

NEURALGIA

Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, and all Nerve Pains.

Pure, Harmless, and Non-Aperient.

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute, there is nothing as good as **ZOX.**

Sold by all Chemists, 1/- and 2/6 per Box.
ZOX Manufacturing Co. 11 Hatton Garden, London E.C.

WOMSPUN KNITTING YARNS

1¼D PER OZ.

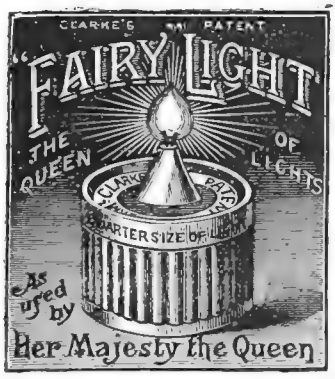
An absolutely **FREE GIFT** Of 1oz. of **WOOL** and **SAMPLES** of **SHADES** Will be sent to every Lady who will kindly forward her address, & enclose 1d. stamp to cover postage. Best value ever offered. The finest wools in the world for knitting. **SEE THE NEW WOMSPUN DRESS FABRICS.** *Write to-day. You will be astonished at the value we offer.*

WOMSPUN SPINNING CO.,
Dept. M. Scarr Mills, Lockwood, Huddersfield.

Google

FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" & "PYRAMID" LIGHTS

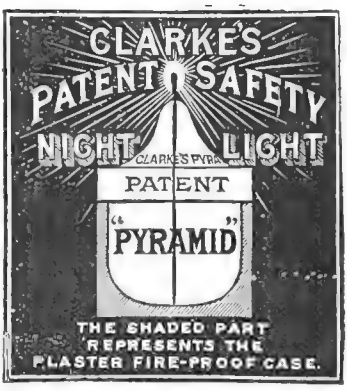


"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With double Wicks, in Boxes containing 6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours each.

To burn 6 hours, 10 Lights and Glass in box.

CLARKE'S
"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp
FOOD WARMER.



In Patent Fireproof Plaster Casing.

"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Single Wicks, burns 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 Lights.

To burn 6 hours, 12 Lights in Box.

2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

N.B.—There is no paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of any of the above Lights, which are the only Lights which can safely be burnt in Lamps.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID AND FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

FROM

A Lecture on Cocoa

BY

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

"A Cocoa Bean is a kind of Vegetable Egg, which contains all that is needed to build up a living body . . . . Cocoa is a combination of foods—of true foods in every sense of the term . . . . But see that you get a really good Cocoa. I should say use

FRY'S
PURE CONCENTRATED
COCOA

which is my IDEAL OF PERFECTION.

There is NO BETTER FOOD."

N.B.—Sold only in tins with gilt top.

Digitized by Google

Promises and Pie-crust.

Promises are said to be like Pie-crust—made to be broken. Pie-crust is, no doubt, always made to be broken,—but it is often hard enough to break and still harder to digest. But there is one kind of pie-crust, and one kind of bread, which is always easy to digest, and that is pie-crust and bread made with Brown & Polson's new Paisley Flour. And there is one promise which is not made to be broken, and that is the promise of easier work in baking and better results, when Paisley Flour is used. A small quantity of Paisley Flour added to ordinary flour will enable anyone with little practice to bake good home-made bread, and with much more certainty of a well raised loaf than when yeast or baking powder is used. Paisley Flour also makes excellent Pastry, Cakes, Scones, &c. Use it and you will be thankful for having had your attention called to it. Messrs.

BROWN & POLSON'S

Paisley Flour should therefore find a place in every household.

BROWN & POLSON'S.

"Shopping"

has potent attractions which often lead to putting off a meal. A cup of Bovril taken before starting will give the necessary sustenance and prevent all the ill-effects of delay in taking solid food.

Bovril is condensed nourishment in a most appetising and convenient form. It strengthens the system, increases vitality, promotes energy, and gives renewed life and vigour after fatigue.

BOVRIL

Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1899.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Leonard Linsdell.		
A STREET SCENE IN AMSTERDAM DURING THE MIDDLE AGES ... ... From a Photograph by Victor Selb.		*Frontispiece*
THE ART OF THE CAMERA ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	387
AT THE END OF THE DAY. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Leonard Linsdell.	DEREK VANE	395
FRIENDS OR ENEMIES? ... ... Illustrated by S. Nation.	J. HOLT SCHOOLING	400
ENCHANTED GROUND. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by Archie Watkins.	... FLORENCE HOARE	404
THE SECRET OF MAKING MONEY ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	RUSSELL SAGE	405
AN EXTRAORDINARY WRECK ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	...ARTHUR ELLSWICK	408
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.		409
THE MÆLSTROM. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by W. M. Bowles.	EDWARD NOBLE	412
WAR CRY BICYCLE GIRLS ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		421
THE MOST TRAGIC WINTER OF MODERN TIMES ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	CALEY WAINWRIGHT	422
LADY MEERSCHAUM. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by M. Barstow.	PHILIP HEMERY	428
THE SILVER HARVEST OF THE SEA ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	LAURA J. SPRIGG	429
SNAPSHOT INTERVIEWS ... ... Miss EDNA MAY. Illustrated with Snapshots.		434
A GIRL AND HER GOLD. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.	H. B. VOGEL	438
A PEEP INTO A LUNATIC ASYLUM ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	DR. CH. H. LEIBBRAND	444
A FAITHFUL FOSTER MOTHER ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	LEWIS STEVENS	450
THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	JAMES B. METCALFE, M.A. (Yale)	452
A YORKSHIRE LEGEND ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		457
FARQUHAR OF THE "CRESCENT." A Complete Story. Illustrated by G. H. Edwards.	MAUD CHURTON & HORACE WYNDHAM	458
A TRIP TO POPPYLAND. A Poem	E. R. LOUDEN	463
CURIOSITIES OF PARIS LOCOMOTION ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ELLSWORTH DOUGLASS	464
PRAYING WHEELS ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		469
THE FOLLY OF KINDNESS. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Tom Browne.	M. DENNIS	470
SOME FAMOUS LONDON INNS ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	...BEATRICE BEAMAN	476
AN AMPHIBIOUS ARRANGEMENT ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		480

Since the publication of our first number, we find that the illustrations of the article entitled, AFTER DINNER CARPENTERING, were copied by the contributor from a Coloured Album by Tom Tit, entitled "Pour Amuser les Petits, ou les joujoux que l'on peut faire soi mêmes," Paris, Librairie Plon et Cie.

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

THE "Multiflex" DUNLOP TYRES

for 1899 are pronounced by the entire Press to be the *Summum Bonum* of Cycling luxury. Every cyclist should read our handsomely illustrated Booklet,—**"All About Dunlop Tyres for 1899,"** which is sent gratis and post free on application.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd., Alma Street, Coventry.

Branches: London, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, &c.

Google

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

True Economy

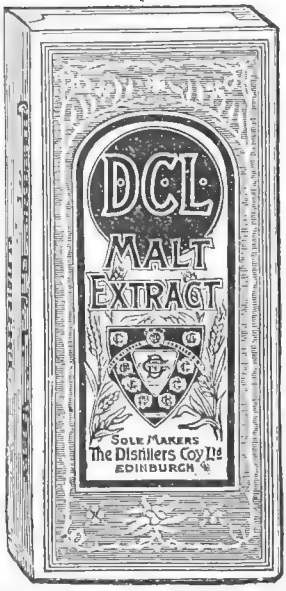
is to enjoy Nature's gifts prudently, save without parsimony, spend wisely and get the best you can for your money. To use Rowntree's Elect Cocoa is true economy. In the first place, Cocoa is the most wholesome and nutritious of Nature's products, and Rowntree's Elect is made from the choicest Cocoa beans only by scientific methods, which ensure refinement of flavour and the maximum of nutrient properties. Its "concentrated strength" (see *Lancet*) is such that half a teaspoonful is enough for a full breakfast cup of strong, stimulating, warmth-giving, and supremely palatable cocoa. A quarter-pound tin, costing 9d. only, makes 30 full breakfast cups.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Confectioners, &c., in Tins only, price 6d., 9d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.

"D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT

FOR CHILDREN & INVALIDS, NURSING MOTHERS, AND PERSONS OF WEAK DIGESTION.

RICH IN NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES.



"D.C.L." MALT EXTRACT may be briefly described as a FOOD of the highest order of excellence for Nursing Mothers, Young Children, Invalids, and all others who are weakly or who suffer from Dyspepsia. In such cases it is strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty on account of its recuperative power and generally wholesome and nutritive properties. It can also be obtained combined with Cod Liver Oil, and in this form is highly recommended as a fortifier of the system against cold.

Can be had from all Chemists and Grocers. Popular Prices, ***1s., 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d.*** *per Bottle. Do not take a substitute.* ***"D.C.L."*** *is the Cheapest as well as the best.*

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

THE DISTILLERS CO., Ltd., Edinburgh.

We are also the Sole Makers of the celebrated **"D.C.L." YEAST.** Superior to all Baking Powders.

Have nothing to do with cheap unbranded Yeasts or Baking Powders, Self-Raising Flours, and other leavening agents, but secure unrivalled Bread and all descriptions of Bread Buns, Tea Cakes, &c., by using "D.C.L." YEAST. GUARANTEED PURE,

UNEQUALLED FOR THE BAKERY OR THE HOME.

A splendid Remedy for Indigestion and Constipation is **"D.C.L." DIGESTIVE MALT BREAD,** made with "D.C.L." Malt Extract. Extremely Nutritive and Palatable.

We issue an artistic Booklet, full of interesting information and novel and unusual recipes for Bakers and the Home. If you have not got a copy, drop us a post card and we will send you one free.

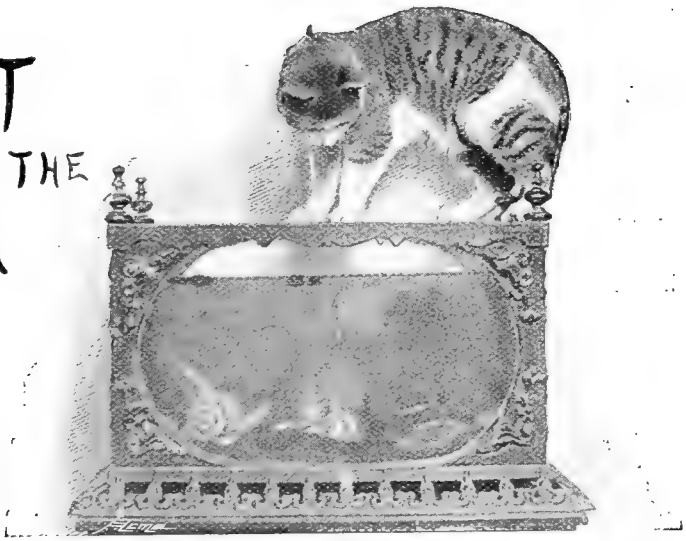
Google

Photo by Victor Selb.

A STREET SCENE IN AMSTERDAM DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

Google

The Art of the Camera



By Roderick Grey.

The Stereoscope.

For some considerable time the stereoscope has been, comparatively speaking, neglected. In days that were it was a popular toy, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to write, apparatus. Heavy, box-shaped, and incapable of proper focussing, it nevertheless afforded considerable amusement and pleasure. All manner of elaborate slides were obtainable —at a price—from the ordinary silver print to transparencies worked up into really wonderful effects by coloured backings.

Gradually, however, the stereoscope lost its hold. It was expensive, perhaps; or the slides were badly selected; or—which is a more probable reason—a difficulty was found in obtaining a proper effect owing to the inability to focus.

Yet the stereoscope has by no means vanished from our midst. On the contrary, it gives abundant signs of being about to reassert itself with renewed vigour. Nor is this to be regretted, for in no way can the work of a camera appeal more powerfully to the average individual than by means of the stereoscope.

Two reasons may assuredly be offered for the resurrection of one of the most charming toys one could wish to possess. In the first place, the old cumbrous and expensive instrument has been superseded by a light and inexpensive toy that is not merely equally effective, but actually is a far more satisfactory instrument. The other reason I venture to suggest is that the slides are far better. The subjects are chosen with greater judgment, and from a vastly wider range, and the prints are, on the whole, more carefully finished.

The examination of an ordinary amateur's photograph album is generally a tedious affair, but when an inexpensive twin-lens hand camera for taking stereoscopic slides appears on the market—and this is likely to happen any day—then the amateur will have within his reach abundant possibilities for providing his friends with limitless amusement.

Photographing the Invisible.

The use of photography in connection with astronomy is within the knowledge of everyone. Anything connected with the study of the vast mystery of the starry realms about us is of endless interest, even to those who have neither the time nor the mind to give much attention to so overwhelming a subject as "star-gazing."

The work done by the camera in connection with astronomy is every hour increasing in importance. The most delicate, almost one might say the most vital portion of the equipment of any of the eclipse expeditions has been the photographic apparatus. Through it all the wonders of the sun's coronna, of the mighty flame columns and other extraordinary phenomena have been reproduced with accuracy which we dub "mechanical."

Photography of the heavens has, however, achieved something more than this, for strange as it may appear to some of the uninitiated, the eye of the camera has been able to observe and record that which the eye of mankind has so

Digitized by Google

far failed to see, even through the most powerful telescopes in existence. Many celestial bodies, utterly invisible to the human eye, even when aided by the finest and most effective instruments yet made, have with the greatest facility been impressed upon sensitised plates with varying exposures according to the circumstances of each particular case.

Battlefield Photography.

THE vagaries of a bullet which has entered a man's body are many and wonderful, indeed it has taken the X rays to prove how many and how wonderful. In times when the location of a bullet was a matter of little else than guess work and a probe, many a limb has been amputated without necessity. Nowadays it is no longer thus.

One almost immediate effect of a bullet wound is rapid swelling, and more often than not the surgeon has to wait until the swelling has subsided before he can attempt to locate the bullet.

Major Beevor during the recent operations on the Indian frontier made most excellent use of the X rays, and in some cases achieved almost startling results.

In one case a bullet had flattened itself against the thigh bone and rebounded to within half an inch of the surface. The swelling was rapid and so great that probing would have been impossible, and under ordinary circumstances amputation would have been resorted to. Yet the X rays at once disclosed the locality of the bullet, and the limb was saved.

Another case owes its interest largely to the fact that the native soldiers wear leather great coats, the skins of which are very imperfectly cured. In this instance a man wearing a coat was shot, the bullet carrying into the wound some of the skin and fur. Within a few hours there was violent swelling and blood poisoning. Yet with the X rays the bullet, the leather, and the fur were located and the man recovered.

The most extraordinary case of all perhaps that came within the work of Major Beevor's

Photo by A. & H. Fry.

A Type of American Beauty.

Google

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN.

Google

photography was that of a young officer who was shot in the chest as he was turning sideways to speak to a companion. The edge of the breastbone acted like a knife and cut the bullet into two pieces, one of which was easily located and removed. The other was only found after considerable use of the X rays, which revealed it as jammed between two ribs some considerable distance from the point of entry.

Such a wound in the old days would probably have meant death. Truly with the X rays has come the romance of photography.

Photo by G. Watmough Webster.

Miss Dorothy Drew With Some of her Pets.

The Inventor of Photography.

THE average individual, and, indeed, one might go further and say the average photographer, is apt to regard Niepce and Daguerre as the true inventors and founders of photography. Such an idea is, to a large extent, fallacious, and, as it happens, does considerable injustice to an Englishman.

In Châlons there resided two brothers, Nicéphore and Claude, of whom the first named may be regarded as the inventor of photography generally. In 1813 Claude left his native place and settled down in England at Kew. Meanwhile, the other brother continned his researches, and ultimately entered into partnership with Duguerre, a partnership which lasted for five years.

The two men were curiously unlike. Niepce was essentially a student, strangely jealous of the discoveries which he made, modest and retiring. Daguerre, on the other hand, was essentially a man of business, who, lacking the inventive talent of his colleague, nevertheless pushed himself sufficiently to attain an infinitely wider reputation.

The daguerreotype, as invented by Daguerre and improved upon by Fizeau, and brought to still greater perfection by Goddard, attained considerable commercial success during the ten years prior to 1850.

Had photography, however, continued on the lines laid down by Daguerre, its scope would have been exceedingly limited. Wide departure had to be taken, and it is to an

Google

Photo by J. S. Dumont.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Google

Englishman, Henry Fox Talbot, that we owe all the marvels attained by the modern camera. Talbot was born in 1800, and received his education at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1821. The Talbots came of an ancient lineage, and the mother of the future discoverer of photography was a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. After leaving Cambridge, Talbot sat in the House of Commons for some two years. Politics, however, had no fascination for him, and he settled down to a private life, in which he could devote himself to scientific pursuits.

As often is the case in the history of great inventors, pure chance turned Talbot's attention towards photography. He happened to be travelling in Italy, and it was whilst sketching with a camera obscura that he conceived the idea of permanently fixing the images produced by the camera. On his return to England he sat to work to try and solve the problem, and, some two years later, succeeded in obtaining some practicable results.

Needless to say, the process evolved by Talbot was a long and tedious one, though a simple one. Lacock Abbey, the home of the Talbots, in Wiltshire, possesses the unique distinction of being the first subject of which a photograph was taken by the camera. The time required for the exposure was one hour!

In 1839, Fox Talbot submitted the results of his experiments to the Royal Society, Daguerre publishing his process six months later. Five years later, Talbot had made a distinct advance in his process, or, rather, he had further perfected his process, which he patented as the "Calotype."

Photo by Alfred Ellis.

Miss Letty Lind.

The difference between the photographic methods of to-day and of 1841 are, of course, gigantic; but, as has been repeatedly illustrated in the history of the world's greatest discoveries, when once the mind of men have been put on the right road, improvement is swift and sure. Daguerre was not on the right road, and, as I have said, his process could never have become universal in its employment. To Fox Talbot the credit is due for the original conception of photography of the negative and positive; and this may be safely asserted without distracting in the least from the magnificent work done by various individuals since Talbot's day. They deserve credit for much, infinitely much, that was new and original, yet what they did was, after all, but to branch off from the main road, at the head of which stands Fox Talbot.

Digitized by Google

Photo by Lallie Garet Charles.

MISS MISCHIEF.

Digitized by Google

The Glow-worm.

THE true nature of the light of a glow-worm is still to a great extent a mystery. It is said by some that the rays are similar to the Röntgen rays. In partial support of this, there is an account given of an experiment with several hundred of these creatures. They were placed before photographic plates, screened from the light by several thicknesses of black paper, together with plates of brass, copper, and aluminium. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it was placed between the metal and the photographic plate, and for two days the arrangement was kept in a dark room from which all foreign light was excluded. On developing the plate it was found to be blackened except the part opposite the hole in the cardboard. The rays of the glow-worm would appear, therefore, to penetrate metal and incite luminosity in cardboard. When there is nothing between the sensitive plate and the glow-worm the rays are said to behave like ordinary light, but in traversing some metals and cardboard they seem to acquire properties like that of the celebrated rays. This latter suggestion, I think, still requires considerable proof.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Corner of the Fair.

Photo by G. M. Webster.

Six Little Maids of High Degree.

Google

AT THE END of THE DAY

By Derek Vane.

Author of "The Three Daughters of Night," &c.

"Which shall it be?" she asked herself. "Shall I go out of the world respectably, or try to buy a moment's happiness at the end? I can't bear the idea of being buried like a pauper, but I should like to die with a kind word in my ears—it is so long since I heard one. I should like to feel and look a lady again if only for an hour."

Margaret Eden was sitting in Kensington Gardens early one morning in June, debating this question with herself. She presented a striking contrast to her surroundings. Nature was at her freshest and sweetest at this hour in the morning; thrush and blackbird warbled in the trees, and the bold sparrows dipped in and out of the ponds and sat in rows on the rails to dry. The woman who watched this pretty toilet performance with unseeing eyes was neither young, nor fresh, nor fair; though not so many years ago she had been all three. In her hand she held a shabby purse containing a £10 note, every shilling of which meant hard work. She had come here to decide what she should do with it; whether it should pay for a decent funeral, or purchase for her an hour's doubtful happiness; a taste of her old life? There might have been a suggestion of the ridiculous in such a debate to an outsider; but it did not strike her so.

Being a woman, excitable, apt to act on impulse, craving with a sick intensity for a little love and kindness, it was, perhaps, not difficult to foretell the result.

"Vogue la galère!" she cried recklessly, throwing up her head with a touch of her old grace, "I have been like Martha, careful and troubled about many things, I will be like the lilies of the field for a change, who take no thought for the morrow. To-day, at least, is mine, let me make the most of it."

"Just to look at you once more, Jack—just to touch your hand," she murmured, as she got up. "Then darkness and nothingness."

She gathered her shabby cloak round her, pulled the coarse veil over her face, and walked away, holding herself more erect than she had done for many a day. She stepped lightly along, instead of with her usual dragging, weary tread. Was she not going to take her old place in the world? The place that belonged to her before—in a fit of pique—she had married Lawrence Eden and sunk with him lower and lower, until at his death a few months ago, she had reached the level from which it is not easy to rise again.

"I must have some breakfast first," she said to herself gaily. She was not going to think of any unpleasant things to-day; she was going to be happy. "I wonder what I shall have?" And she felt an almost childish interest in the subject.

She entered a fashionable restaurant near Regent Street, which was only just being opened, and a yawning waiter looked at her askance; her appearance scarcely seemed to justify her presence in that white and gold salon. She smiled at his scarcely concealed disdain, as, in her excitement, she would have smiled at any trifle, and ordered coffee and an omelette.

Digitized by Google

"It is rather different from my usual breakfast of the contents of yesterday's teapot and a stale crust," she mused, as she daintily attacked the omelette, and, with pure physical enjoyment, inhaled the delicious aroma of the Mocha. "But I mustn't think of that. I am like one of the poor old "crackers" I used to let off on the Fifth of November in my childish days. I have lain smouldering in the darkness for a long time, and now I am going off with a fizz at the end."

She enjoyed the meal at her leisure, scanning a daily paper the while. Once she nearly laughed aloud when she found herself following a curious case with close interest.

"How absurd I am! What can it matter to me? I shall never see the end of it."

When she went out into Regent Street the sun was blazing and the shop windows were decked with all the novelties of the season. She stopped and looked in at one of the fashionable drapers. There was a pretty pink muslin frock in the window which caught her attention.

"He always used to admire me in pink," she murmured. "He said I looked like a rose. I wonder if I might venture on it now? I should like to remind him as much as I can of the 'Margot' he once loved."

She enjoyed the meal at her leisure, scanning a daily paper the while.

It was such a dainty robe, and it was so long since she had worn anything bright and pretty, that she could not resist it. Rather timidly she went in. The great glass doors were thrown back; an obsequious attendant bowed before her, and the next moment she was going up the thickly carpeted staircase to the "Costume Department." Her figure was still slight and girlish, and the muslin being made blouse-fashion, with soft folds that supplied the roundness of which trouble and want had robbed her long ago, it needed but little alteration, and was decidedly becoming.

"It suits Madame to perfection," remarked the superior young person, who attended on her, thinking, at the same time, that she had got hold of a queer customer. It was not usual for faded-looking women in shabby black to come in and buy pink muslins.

And as Margaret looked at herself in the long pier-glass she could not but endorse the verdict. Her good breakfast and the excitement under which she was labouring had given back to the worn face something of its former youth and beauty; the eyes sparkled; there was a vivid spot of colour in the delicate cheeks; the plentiful brown hair, which was the only thing time had left untouched, fell in soft waves on her forehead. You could imagine that ten years ago it had been a pretty, dimpled, baby face; not very wise or strong, perhaps, but the type of face that makes its way very easily to most men's hearts. It was stronger and had more character now than in those bygone days; but much of the old nature was still left. It was too pure and high to consort with shame and disgrace, but it could not rise above circumstances or struggle on alone.

"I will take it," she said with an attempt at dignity. "Now will you show me a hat? Something not—not too young."

After anxious consideration, she decided on a hat made of black chiffon, which shaded

Google

her face softly, and, having purchased a veil and gloves, she left the shop.

"Where shall I send your own things?" the attendant asked, as Margaret was going away without giving any address.

"Oh, it does not matter—" she began, and then seeing the surprise on the girl's face, she gave the name of the East End street in which she had a solitary room. It was not likely that the fashionable draper's cart would ever find its way there, and what need had she of those clothes now? They belonged to another life. She had gone back ten years.

After lunch, which she did not enjoy quite so much as her breakfast, for her appetite was less keen, and the critical moment, which she could not contemplate without a wild throbbing of her pulses, was drawing closer, she took a hansom to a little street in Soho. She would not walk; she did not want to soil the first freshness of her attire. A critical inspection of her face had not quite pleased her; it was not young enough for the frock; it was scarcely pretty enough to revive a dead or dying tenderness. She knew there was a famous face-artist off Leicester Square—a man who could give a semblance of beauty if there were any foundation to work on. She would go to him and see what he could do for her.

"I don't want to appeal to Jack's pity," she thought. "I couldn't bear that; I who once had only to hold up my finger for him to fall at my feet. He knows, of course, that I have come down in the world, but he does not know how badly. I do not wish him to know. I *must* see him again. I'm just hungering for the sound of his voice, but I don't want to spoil his remembrance of me. I should like him to find me fair to the last."

"Make me look as nice as you can," she said a little piteously, as she put herself into the artist's hands; and he, being a Frenchman, and, as such, qualified to understand the feminine nature better than most of his sex, felt a touch of sympathy, and did not laugh.

"Madame shall be quite satisfied," he said respectfully. "Madame has not taken care of herself, but the materials are all here, and my art is easy then."

When Margaret saw herself after those skilful fingers had done their work, she gave a little cry of delight and surprise. Behind a veil, she might almost have been the girl of ten years ago; nothing was coarse or palpably false. The man was an enthusiast in his profession, and worked on the human face as he might have worked on a canvas.

"How long will it last?" she asked, with a little, unsteady laugh.

He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.

"It suits Madame to perfection."

Google

"Madame must not give way to the emotions," he said. "They are very bad for the face—the emotions. To look bright and happy, even if one does not feel so—that is half the battle."

When Margaret found herself again in the neighbourhood of the Park it was nearly five o'clock.

"It is time," she thought, drawing a long breath. "I remember she always went out driving from five to six."

She turned into a street off Park Lane, and stopped at a little white house with gay window-boxes filled with scarlet geraniums and marguerites. Red and white striped sunblinds shaded the windows and reminded one of the villas on the Riviera.

"She was always fond of show," Margaret thought, with a touch of bitterness. There seemed to be a suggestion of ostentation about the gay little house, and it was hard to contrast that other woman's fate with her own; to think of her filling the place she might have had. 'But she had good taste, too," she added more generously the next moment; "and she had the right to spend her money as she pleased."

It was not until she stood before the door and raised the knocker with a trembling hand, that it occurred to her that all the trouble she had taken might be in vain; that the master of the house might not be at home. She sickened at the thought, but thrust it back quickly. Fate would not play her such a shabby trick at the last.

The door opened and she found that her fears had been needless. Mr. Leslie was at home.

"You need not announce me," she said, as the man stopped outside a door. "I am an old friend." And before he could remonstrate she had opened the door herself and gone in.

The room seemed half dark after the glare outside, and Margaret paused a moment to look round. As she stood motionless, a man, reclining in a low chair, turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Margot!—Margot!" he repeated, with a touch of awe in his wonderment, but in tones of infinite love and longing. Was it a vision—the spirit of the girl he had loved ten years ago, and never forgotten? He did not move from his seat, but his eyes clung to her face.

"Madame must not give way to the emotions."

At the sound of the old pet name, uttered with the same tender inflection, Margaret's self-control broke down. Gone was her pride, forgotten was the explanation she had mapped out for herself; forgotten was everything, except that the man she had never ceased to love was before her; that after nigh upon ten years she looked on his face again, and found in it the old tenderness which had always leapt out for her.

"Jack—oh, Jack!" she murmured, stretching out her arms with a little sobbing cry like a child, and running towards him she fell at his feet.

"Margot, is it really you? I can hardly believe it. I have thought of you so often, and lately I have been making inquiries about you in every direction, but all in vain."

"Why should you think of me, Jack—of *me*?"

Google

"Have you forgotten?"—sadly—"I could never forget. If I am nothing to you, why have you come to me—why do you look at me with the eyes of the girl I loved?"

She rose to her feet, putting up her hands to her head.

"I don't understand," she murmured. "What do you mean? What can you and I be to each other now? I came because—because I knew it would be the last time; because I could not go without bidding you farewell. Oh, my pride has had a heavy fall, Jack, since the day it came between you and me. I wanted a kind word from you, that is all; I have no right to more."

"Then you have no love for me left? How could I expect it after all these years? And yet I had ventured to hope. I had heard that you were free, and when I saw you standing there, I thought you had come to me, knowing how much I want you."

She looked at him wildly. She had done and suffered much to-day, and her strength had been taxed almost beyond what she could bear.

"Don't torture me, Jack—you were never cruel! Why should you kneel at my feet"—for he had thrown himself down beside her—"at mine, which have walked in the mire for many a day? I am not what I appear to be. I am poor and lonely and growing old. Don't mock me, Jack! Give me a kind word and let me go."

But he clasped her hands the tighter.

"Let you go when I have only just found you again—when you have almost told me you love me?" He laughed.

She looked at him piteously.

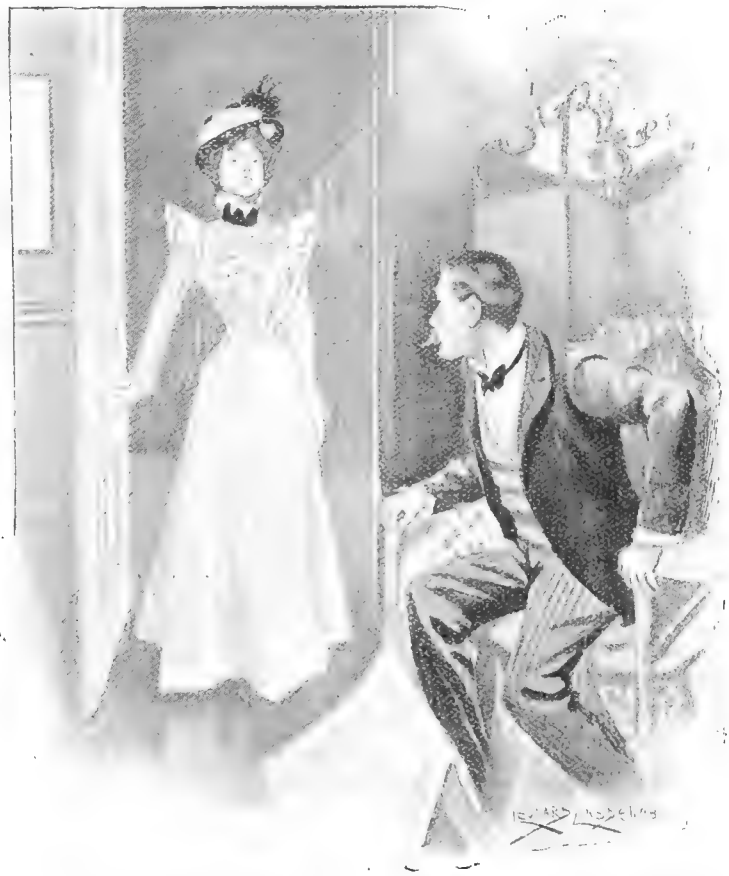
"Don't you understand?" she whispered. "Are you going mad or am I? I am such a poor creature, Jack—my life is so wretched, that I was going to put an end to it to-night. You see, you can't have anything in common with *me*. I had saved £10, so that the parish should not bury me—I could not bear the thought of that—and I should have gone out of the world quietly, just an overdose of chloral, which nobody could have said was not an accident. . . .

"But then came the thought of you, Jack—I felt I must see you once more. So—so the £10 went in *this*"—pointing to her dress—"that I might be presentable in your eyes to the last. There! you know all my humiliation now," and she laughed hysterically. "If you love me, don't seek to degrade me further. Let me go—I could not bear to meet your wife."

"My wife died six months ago," he answered gravely. "I thought you knew."

She looked at him a moment with dazed, staring eyes, her breath quickly coming and going. Then she swayed and fell senseless in his outstretched arms.

We may suffer hopelessly, dumbly, as the brutes do, until if joy comes it strikes us with the force of a blow. But, happily, it seldom kills.



As she stood motionless a man reclining in a low chair turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

Digitized by Google

By J. Holt Schooling.

The Fashoda affair of last autumn caused a quick shock to our nation. That was immediately succeeded by a universal feeling of resolute intention, by all grades of the British population, not to permit France to trick and harass us any more in colonial matters; not to let the Boulevard phrase "*Embêter les Anglais*," (so common in Paris during the last ten years or so) continue to pass from word to act. The present generation cannot recall a matter of foreign affairs, that so instantly welded us into one compact mass of resolution, all differences as to home-politics being forgotten, as did this Fashoda incident.

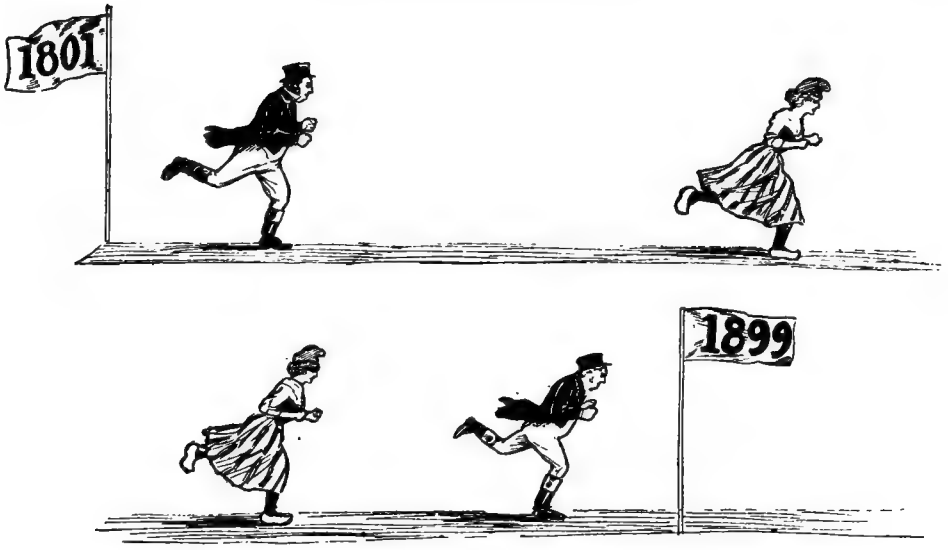
And what is to be the upshot of it? Are the French relations with us to continue for a long term cold, even hostile? Or is the good sense of the French nation destined to trample the pernicious folly of those so-called French leaders who, sadly enough for France, have for years past, pitifully besmirched that fair land? Is France to be our friend or our enemy? Our friend, we hope.

* * *

We have been at peace with France since 1815—for nearly a century. What has that century done for France and for us? We will look at some of the changes which have come to our country and to France during the nineteenth century, and, in so looking, we will entirely dismiss from our minds any lingering soreness, or any unfriendly regard for France, and we will look at our facts merely as facts.

First, let us look at population. For, after all is said and done, you cannot run a big country without men and women, and plenty of them. The energy that makes a country great must be transmuted from the latent form in which Nature stores energy, by the active effort of man and women. The men to work, and to fight, and to build our ships, and to direct affairs must be got—and a nation that does not breed in sufficient numbers is badly off when compared with a nation that does. Moreover, biologists will tell you that the larger the number of units in a population, the greater is the degree of variety in the offspring, and for this reason a large and growing population stands a better chance than a stationary population of getting a higher quality of men as well, quite possibly, as a worse lot at the same time. There is *more variety*, and variety is the salt of a healthy life—individual and

Google



No. 1.—Showing the race for population between the United Kingdom and France during the nineteenth century.

national. Moreover, natural selection will more or less tend to weed out the worthless units of population, and to encourage the worthy units to propagate others—so variety in a population is a net good.

This vitally important matter of population is illustrated in sketch No. 1, which suggests the race for population that has been going on during this nineteenth century between France and our own country.

In the year 1801, we were a long way behind France, who then had nearly twice our population, but, in the present year 1899, we have succeeded in getting an appreciable lead over France, to the extent of about two millions of population.

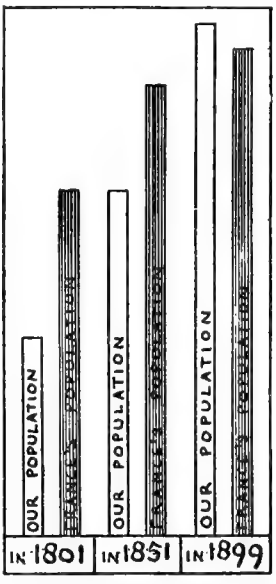
The diagram in No. 2, illustrates the following facts as to the growth of population in the two countries during the present century :—

In 1801, France's population was over 27 millions.
In 1801, Our population was under 16 millions.
In 1851, France's population was under 36 millions.
In 1851, Our population was over 27 millions.
In 1899, France's population is 38½ millions.
In 1899, Our population is 40½ millions.

Thus, in 1801, we were (nearly) twelve millions fewer than the French; in 1851, we had reduced the French lead to under nine millions and, in the present year, we lead France, on the score of population, by almost exactly two millions of persons. I may say that we outran France in population, for the first time in the history of the world, in 1893 or 1894.

Another important point as regards the population of the two countries, apart from the size of the population, is the proportion of aliens, *i.e.*, of non-naturalized subjects, who form a part of the populations of France, and of the United Kingdom. In France, the resident aliens form the large proportion of 30 per 1000 of her population; with us, the resident aliens number only about six per thousand of home-population. The *native* French race has been getting actually smaller for some years past, while our native race left at home has been growing rapidly, despite the fact that our people leave the home country for other parts of the world, in very much larger numbers than the French leave France for life in her colonies.

Before we leave this population question, it will be interesting to glance at the position of France's other great neighbour—Germany—and to see



No. 2.—During the present century we have converted France's large majority of population in 1801 into a majority for the United Kingdom in 1899.

Google

Showing the change in the National Debts of the

how the three of us have moved—or not moved—in the breeding of men to work the three countries during the last twenty years. Here are the facts :—

POPULATION OF,

	United Kingdom. (millions)	France. (millions)	Germany. (millions)
1879 ...	34·3	37·4	44·6
1884 ...	35·7	37·9	46·3
1889 ...	37·2	38·5	48·7
1894 ...	38·8	38·1	51·3
1899 ...	40·5	38·5	54·6

We see that during the last twenty years, France has added to her population *only one million* of persons, while we have added more than six millions to our home-population, and France's other neighbour, Germany, has increased by ten million persons.

These are significant facts and the weight of them is not lessened when we bear in mind the modern French craze for colonies. We can spare men for our colonies and so can Germany, but can France?

We take up another leading point—the National Debt of France and of the United Kingdom. How important this is may be judged from the fact that France has now to spend yearly about £37 of every £100 she collects, merely to pay interest, etc., on her Debt, while it costs us only £24 per £100 of our National Revenue, to pay the yearly charges on our National Debt.

The two sketches on this page illustrate the change in the respective positions of France and of the United Kingdom, that has occurred during the nineteenth century as regards the National Debt of each country.

Here are the facts upon which they have been drawn:—

	millions sterling.
In 1801, France's National Debt was	29
„ Our „ „	538
NOW, France's „ „	is 1244
„ Our „ „	641

Here is an enormous change. In 1801, our National Debt was more than eighteen times as large as the Debt of France; while at the present time the Debt of France is almost twice as big as our National Debt.

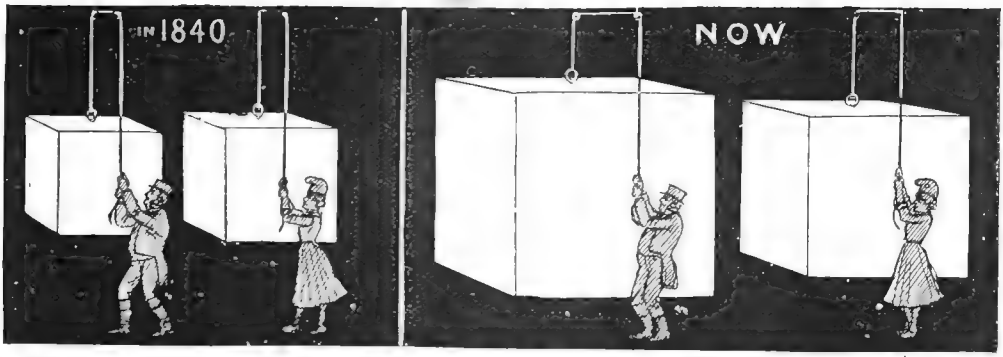
Moreover, in 1801, we had only a small population to bear our Debt, compared with France's population in 1801; while, now, we have a larger population than France has to bear a debt that is only one-half the size of France's great load of debt.

Here is a comparison of the two Debts, in

AT THE PRESENT TIME

United Kingdom and of France duri·g the nineteenth century.

Google



No. 4.—Contrasting the working power or energy of the United Kingdom and of France in 1840 and at the present time.

1801 and at the present time, per head of population:—

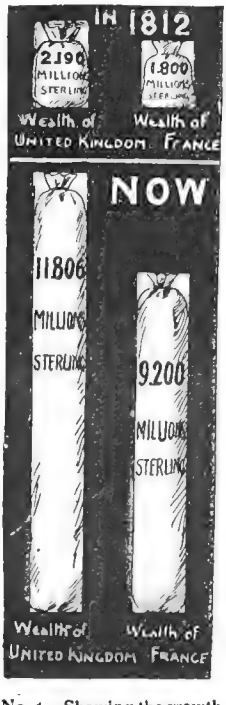
		Per Head of Population.
In 1801	France's National Debt was ...	£1
„	Our „ „ „ ...	£34
NOW	France's National Debt „ ...	£32
„	Our „ „ „ ...	£16

These results are rather startling. During this century, France, with a still-increasing National Debt, has, in 1899, practically gone back to where we started in 1801, as regards the debt per head of population. We, with a still-decreasing National Debt, have during the century reduced our Debt per head of population from £34 in 1801, to only £16 now.

Bear in mind also that France's load of debt entails such a heavy yearly cost to her for interest on her debt, that she has for years past been screwed down to a fixed expenditure upon her fighting-unit—the Army and Navy. We, on the contrary, have been able to spend more and more upon our fighting unit, and this without feeling the cost, as individual citizens, to anything like the extent to which the French citizen feels the cost of running his country.

Again, our source of National Revenue is elastic, and if necessary can be pulled out a long way yet; France's source of National Revenue has long ago been stretched tight, and her finance-managers have, year by year, an increasingly difficult task to keep up the Revenue.

We will now look at the Working-power—the Energy—of the two nations. It is of no use to a nation to have a big population if that population is not actively and, on the whole, usefully employed. Sketch No. 4 illustrates the Working-power of the United Kingdom and of France, in 1840 and at the present time. This Working-power is made up of hand-power, horse-power, steam-power, etc., and it is computed by methods accepted by French and English statisticians as giving approximately true results; the total Working-power, or Energy, being then reduced to the common equivalent of lifting a weight.



No. 5.—Showing the growth of wealth since 1812 in the United Kingdom and in France.

I do not give any technical figures as to the total of this Working-power, but I now mention the *relative positions* of the two countries as regards this Energy, taking, for convenience of comparison, the total Working-power of the United Kingdom in the year 1840 as the unit of measurement:—

	Units of Energy.
In 1840, The Working-power of the United Kingdom was	10
In 1840, The Working-power of France was	12
NOW, The Working-power of the United Kingdom is	63
NOW, The Working-power of France is	33

We see from these comparative results that in 1840 the Working-power of France was greater than ours in the proportion of twelve to ten. And that now our working-power is greater than France's in the proportion of sixty-three to thirty-three; *i.e.*, our Working-power is nearly twice that of France.

Google

Although sketch No. 4 shows for convenience of comparison, the working-power being used to pull up weights, it is, of course to be understood that the working-power of a nation means its energy for making or for doing things that are useful to the community. Battle-ships, for example, are useful to a community of persons who possess, as we do, an ample sea-board—and you cannot have battle-ships without Working-power.

Diagram No. 5 compares the growth of wealth in the two countries since the year 1812. This wealth is made up of the value of land, houses, railways, merchandise, factories, cattle, implements, bullion, etc., etc., and the value of these items of wealth is computed by methods known to statisticians.

The relative positions of France and of our country as regards wealth in 1812 and at the present time were and are :—

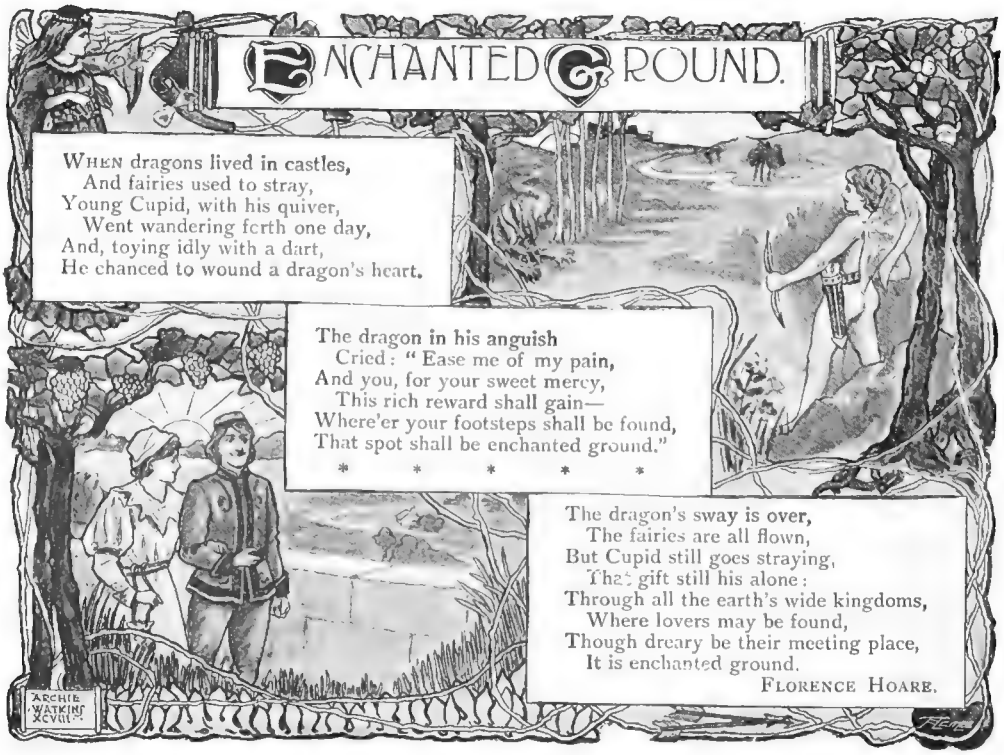
			Units of Wealth.
In 1812,	the wealth of	France was	10
„	„	the United Kingdom was	12
NOW	„	France is	51
„	„	the United Kingdom is	66

We see that our small lead in 1812 has now increased to the much bigger share of wealth that is represented by our 66 units of wealth to France's 51 units of wealth. And wealth is one very important item in war.

Not that any one of us wants war. We all deplore even the prospect of a continuance of any unfriendly feeling between France and our country. But as we glance at the facts now before us, the thought occurs to us that they may be of use to France as a friendly hint not to be again un-neighbourly to her old friend, John Bull, who is not half such a bad old man as the ragtag and bobtail press of the Paris boulevards declare him.

But John Bull does not want any more worrying from France ; he is not taking any for some years to come.

He can be patient and forbearing, but there is a limit to his forbearance, and it behoves our neighbour to remember it. Moreover, if during the long period of peace John Bull has outstripped France, as I have shown, what would not be the effect of war? England would be successful. It is not an idle boast to suggest that France, on the other hand, would probably be reduced to a second-rate Power, with a load of debt on her almost beyond endurance.


ENCHANTED GROUND.
When dragons lived in castles,
And fairies used to stray,
Young Cupid, with his quiver,
Went wandering forth one day,
And, toying idly with a dart,
He chanced to wound a dragon's heart.
The dragon in his anguish
Cried: "Ease me of my pain,
And you, for your sweet mercy,
This rich reward shall gain—
Where'er your footsteps shall be found,
That spot shall be enchanted ground."
* * * * *
The dragon's sway is over,
The fairies are all flown,
But Cupid still goes straying,
That gift still his alone:
Through all the earth's wide kingdoms,
Where lovers may be found,
Though dreary be their meeting place,
It is enchanted ground.
FLORENCE HOARE.
ARCHIE WATKINS XCVIII.

Digitized by Google

THE SECRET OF MAKING MONEY.

By Russell Sage.

Introductory Note.—Mr. Russell Sage is the wealthiest self-made millionaire in the world. With no other capital than his two hands, his head, and the position of errand boy in a country grocery shop this well-known New York man of money has amassed a fortune of over £20,000,000 (100,000,000 dollars). His advice on financiering is repeatedly sought, but this is the first time that his authorised views have ever appeared in any magazine anywhere.

The secret of money-making is so simple that it can be mastered by any person of ordinary intelligence. It consists of nothing more difficult than the strict observance of a few common sense rules.

There is no such thing as "being born with a gift for making money." Financial success in every case is the result of a man of average brain-power devoting himself to hard conscientious work.

There are five fundamental principles which must be laid down by every person starting out with the wish to have a successful career. These are: Honesty, temperance, patience, punctuality, and strict adhesion to fixed rules for his office and his home. There are other rules to be followed in different lines of work, but these five must invariably be followed in all cases. These five rules are the foundation rocks upon which every fortune must be erected, or else that fortune will be certain to some day totter to the ground.

Mr. Russell Sage.
He is worth £20,000,000.

It is often said by amateur financiers that if a man is going to try to make a fortune on strict business principles, he sets out for himself a long tedious labour—and that by devoting less time to the observance of strict business rules and more time to daring ventures, he will make twice the money in half the time. Such remarks are never uttered by a man of practical business experience. A man may sometimes make a sky-rocket fortune by neglecting strict business principles, but like Hooley and many other prominent examples his wealth will some day be suddenly swept away.

I do not wish to be understood to mean that for the simple reason that a man is honest, patient, temperate, punctual, and conducts his affairs in a thoroughly business manner, he is, for these reasons alone, certain to be successful. To amass a big, permanent fortune in some business enterprise, every man must combine his strict adhesion to business principles with, first, a genuine liking for the work he has mapped out for himself; secondly, a clear, cool brain; and, thirdly, a bulldog determination that he will overcome all obstacles that crop up from time to time.

One reason of many men being failures in life is because those men are unfitted for the particular line of business each has undertaken—a case of the round pegs getting into the square holes,

United States copyright, 1898, by Chauncey Montgomery M'Govern, New York.

Google

and *vice versâ*. If a young man has started in any business enterprise—let it be law, the grocery business, or brokerage—and he finds, after a fair trial, that the work is not congenial, the best thing for him to do is simply to get out as soon as possible. Let him give his business friends and those interested in the enterprise with him due notice, stating his reasons for abandoning his business venture, and then strike out in a fresh field at the first favourable opportunity.

It is always best to think well, however, before acting, and not to be too easily discouraged or disappointed. The determination to succeed—the downright, persistent, take-no-discouragement feeling—makes more financial victories than any other one thing. Many a man has been on the brink of success when his courage gave out, and he has fallen to the ground a financial wreck.

A great deal of bosh is printed nowadays about there not being any more opportunities left for the young person to grasp in order to succeed. "Every business and profession is overcrowded," is the cry. It is, no doubt, true that there are more men in the field to-day than there were twenty-five years ago—at least, it is so in America—but, on the other hand, the field itself has been enlarging all the while. There is always lots of room at the top everywhere.

Mr. Sage at his Desk.

It was whilst at his office in December, 1891, that one, Norcross, a madman, entered and demanded $1,200,000. On being refused he dropped a dynamite bomb on the floor, blowing himself to atoms, killing a clerk, and wrecking the office. Mr. Sage was so injured that his life was despaired of.

Of course—it is scarcely necessary to say—the largeness of the fortune amassed must to a great extent depend upon the character of the enterprise undertaken, and also upon the amount of capital invested in it. But many men who have started out with nothing have in time amassed millions. I would not recommend any particular line of business as the best avenue through which to achieve success. The happy choice of a vocation depends entirely upon the person's individual turn of mind. As a man never thoroughly succeeds at anything he is not interested in, it is best that he should be allowed to choose his own vocation in life, instead of having it chosen for him. This is a point on which too many parents err. Many a good horn is spoilt without making even a tolerable spoon.

The "schooling"—the education—of the young person is no doubt an important factor in determining his ultimate success or failure. This brings up the question of whether or not a college training pays. I do not believe, generally speaking, that a college education will hurt any youth, but I do believe that in many cases it is so much trouble, time, and money thrown away. On one hand, if the boy wishes to become a lawyer, or a clergyman, or an author, there is no doubt about it that a college education will help him enormously to achieve success. But, on the other hand, if he intends to enter upon a business career I do not see how a college education is going to help him any.

The kind of education that counts most of all is a common school education, supplemented by a habit of reading books of information, the newspapers and the magazines in the hours of leisure. Put the boy to work when he gets through school, and let him do this reading in the evenings and on holidays.

It may be pointed out that the virtue of honesty which I have laid down as one of the five foundations of all fortunes is not necessary in all cases—in other words, that if a man is dishonest only in secret, and knows how to keep the secret to himself, that he can make money more rapidly than the honest man. I am well aware of the fact that many millionaires have acquired their wealth dishonestly—but do they enjoy what they possess? And what is the use of amassing a big pile of money if it is not going to give you any joy?

The man who has made his fortune by methods he knows to be dishonest is not going to reap the benefits of his money. In

the first place, a fortune thus gained is usually lost again. But even should a penny of this dishonest fortune never be lost, it will never bring him happiness of satisfaction. The public is quick to feel the atmosphere of crookedness about a man's character. No matter how secretive may have been the dishonest methods he has employed to make his money, or what good reason he has to believe that no one but himself will ever know of them, yet, somehow or other, the truth is bound to leak out in time. Then that man's happiness is at an end. He will have the hatred of the poor, and the contempt of the rich alike—a double cross, that no man, however conscienceless, can carry with joy. The trite old maxim that "Honesty is the best policy," is as true to-day as it was the day it was first uttered. Too much pleasure-seeking has more than any one other cause brought fortunes tumbling about the ears of their owners. It has nipped in the bud an enormous number of promising careers. To quote the Scriptures: "A man cannot serve two masters." This law applies in business as well as in religion.

Every business man should devote a fixed number of hours every day to looking personally into his affairs, and this, I think, is just as essential in the case of the man already wealthy as in the case of the young man who it still struggling up the ladder of success. No matter how trustworthy one's employes may be there are certain matters always that should be given one's personal attention.

It is to a large extent within the power of every woman to be herself the means of the success of the man dearest to her. By a judicious use of her opportunities for counselling, she can place him half the distance on the road to the goal; his own intelligence will carry him safely the remainder of the way. No wife need expect her husband to have great and lasting success if she causes him to lead a life of social dissipation. A man's wife should be his counsellor and helpmeet in everything, rather than the toy and plaything of his leisure moments; and the young man is fortunate who has a wife, well-informed and intelligent, and sufficiently in sympathy with his business interests, to be able to give him capable advice at the moment of crisis or in the hour of adversity.

Of course, everybody cannot become a millionaire. But it is in the power of every ambitious young man to, in time, increase his starting capital ten thousand fold. There are thousands of young men—mechanics, clerks, book-keepers, and others, with small salaries—who, by dint of careful saving and economy, have saved up from a hundred to a thousand dollars — and who are at a loss to know what to do with it.

Mr. Sage in his Office.
He is perhaps the greatest railroad financier in the world, and controls over forty railroads.

There are a countless number of ways in which a young man can place even so small a sum as this so that it will yield him a good return. He must not think of dropping his regular business, of course, but he could buy some shares in a good railroad stock—or else a few shares in some solid bank. If he has not money enough to buy a whole share, he can find some companies which sell half, and even quarter shares.

But he must be very careful. Let him find out from some reliable acquaintance that the concerns he contemplates investing in are of good reputation. Many young men are dazzled by the glowing prospect held out to them by unscrupulous brokers of speculating in corn and wheat, and similar things. But an inexperienced man who attempts this sort of speculation is certain to come out the loser in the end. When he makes a profit on the principal he may afford to be a little more daring, perhaps, but no young man should ever risk his principal. If he should lose it, he will of course be obliged to start all over again, from the ground up, and starting out again after a complete failure is one of the hardest things to do in a man's whole career.

The photographs of this article are by Vander Weyde, New York.

Google

AN EXTRAORDINARY WRECK.

By Arthur Elswick.

It sometimes happens that a vessel which by careless navigation or a combination of unfortunate circumstances has found herself ashore, becomes a total wreck without in the least degree betraying the fact from her appearance. Everything about her is unbroken and in order, and it is difficult to realise that she is not lying peaceably at anchor.

The converse is sometimes true, and the illustration we are enabled to give represents a steamer in a distinctly uncomfortable position, and at first sight it might be imagined, with every justification, that the vessel had become a total wreck.

The *Davaar* was a special excursion steamer, and left Campbelltown (Cantire), bound for Belfast, with some 500 excursionists on board. In the midst of a heavy fog she suddenly found herself almost on dry land at a spot named Groomsport, Co. Down, at the entrance to Belfast Lock. The weather, fortunately, was calm, and, beyond the shock inevitable in the unexpected grounding of a vessel no damage was done to the passengers. To all intents and purposes they might have been still at sea. With the falling tide, however, the steamer assumed a more uncomfortable position. She dropped by the stern until her decks were at a very considerable incline.

Photo by R. Welch.

The "Davaar" hard and fast aground.

Nevertheless, so happy, if such a phrase is permissible, had been the steamer's excursion on dry land that the captain had steam kept up, on the chance that as the tide fell she might slip off into deep water.

Too often this is the one thing to be dreaded. Frequently a vessel is stranded on a ledge of rocks, and so long as she remains hard and fast she is a shelter for the passengers and crew aboard her. With the falling tide, however, she acquires a tendency to launch herself, as it were, from her unwelcome cradle, with the result that, slipping back into deep water, she sinks, dragging with her the unfortunates still clinging to her.

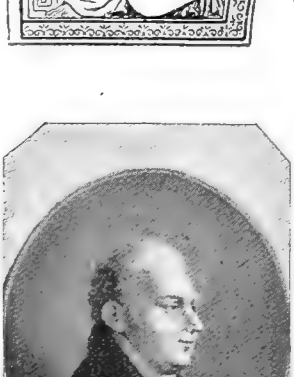
The most remarkable thing about this wreck is that, by extraordinary good fortune, the steamer threaded her way through a most dangerous series of rocks and reefs in deep water, and quietly glided into a little smooth gully on one of the most dangerous coasts in the British Islands.

An idea of the danger of these rocks may be gleaned from the fact that a steamer which was assisting to get the *Davaar* off some two or three days later accidentally touched one of them, and sank within a few minutes. Eventually Messrs. Harland and Wolff succeeded in getting the *Davaar* off, when it was found that the only damage she had sustained was the bending of some plates, which were repaired in a few hours.

This was a matter of extreme good fortune, for it by no means always follows that a vessel which has sustained no damage can be successfully refloated. All manner of difficulties invariably present themselves in dealing with the gigantic dead weight of a ship out of her element, and in many parts of the world splendid vessels have been left to rot on shoals or rocks, although the actual damage sustained is meagre.

Digitized by Google

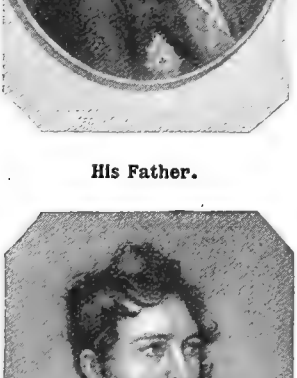
SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS



His Father.

Duke of Cambridge.

His Mother.



His Father.

King of the Belgians.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

King of Sweden.

His Mother

Her Father.

Mrs. Kendal.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Mr. George Griffiths.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

Sir Eyre Massey Shaw.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Clara Butt.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Mr. Clifford Harrison.

His Mother.

Photographs by W. & D. Downey, London Stereoscopic Co., Gosta Florman, Mrs. Robinson, Lafayette, E. Davey Lavender, Barraud, Batten, Percival, Window & Grove.

Google

"FEW of those who wander up and down the river know what lies behind the Sandspit at Holehaven," said Gaskin. "In those hulks there is enough dynamite to level half London, were it within reach."

We were steaming slowly against the ebbing tide, returning on Gaskin's launch from a late visit to the Medway. The sun had sunk behind a broken mass of clouds, and now threw a fiery glow across the purple river, that flashed and scintillated in wide-spread patches down to where the water tumbled in foaming savagery under the *Vigilante's* bow.

Suddenly we noticed the launch was swinging rapidly shorewards.

"What's wrong, Dismal," cried Gaskin, as he approached the skipper; "surely you are close enough to the sands!"

"There's su'thin' lyin' on the mud there, sir. Do you make it out? It's about a point on the port bow now, sir. Steady, Kosh!"

"I see. What is it?"

"Looks like a'zif t'wer anover of them 'missin's,' sir," said Dismal, with his eyes glued to the glasses.

Gaskin took a telescope from the rack, and stood searching the shore.

"Gad! You are right, Dismal," he cried, as he shut the glass with a snap. "Look, Ralston, yonder lies another of the shadows that cross the threshold of this great London of ours, a body stripped naked—by whom?"

"Steady, Dismal! Go dead slow, and have the boat got ready."

Five minutes later we left the launch, and, rowing quickly shorewards, presently came into the dismal shelter of the banks. The river ran more sluggishly here. A dozen creeklets, and countless twisting rivulets, drained over the flats from the farther channel. A desolute vista lay on every hand. The banks were dark; the swaying reeds and tufts of adventurous grass all dark, and from their midst ran the tortuous streamlets all crimson in the sun-glare.

When the boat reached the sands we leaped quickly overside, and waded through the slime until we came upon the object of our search.

It was the body of a man, tall and powerfully built, with bronzed arms and knotted muscles, massive thighs, and the torso of a Hercules—the sort of man who would sell his life dearly in a fight; whose strength would be a terrible weapon of defence. Yet here he lay, a flaccid heap of inertia, stark naked at the edge of the tide.

I had time to note these matters whilst Gaskin kneeled down, searching for traces of lingering vitality. At length he got up.

"We are too late," he remarked, quietly. "We must get him on board, and take him up. What a magnificent specimen, eh, Ralston?"

"A perfect gladiator," I replied. "Good God!"

The men had turned him over whilst we were speaking, and I instantly perceived a terrible expression, a white, scared look, the look of a man who had died in an agony of fear, printed vividly on his blanched face and in his staring eyes.

"There is a mystery about this man's death," said Gaskin sternly. "Cover him up, lads, and get him to the boat."

"My Gawd!" cried the skipper, who was stooping to lift the man's feet. "What's this? Lumme! If he haven't been sucked dry a'ready!"

Google

He pointed to a punctured wound in the soft part of the big toe, where the flesh was drawn and blue.

"That has not been done in the water, Dismal," said Gaskin, as he stooped to examine the place. "The man has been bled there before death."

"By which, sir, you mean this chap's been murdered?"

"That's about it, Dismal."

The skipper whistled.

"He's a Dutchman, sir," he remarked inconsequently; "leastways, that's wheer I should say he hailed from."

"Norwegian or Swede, probably," said Gaskin. "By the way, how many Baltic-men are there lying in the Hope?"

"There was quite a fleet of 'em, but the lawst few days fair wind has sent 'em scootin'. I doubt if there's many now."

"We will run across river," said Gaskin, "and look them up as we pass."

By the time we had carried the body on board, and headed the launch up Reach, the darkness had closed in. Low in the far nor'-west a few faint coppery tinges lingered, and against the waning light the outline of fort-capped Coalhouse Point stood out in bold silhouette, whilst nearer at hand lay the clustering masts and yards of ships at anchor.

We crossed straight over from the tail of the sands into Mucking Bight, as much to cheat the tide as with the idea of looking up the foreigners which congregate at this end of the Lower Hope.

There were, as the skipper anticipated, only a few vessels left. Of these, two lay well down towards the head of the creek, another farther up, and almost in a line with the Port boundary mark. As we steamed past them we stopped to hail each consecutively, asking if they had lost any of their crew. In each case the same answer was returned. No. All hands were on board, and they were sailing in the morning. But as we crept slowly towards the third, we saw a light flashed many times rapidly from a position somewhere on the vessel's stern.

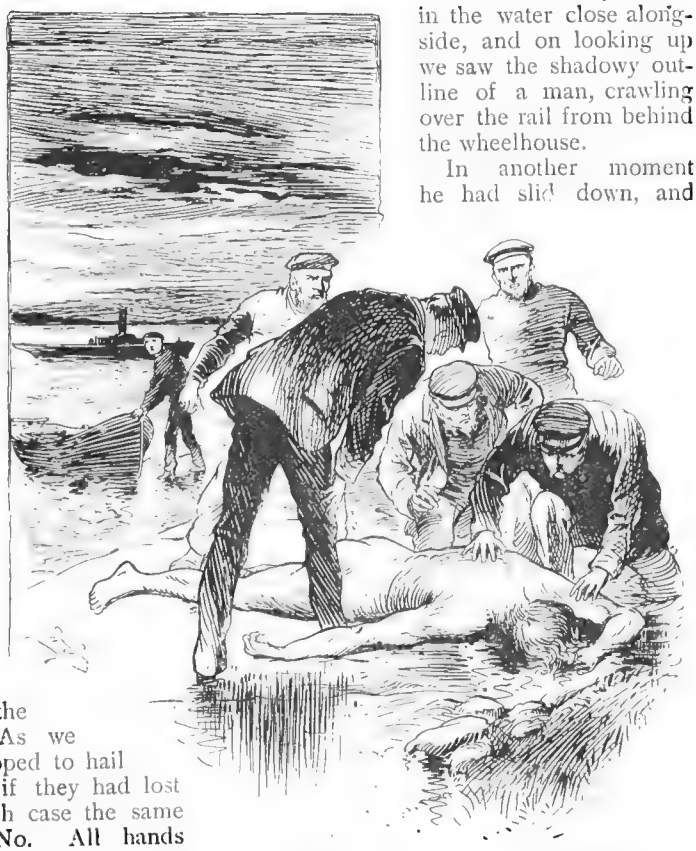
"Answer that chap," said Gaskin, sharply. "No, not the whistle; wave the binnacle lamp."

This was done, and we saw the light waved frantically a few moments; then all was darkness.

"Crawl up as quietly as may be," said Gaskin again. "There's something adrift here, or they would hail us."

Before long we drew silently under the great square stern of a Norwegian barque, and passed a line round her rudder chains, She was the *Mælström* of Bergen. Her name, picked out of a gigantic scroll-work in yellow letters, was just above us. There were three square ports higher up, but no light appeared in either. Evidently if the cabins were lighted the shutters were closed inside. Whilst I was wondering at the silence, the end of a rope lowered quietly from the taffrail, trailed in the water close alongside, and on looking up we saw the shadowy outline of a man, crawling over the rail from behind the wheelhouse.

In another moment he had slid down, and



It was the body of a man, tall and powerfully built.

Google

was hanging in mid-air, just clear of the launch.

"Catch hold of the rope. Pull him in, Dismal," Gaskin whispered.

Presently, with the help of the skipper, the man was seated in a heap on the skylight before us.

"It's Cap'n Gaskin's launch?" he whispered, looking about him in a dazed fashion. "Yes, a' knew that—there ain't another launch wiv her sheer on the river. Whist, mate, wheer's a taste o' rum?"

"What's adrift, my lad?" said Gaskin, as he handed the man a toss from his flask.

"Sir," said the man, tossing off the liquor at a draught, "there's a song about some chaps as 'rode out of the Mouth of Hell.' That's me—I'm just out of it; an' my name's Hellings, which is coin*ci*dent. Drop the launch astarn, sir."

Gaskin gave the order.

"Wiv the tide, sir. Oh, my Gawd! not wiv the engines."

As we drove through the darkness, Hellings rose from his crouching posture on the sky-light, and, creeping forward into the eyes of the launch, gazed steadfastly at the blurring *Mælström*.

"Why did I say, drop her astarn quiet?" he asked, coming aft when at length the ship was faint in the distance. "Becose, sir, there's a devil on that ship—a female devil, sir, which is the wusser sort. Oh my Gawd!"

The man had stumbled across the partly covered corpse that lay on the launch's deck. In a moment he was all excitement, kneeling beside it, his face twitching and working in the glare of the engine room skylight.

"Sir," he whispered. "It's Björnson—the last of 'em! the last of 'em!"

He stumbled to his feet again, and called to Gaskin for his flask.

Presently the man was seated on the skylight before us.

We went over to where he stood, and I heard Gaskin speaking quietly to him.

"Were you to pilot her down?" he questioned.

"That's about it, sir. Times are hard—a man must live."

"I don't blame you, but the pilots would."

"There's as good men in the boats as ever piloted for Trinity House, sir. Talk about robbery, Cap'n Gaskin; ain't it robbery for one chap to have the pref. over all the rest? Ain't that robbery?"

"That's better," said Gaskin, quietly, to me; "now we shall get something out of him."

"Look here, sir, it's like this. I'm afloat in the old boat betimes off Greenwich lawst Tuesday, when I see the *Mælström* coming down stream in the wake of a little tosher* as she could have stowed betwixt galley and mainmast. There are no boats alongside, so I says to myself, I'll take the liberty of putting my hook aboard you. Perhaps there'll be a job out of it, perhaps there won't. Odds is evens in cases of this sort, so hook her it is. By-and-by, I fix the boat's slip and climb on board over the stern. There's a white-haired Dutchman at the wheel, an' there's a yellow-haired Dutchman, wiv a long yellow beard, walking the poop.

"'That's the skipper,' says I; 'but there's no pilot. Hellings! there's oil in this here cruse or I don't know nothin.' 'Good mornin', Cap'n,' says I. 'Goot morning,' says he. 'Sir,' says I, 'you are wanting a pilot. Any man could see that by the way you're standing out in the thick of the tide when you might be cheating it. You'll have to take a pilot a bit lower if you don't take me.' 'Wheer your papeers?' says he.

* A small tug-boat.

Google

'Here,' says I; and I out with my ticket like a bird. 'Licensed under Waterman's Hall,' says I. 'Ten shillings to the Nore,' says he. 'A pound,' says I. 'I vill giff you fifteen schilling or go avay.' 'Done, sir,' says I; 'I'm your man,' and we clenched the deal in as good a glass of Hollands as ever you may wish to get outside of.

"Well, sir, we tow down river all day as quiet as you like, and towards evening come to anchor at the foot of the Lower Hope. There's a lot of Dutchmen lying there then, but the wind coming westerly a Wednesday morning, sent the most of 'em scootin' wiv a flowing sheet.

"That morning, shortly before noon, I'm standin' aft talkin' to this here Björnson, when I hear the flutter o' petticoats about the kebbin stairs. 'Hallo!' says I. 'Women aboard?'

"'Oh, yes,' said Björnson, who spoke English first-class, like most o' these Dutchmen. 'It's the Cap'n's wife. Haven't you seen her?'

"'She grubs in her room then,' says I; and with that I turn about, and there she was standing atop of the companion stairs.

There she was standing atop of the companion stairs."

"Cap'n Gaskin, I ain't much of a hand at givin' you the pictur of a woman, not havin' had much truck wiv 'em. But I've seen picturs—picturs of angels and gells wiv dawk eyes, and babbies at their breasts at the Hospital up at Greenwich — and lumme! there you are; tall, straight as a lowermast, round as an apple, dawk hair, red lips, and eyes, sir — eyes that would look through a man and bring him up all standing.

"Björnson takes off his cap and stands looking at her. I do the same, and stand like a fool while she blares at us out of those black eyes of her's a minute. Then she turns and goes below, looking as haughty as they make 'em. There's a flush acrost Björnson's face.

"'Cap'n's wife, eh?' says I. 'Ought to be,' says Björnson. 'Ho, ho!' says I, 'that's the game, is it? Where did you pick her up?'

"'Out in Rio last voyage,' says Björnson. 'She was for marrying the old man when we got home. But it didn't come off. He felt shy of it in his own town; promised to marry her here. Now my lady won't be married, and there's smoke between 'em.'

"When I come on deck after tea, Björnson, who has taken a fancy to me, comes up, and whispers: 'There's trouble down aft, Pilote; there's muddy water being stirred. I wouldn't be the old man. These Spanish women aren't to be trusted.'

"That night, whilst I'm walking the deck, it's going on for two o'clock in the morning, I hear a sound down below, and I remember in a minute what Björnson has told me. So I slip over to the scuttle which is drawn. There's a low, swashing noise down in the dawk of the kebbin. S-w-i-s-h-h-h, w-h-r-r-r, w-h-r-r-r; then all is as still as the dead. My hair goes up acrost my head, sir, and the chills run down my back, for it's a ghostly noise I hear —not the sound of any mortal thing, I know. It don't belong to ships, or steamers, or the river. It's like the fluttering of a giant moth.

"Awhile this went on, then all grew as silent as the grave. And in that silence—if I'm asked—the skipper died. Died stone dead, Cap'n, wiv nary a spill of blood in all the kebbin."

"What make's you say that?" asked Gaskin, quickly. "Did you think of foul play?"

"Not that night I didn't, sir. 'Twasn't till the next day—yesterday that is—that it struck me. Then I remembered there was no sign. The skipper died in his bed, sir, and I saw the sheets as white as the full moon."

Google

"Go on," said Gaskin. "How far are we from the *Maelström*, Dismal?"

"Matter of half-a-mile, sir."

"Creep up in shore of her, and let me know when you are well ahead. Go dead slow."

"In the morning Björnson comes to me," Hellings went on slowly. "'The Cap'n's dead,' he says in a queer voice. 'Lumme!' says I; 'then I heerd his ghost quit.'"

"'How,' says Björnson? Then I tell him just what I'm tellin' you, Cap'n, an' he sits wiv his head acrost the rail shiverin' like a child. 'She wants to see you,' says he. 'Who?' says I. 'Christobel, Crissy; the skipper's wife.'

"Then he slips away and I hear him hammering and sawing fore-side the galley. 'She wants me, does she,' says I. "Lumme then, let her fetch me!'

"I look round, and there she stands, smiling and beckoning in the companion. The mate is standing beside her. He's the skipper's brother, but can't talk much English—no more can she. So they call Björnson aft, and talk to him a spell in their dirty lingo.

"'They want to know whether they need report the Cap'n's death,' says he. 'They want to sail to-morrow, and would rather take him to sea and bury him there.' 'That's as you like,' says I. 'We're pretty nigh outside the port o' London. You've no call to declare, although it would be more regular, if you ask me.'

"After some more palaver, that's arranged. Then Björnson turns to me again and says, 'She wants to know whether the river is easy to navigate to the Nore?' 'Easy!' says I. 'It's full of shoals and the like. No man that don't know the waters can sail this crawft down.' 'Will you take us clear of the channels below the Nore?' says Björnson. 'Two pound ten's my price,' says I. 'She'll give it,' says Björnson, after more palaver. 'Cash down,' says I. And cash down it is in a little while. Then they go below, and I light my pipe and sit down.

"In the afternoon I come on deck about four o'clock. There's a boat being lowered, and the crew are getting over the side. 'What's up?' says I to Björnson. 'The men are going ashore on leave,' says he. And so it is. Crissy has persuaded the mate to let the hands go for a run, and at six o'clock, bar me, and Björnson, Crissy, and the mate, there ain't a soul aboard.

"However, it's nothin' to me so long as they're back for a stawt next day. Lawd! it's easy to see wheer this crawft hailed from. Show me the Englishmen who would lie here wiv all his crew ashore, and a fair wind blowin' down reach. Lumme! these foreigners take their tea cool, and no error.

"Cap'n Gaskin," Hellings went on, in a quiet, hushed voice, "that night the mate died, too. It would have happened whilst I slept. Yes, sir, I was asleep; that chap's gassin' had set me off. I slept when I should have been watching, and Gawd alone knows how it came about."

"Did you see the mate as you did the skipper?" Gaskin questioned.

"I see his face, sir, but no more."

"Did Björnson or you know of it first?"

"I did, sir. There's no two ways about that, for I met him comin' out of his room before he's dressed. 'Björnson,' says I, 'the mate's dead. What sort of a ship is this at all?' But he never answered me. He seemed to fall all of a heap at the sound of my voice. 'Dead!' he groaned. 'Dead!' 'Aye,' says I, 'as dead as mutton.'

"For a while he lay acrost the chest in his berth smothered up in a kind of knot, an' he's shakin' like a ship in stays. At last he gets up.

"'Pilote,' says he, 'there is a mystery here that we cannot understand.' 'Lumme,' says I, 'what are you giving us? As though a chap wiv a hole for a eye couldn't see that.' 'Hold,' says he, 'the mystery is aft—in the cabeen—inside the cabeen—wheer—sh-h-h-h—*where there is a blank door.*'

"Just then the skipper's wife comes to the kebbin door. She stands but says nothing—only looks, until Björnson grows fidgetty, turns round and sees her. Then he looks too; she smiles, and a flush grows on his face.

"Sir," said Hellings, as he paused to gaze like one spellbound into the night, "that's the lawst time but one I see him away from her side, and when I think of it, it fair strikes me dizzy. All day long they stay together on the poop, on the main deck—anywhere within sight of me, until I begin to think I'd best sling my hook as soon as may be, for it's *me* they're watching now.

"After dinner I see a chawnce of a tow coming up, and slip aft. But my boat is gone. That sets me by the ears. 'Lumme,' I shout out, 'you'll pay fer this, that boat'll cost you fifty pound.' 'What boat?' asks Björnson, who stands quiet as you like with her beside him. 'My boat as was fast off the quarter this morning.' 'I am very sorry,' says Björnson, coming aft to look; 'she

Digitized by Google

must have slipped adrift. Alas! with our short crew we cannot put out the long boat to find her, and, you see, there is no other.'

"It's true as gospel, and I'm in a hole, and know it. What can I do? Nothing; only look, and pray fer a crawft to drive past us, and pick me off. But we're too far down in the Bight fer that. So night comes on, and I make ready to spend mine on deck. 'No sleep to night, my son,' says I, 'an' keep your weather-eye liftin' fer what may be cruising around.'

"But it's no use, sir; a man must sleep sometimes, and I had been awake all day. I don't know what time it was. It must have been after twelve o'clock when I jump up with a stawt. How long I've been asleep, Gawd alone knows. The lawst I remember is hearin' the sound o' them two whispering, and smothering each other wiv kisses.

I remember this, and somethin' more. It was the sound I heard the first night I'm aboard the cussed hooker—s-h-w-r-r-r, s-w-i-s-h-h-h, so soft and onholy.

"For awhile, he lay acrost the chest in his berth."

"Sir, it's going again, as I sit there blaring out into the rain. It's that that has woke me, and my cap's leavin' my head wiv mortal fear.

"Were you ever stuck up wiv such a feelin', Cap'n Gaskin? Do you know what it is for to try to shout, and to feel your tongue won't quit the roof of your mouth? Do you know what it is to sweat till you're blind, and the rain pourin' down atop of you the while? What it is to try to get up from your seat, and your knee-joints are in mutiny wiv your will? Sir, if you've known what this is, you've known how I felt that night as I sat on the sky-light, and listened to the awful sound.

"How long it lawsted, only Gawd, He knows! How long I listened, how long my blood ran freezing in my body, only Gawd, He knows! I remember nothing but the sound, and the cry that rang from keel to truck, before I see a man—Björnson!—going across the deck almost naked; his skin shining in the whimper of moonlight that broke through the cloudrack; Björnson flying like a hunted man acrost the deck, up the forecastle ladder and over the bows.

"I heerd the splash, sir. I saw him spring out into the night. I saw it all, and saw the ebb carry him out of my reach, before I could get anigh him. Then I'm up too—up, wild and dazed with the scare, and down on to the maindeck.

"Sir, that kebbin is locked as secure as when I fixed it off. The skylight, the scuttle, the ports—all are fast; and down aft in that kebbin, there's two dead men, a she-devil, and Gawd knows what besides."

Gaskin turned to the skipper.

"Drop down to the *Mælström*," he ordered.

"Give me a drink of whiskey, Cap'n," said Hellings, "and I'm wiv you, sir."

"Bring to under the ship's bows, Dismal. Put us on board. Then run up and fetch the police. All speed, my lad, when you've left us."

After giving these orders, Gaskin went below and presently emerged from the cabin carrying a brace of pistols.

"You will come, Ralston?" he asked.

"Aye, I'm with you, Gaskin," I said, "but I think a peg wouldn't kill us before we start?"

The night had settled down dark and lowering. The wind came in fitful gusts across the broad expanse of river trending to the westward. Here and there, out in the middle of the stream, the dusky tracery of

Google

outward bound barges loomed darkly against the almost invisible Kentish hills. Whilst close at hand, towering above us, the solitary *Maelström* lay silent as the grave, with her one twinkling light hanging on the rigging abreast the foremast.

Presently the launch had driven close under the high overhanging bow of the Norwegian ship. She was lying at double anchor with a score of turns in her cables, one of which stretched out broad on the starboard bow, carrying the other slack upon it.

"Let her come astern a bit," cried Gaskin, under his breath. "Gently does it. Look out for the launch, Dismal, and put us alongside the cable. So! Steady starboard! Dead slow ahead! Now, then, Ralston, follow me. Only look out; the chain is slippery."

In another minute my friend had climbed the outstretched cable, and was twisting himself into the head-knees above. Hellings and I followed, clinging tenaciously to a rope Gaskin lowered to us.

"Now, Dismal, away you go—full speed as soon as you are clear of the ship."

We waited silently, resting in the ship's "head" until the launch had disappeared from sight; then crawled warily to the main deck. It was bare, deserted; not a vestige of life appeared. The galley door flapped idly in the fitful breeze. The voices of the night sobbed eerily high aloft, where the taut shrouds caught the wind. Here and there a rope "slatted" against the mast. But beside these sounds, and the sight of a stray marlinspike and serving mallet, nothing appeared. The ship was as solitary as a derelict borne on the breast of the wide Atlantic, and to us more full of mystery.

We crept warily along the deck until we reached the galley. Here we stood awhile to make sure of the details Hellings was giving us of the cabin and its sleeping berths. It was necessary that we gained this perfectly, for nothing would persuade the man to come below with us. He would stay on deck and act as circumstances required.

Whilst speaking, he silently unbarred the rough fastenings he had placed on the companion hatchway and opened the door.

"You have your pistol, Ralston?" Gaskin asked in a whisper, as we stood ready to go down.

"Aye—and you?"

"I have this also," he answered, showing me a long wooden belaying pin he had taken from the rail. "It may be handy."

We had taken off our boots, and now stole quietly down the stairs, searching the gloom. The saloon was dark, and silent as the deck had been. Opening a glimmer from the dark lantern, we crawled on tiptoe across the dreary room. My heart was thumping sonorously. To my strained senses it beat loud enough to waken the dead. Indeed, I fear I cannot boast the composure of my companion. We reached the door at the after end of the saloon, opened it, and crept silently into a narrow semi-circular room. The transom lockers rose high behind a fixed settee that ran its length. Above them I could see the shuttered ports. Amidships, a great square casing concealed the rudder. The swirl of the river, bubbling and eddying inside, echoed through the quiet room.

Suddenly, as we sat listening, waiting, we scarce knew what, a soft, whirring sound broke upon our ears. Instinctively I gripped at my revolver, and half rose. But Gaskin caught me by the hand, and we stood motionless.

The whirring died and grew, came and went, but it was not in the room with us.

"Hist," Gaskin whispered, "the secret door he spoke of leads from here. We must find it."

Again he opened a small ray of light, and searched the bulkhead. Away in the corner of the room a panel was missing. It was the door, standing open.

Gaskin closed the lantern. We crawled breathlessly to the secret entrance, crept through it, and found ourselves in a long room, as dark as the last. But in the distance, leagues away it seemed, two gleaming beads of light, standing out eerily, held us transfixed.

I clutched at Gaskin's arm, and stood pointing, but the whisper died on my lips. A soft, whirring sound crept out of the stillness, and the points of light vanished momentarily, then reappeared, darting hither and thither about the room.

In another second it was whirling about us, and we were fighting the air with rapid blows, heedless of everything but the horror of the swift, slanting movements. Once I touched a part as it swirled past me. My hand bled suddenly. The sweat poured down my face. In another moment I should have shouted aloud. Then I heard a dull thud. Gaskin had struck the brute in mid-air. It fell to the deck a twisting, writhing mass. Gaskin opened his lantern fully now. The glare revealed a gigantic vampire struggling in aimless circles at our

Google

"All day long they stay together."

d by Google

feet, its wing shattered by one of Gaskin's blows.

"So much for the mystery," said my friend, as he gripped the brute by the neck and squeezed the life out of it. "This chap will suck no more men anyway. By Gad! we are easily frightened, Ralston."

"Man born of woman is a stutterer before the sex," said I, "and a trembler in the dark. What would you have? Hist!" My straining ears had caught another sound. "Keep the light on, Gaskin."

A door opened at the end of the room as I spoke. Hellings appeared in the aperture, half dazed with fright.

"I heered the noise, Cap'n Gaskin," he said, "and see your light; but the spirit's gone out of me like out of a spiled cawsk o' rum.

"Lumme!" says I, "I cawn't face that aftermost door, and I cawn't see the Guv'nors go under." So I'm in through Crissy's room, an' if this 'ain't the final—Lumme!"

The glare revealed a vampire struggling at our feet, its wing shattered.

We followed hastily into a tastefully decorated room. Against the bulkhead, amidships, stood a bed draped with creamy hangings. The clothes were tossed back, partly disclosing the white-robed form of a woman.

It was Christobel, lying as though asleep, with one white arm thrown back above her head, and her left breast bare of covering. She looked beautiful enough to warrant even Helling's description; beautiful enough to turn the heads of some men, and to draw the life-blood of others.

But in her soft, white breast, was fixed one of those slender Venetian daggers that spill no blood; and in her eyes we saw a look of agony difficult to associate with the calm symmetry of her rounded limbs.

We drew a sheet across her body. A search revealed a letter, written during the day, in Spanish; also several thin steel blades adjustable to the dagger fixed in the girl's breast.

In an adjoining room the body of the captain was found; he, too, carried a similar thin steel blade broken off close in the breast. But the body of the mate was missing. Doubtless Björnson and Christobel had passed him overboard in order to make their tale good to the crew when they returned.

So we went back to the room where the girl lay, and Gaskin gave me the letter.

"You know the lingo, Ralston. Read it," he said; "it may give some clue to all this misery."

I took the letter from him, and opened it, faltering. It ran thus:

To the Caballeros Inglesos, who will be my judges. This my extenuation. Capitan Hendricksen loved me at home, in my country, Brazil. I love him, too. He tells me marriage with him in Rio is illegal for him of Norway. He promises to marry me at home. Bueno, I come with him. I am a fool; but I bring Matador, my pet, with me. He is tame. He will do my bidding. The Capitan gives me a place for him. We come to Bergen. The Capitan is at home, but he does not marry me. My love turns to hate. He is playing with me. I, too, play with him, for he is afraid of me in my moods. In time the ship which was his, is mine on his death. Behold, Señores, the papers in my drawer.

Google

It is the truth. It is the truth. So time draws on; we come to England, and I grow to love Carlos, whom you call Björnson, but whom I name after his race, whose mother was of us. Carlos I love. No other is possible. I kiss his feet; amigo mio, there is no other under heaven. And, now, alas! alas! oh, that the past could pass, and he and I stand alone together. He, my hero—my king! I, his wife—his slave! But it is gone. All life, all love, all hope is gone. Madre di Dios! Madre di Dios!

There was a blank space here, and the page was stained with tears—tears Cristobel had evidently tried to erase. Then turning the page, I read in a voice that I could with difficulty control:

The past is dead. This is my extenuation, not my apology. The Capitan trod me in the dirt. With the help of my pet, I killed him. He being dead, his brother, Piloto, the mate approached me. I hated him, and killed him as I did the other. Then I called Carlos—Björnson—to me. We loved. I showed him the papers; I showed him all my soul; and he loved me, too. We were to be married. It is written amongst my papers by him. Then came the night, the sweet, dark night, and we slept. But I had forgotten to fasten the secret door where lived Matador. Dios! He escaped! He had grown accustomed to blood. He attacked Carlos, my husband, as I slept. When I awoke, the night was black—Carlos had fled in terror, for it was all secret, hidden from him, and I was alone with Matador. Him I fastened securely, whilst the Pilote fastened me here. There is no escape. I must die, but I die calling upon Carlos; to him I go. Señores, buenos noches! I am asleep.

I sat long in the darkened room after the others left to go on deck, thinking, brooding over the possibilities that cross a man's path; of the heights of which we are capable, of the depths to which we fall; and all in pursuit of that old blind passion we dignify with the name of love. The night grew on apace. Steamers wailing in the darkness passed up the river. Now and then a vessel under sail approached the port, and the thunder of her canvas sounded in my ears. The tide had turned. Dismal came back with the launch and the representatives of the law. There was nothing else to be done. So we returned to the *Vigilanté* and steamed slowly home, leaving Hellings where we had found him.

WAR CRY BICYCLE GIRLS.

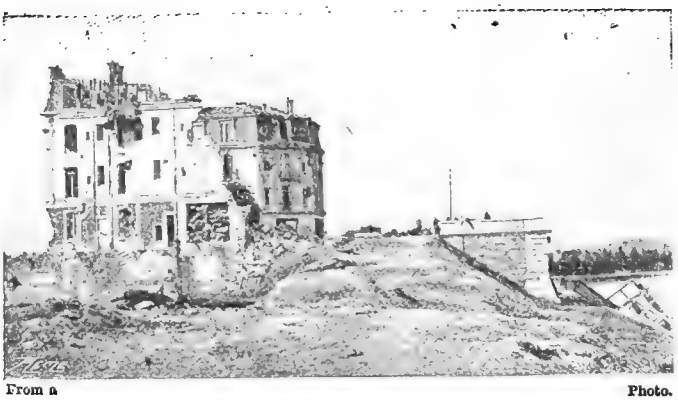
THE introduction of the bicycle into their ranks has been hailed with almost as great delight by the men of the Salvation Army as by the women, although it is said that it was principally through the consideration for the female "soldier" that Commander Booth-Tucker decided to adopt it.

The sight of the Salvation lads and lasses on their wheels is still a sufficiently novel one to excite comment and occasional criticism from the lips of the people in United States cities, but not more so than did the sight of the bicycle corps of the regular army when that division was first organised. At any rate the good commonsense shown by the officers in the Salvation Army in the introduction of this very useful modern method of locomotion into their ranks, is so self-evident, that neither the public nor the members of the Salvation ranks will be likely to regret the innovation, although, naturally enough perhaps, there are always opponents to be found to any new idea.

Photo by Vander Woyde, N.Y.

Salvation Army Lasses who sell the War Cry in New York.

Google



From a Photo.

Bridge de Clichy, Asnieres.

A result of the bombardment. The holes made by the shells are plainly visible.

THE MOST TRAGIC WINTER OF MODERN TIMES.

By Caley Wainwright.

On September 1st, 1870, at the battle of Sedan, eighty thousand Frenchmen surrendered to the Germans. Amongst them was Napoleon III. himself.

The German victory marked the downfall of the Second Empire. On September 4th, the Third Republic was proclaimed with Gambetta at its head, and Trochu as its military chief. Many of the German leaders would have ended the war at this juncture, but the desire to complete France's humiliation was too strong. The German army continued its advance towards the capital, and on September 19th, the siege of Paris commenced.

From a Photo.

Battery in Construction, Asnieres.

The Garrison of Paris were ceaselessly engaged in strengthening the fortifications by putting up earthworks.

Through the dying year and beyond into the new, the siege continued, until, within the great ring of the Prussian outposts, there hovered about the city the gaunt shadow of starvation.

Butcher's meat grew scarce, then scarcer, then failed. Horse flesh became a not uncommon food, then a necessity, then a luxury, then even an impossibility.

Curiously enough, almost throughout the siege, the restaurants were able to serve meals with all manner of choice delicacies. It was not well, perhaps, to be too inquisitive. It did not tend to promote an appetite to persist too closely in inquiries as

Digitized by Google

to the basis of any delicate entrée that was served up. It was food, it was palatable, and more than this the hungry individual had no right to expect. Bread was the difficulty, and the restaurant keepers were obliged to put up notices, asking their customers to bring their own bread, as they themselves were unable to supply it.

By January, eatables were at famine prices. A hare, we learn, cost £2 os. 6d.; a lark (in all probability the dainty bird was a sparrow in disguise) fetched 2s. 4d. each; an apple stood at the same high figure; whilst a fresh egg fetched two shillings. Bread and butter became an almost impossible luxury, for, apart from the scarcity of bread, butter cost 30s. a pound.

One restaurant keeper invested a considerable amount of capital on an elephant. The trunk was considered the tit-bit, and when we learn that small slices of about the size of a man's hand, fetched 24s.

From a Photo.

A Collapse in the Rue Royal.

The damage done by Prussian shells has been intensified by the buildings catching fire.

each, we would imagine that the speculator reaped a substantial gain. As a matter of fact, however, we learn that he lost considerably over the transaction.

It is not often that one is called upon to decide the edible merits of cats and dogs, but during the siege those who were able to afford such luxuries, were able to form very decided opinions upon the subject. The hind leg of a dog, properly cooked and served with red currant jelly, proved to be almost indistinguishable from hare. Apart from this, the flesh of a cat was held by connoisseurs to be distinctly whiter, more tender, and more succulent than that of a dog.

Whilst the richer folks could indulge themselves in food, amongst the poor there prevailed the most terrible misery. Outside the bakers' and the butchers' shops there ranged long strings of women, waiting and waiting, hour by hour, throughout the wintry day, in the hope of obtaining

From a Photo.

A Block of Shops in the Avenue du Route, Neuilly.

The effect of the bombardment is to leave very little more than the outer walls, fire and falling masonry having destroyed the whole of the interior.

Digitized by Google

small scraps of food. In those long waits, many fell through sheer exhaustion, in some cases dying or even dead.

The city was, of course, to all intents and purposes isolated from the rest of the world. The sole means of exit was by balloon, and it was in this manner that Gambetta managed to reach the outlying provinces and eventually establish himself at Bordeaux. News was brought into the beleagured city by the use of carrier pigeons.

From a Photo.

Railway Station, Auteuil.

The destruction of the railway station appears to have been somewhat unnecessary, for the railways were, of course, in the hands of the Prussians.

One method by which people were enabled to communicate with individuals inside the French capital was by means of minute photographs of the front page of the *Times*, containing as much as five columns of French advertisements. Copies were sent to Gambetta, who transmitted them by pigeon from Bordeaux. When received in Paris, the pigeon's letter was magnified by the aid of a magic lantern to an enormous size, and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks was engaged whose business it was immediately to transcribe the messages and send them off to the parties indicated.

The residents of the French suburbs, had unconsciously, by fleeing into Paris and leaving their houses and belongings intact and full of food, rendered the Germans an immense benefit. The officers took full possession, and as there was no one to dispute their right, made free of the quantities of wine and provender they found, in the use of which they would have been decidedly restricted had the owners remained at their homes.

Now and again, the monotony of the besieging operations was broken by acts of peculiar daring. One German officer, able to speak French like a native, disguised himself as a French peasant, and, appearing to elude the German outposts, made for the French lines. The German sentries, under strict instructions, aimed at the fugitive, but carefully missed him. He was received with acclamation, spread a large amount of false news, and eventually returned to his own camp with a thorough knowledge of the state of Paris.

From a Photo.

A Corner of the Rue du Bac.

A house has been totally destroyed by shot and shell. A pathway has been cleared through the fallen brickwork.

On another occasion, some officers were talking with the Crown Prince, when he turned to one of them who had been describing with great minuteness some of the

Google

From a Photo.

Place de la Bastille.

The effect of the bombardment is distinctly curious in this case, for while the houses standing at the extreme corner were destroyed, those on either side were scarcely injured.

dwellings within the French lines, and remarked that all he would like now would be one of the latest Paris newspapers. The young officer said nothing, but the following evening, when visiting some outposts, he quietly left his men, and, passing within the lines of the French, made for a house. Creeping round to the drawing-room, he found a gentleman before a fire reading a newspaper. The astonishment of the individual must have been great, when, on hearing a noise, and turning, he found himself face to face with a Prussian officer, who, revolver in hand, ordered silence, and then demanded the newspaper which had fallen to the floor. Having obtained this, the young Prussian quietly withdrew, and the probabilities are that he lost nothing by the rapidity with which he had gratified his Prince's desire.

Another instance of the coolness, almost amounting to contempt, that characterised the attitude of the Germans towards the French is to be found in an engagement between a troop of Silesian Huzzars and a French battery. The Germans made for the Frenchmen as they were lumbering up, but before the drivers could mount, the cavalry had charged, and almost without a blow had taken the entire battery prisoners. They ordered every officer and man to take his proper place, and then quietly escorted the battery off the ground into the German lines, as if they were on parade with their own battery.

Terrible as had been the sufferings in the wretched city, by reason of the siege, it was increased tenfold on the commencement of the bombardment.

The first shell is said to have fallen in the Rue Lalande, and bursting in the street, it scattered the fragments of a window over the cradle of a little child sleeping in a room. Three others followed quickly almost on the same spot, and were received with cries from the people of "Vive la France!" "Vive Paris!"

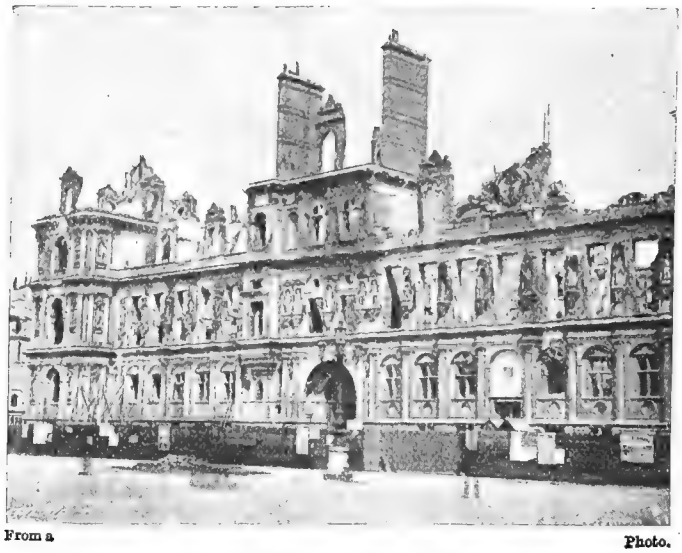
As showing the misfortunes of some buildings, in the Rue Daguerre, four shells

From a Photo.

The Remnants of the Vendôme Column.

This was one of the most wanton acts that disgraced the Commune The decision to pull down the column was not an impulse of the mob, but a deliberately decided act on the part of the leaders.

Google



From a Photo.

Hotel de Ville.

No greater vandalism than the burning of this building could be imagined. Women played no small part in scattering petroleum and spreading fire throughout the unfortunate city.

fell at intervals on the same unlucky house. Strange to relate, not a single person was hurt, but one shell burst in a room where a little child was sitting in bed nursing a dog. The dog was killed, but the child was not even scratched. Frequently the great iron balls fell into the Seine, or in some instances striking on the ice, ricochetted, to the immense delight of crowds of children who stood on the bank clapping their hands.

The Rue d'Enfer received a liberal baptism of fire. On one occasion a number of men were drinking at a counter of a wine shop, when a shell burst on the pavement of the street, and the fragments, striking one of the drinkers, killed him.

In the Quartier Latin, a shell struck a wine shop, penetrating the walls and passing clean through the dwelling. The proprietor, with an eye to an advertisement, promptly engaged a painter, who painted under the big hole made by the shell, the words "Au rendezvous des obus."

With a view to minimising the damage that the shells might do, notices were placarded about the streets by the authorities, warning people to remember and be careful of three things, viz., in the first place to remove all combustibles from the upper stories to the cellars; in the second place, to avoid congregating in groups in the streets; and, lastly, to leave the front door ajar in order that any passer-by might, in the event of a shell suddenly falling, dart within and seek shelter.

The accusation has been levelled at the Germans that in bombarding Paris, they made no effort to avoid hitting the hospitals and places, not merely of national, but world-wide value. Whether true or not the hospitals were certainly frequent victims.

One shell impinged on the gilt of the Invalides. Fortunately, however, it caused no great damage. A bomb ricochetting along la

From a Photo.

Ministry des Finances.

The result of fire. In the pockets of several dead Communists were found letters from the leaders of the rebellion ordering the destruction of public buildings by fire.

Google

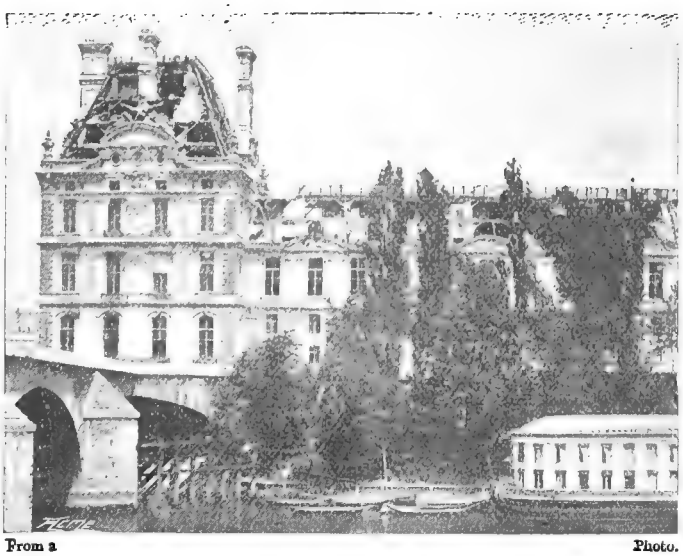
Place du Pantheon, hopped on to the window of the School of Law, and lodged on to the window-sill of Professor Ortolan's room.

In the Zoo, curiously enough, not one single animal was killed, but a collection of orchids valued at over six hundred thousand francs was destroyed, the glass houses being shattered and totally wrecked.

In the studio of Nanteuil, twenty thousand pounds worth of pictures was reduced to tatters, whilst in the dispensary of Coursenant, the oculist, a bomb entered and shattered every phial in the room. Marvellous to relate, although a number of people were present waiting, not one was hurt.

The theatre of the Odeon was hit by two huge projectiles, and the nurses had to take the wounded patients on their backs and carry them down to the cellars.

As illustrating the pathetic and useless aspect of a bombardment, there might be mentioned that a shell falling in the Rue Lacourde burst and killed six poor women, who were waiting for their scanty rations.



From a Photo.

The Tuileries.

Here again the nation suffered at the hands of ignorant vandals, although the desire to destroy anything savouring of the then existing dynasty is understandable.

The bombardment ceased on January 28th, and an armistice was announced. On March 1st thirty thousand Germans entered Paris. Within a few days they withdrew, yet the misery of Paris was not yet complete, for on March 18th the Commune of Paris declared itself in opposition to the Republic of M. Thiers.

MacMahon was instructed to take possession of the city, and once again the horrors of a siege were undergone. This time the conditions were somewhat different—more bloody and more terrible. The men who held power were impelled, perhaps, by certain patriotic feelings and some good motive, but all sense of right and justice was lost. Men, women, and children were shot down in cold blood. In the Rue Haxo fifty-two hostages were callously butchered.

Finally, as a climax, the wretched Communists seemed suddenly to be possessed of a desire to destroy not only her citizens but Paris herself.

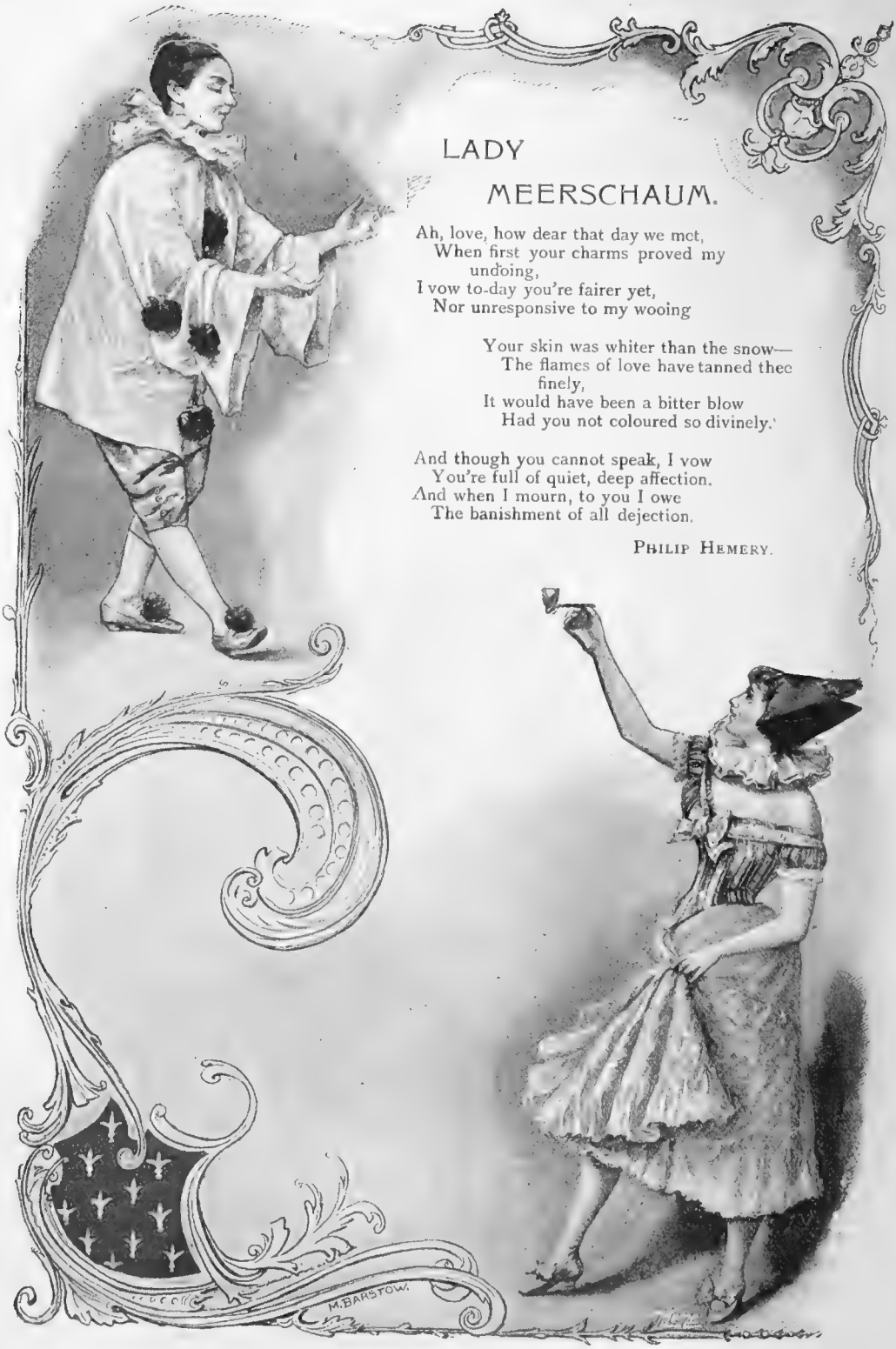
The great column of La Place Vendôme was dragged to the ground. The Tuileries were set on fire, and through its length and breadth the rabble tramped plundering and destroying. The Ministry of Finance was fired, and became a smouldering ruin. The Hotel de Ville, the Louvre, and the Palais Royal became preys of the incendiary. Women went about pouring petroleum on private dwellings and kindling them to flames.

On May 28th MacMahon accomplished his task, and then justice or vengeance was wrought on all who were proved to have taken any part in the uprising. It is calculated that during the last portion of the Commune and the eight days succeeding it, thirty-five thousand people, men, women, and children were shot. In addition, thousands of wretched creatures were consigned to the gaols and prisons of France, or transported.

The Court set up was a species of Court Martial, with, however, even more summary methods of procedure. The unfortunate prisoners, and mere suspicion was almost sufficient for conviction, were hurried before this tribunal and found guilty.

It is of interest to add that the photographs used in this article were taken by an English photographer unfortunate enough to be shut in Paris during the two sieges.

Google



LADY MEERSCHAUM.

Ah, love, how dear that day we met,
When first your charms proved my undoing,
I vow to-day you're fairer yet,
Nor unresponsive to my wooing

Your skin was whiter than the snow—
The flames of love have tanned thee finely,
It would have been a bitter blow
Had you not coloured so divinely.'

And though you cannot speak, I vow
You're full of quiet, deep affection.
And when I mourn, to you I owe
The banishment of all dejection.

PHILIP HEMERY.

Digitized by Google

THE SILVER HARVEST OF THE SEA

By Laura J. Sprigg.

The sun set in a wondrous blaze of glory. The reflection caught the waves of the restless sea, and changed them from grey blue into molten gold. Just beyond the pier lay the herring fleet, and the low sun caught the brown sails of the boats, and turned them into masses of burning red.

In the fast gathering night, the boats looked like a phantom fleet with their dark hulls, tall masts, and set sails. They were waiting for the right moment on which to take the tide, to sail away in the gloom, to spend the long night on the tossing waves, in search of the silver fish. For it is in the night time, when the world is sleeping, that the fisherman is away on the water. The night is the time when the herring must be caught.

Very wily is the herring. He has been studied for generations, yet many of his ways are still past finding out. The old fishermen, however, know enough of his habits to tell with almost unerring accuracy the time and the place where he is to be caught. When the darkness is descending the boats put out to sea, and sail about twenty-five or thirty miles from the shore.

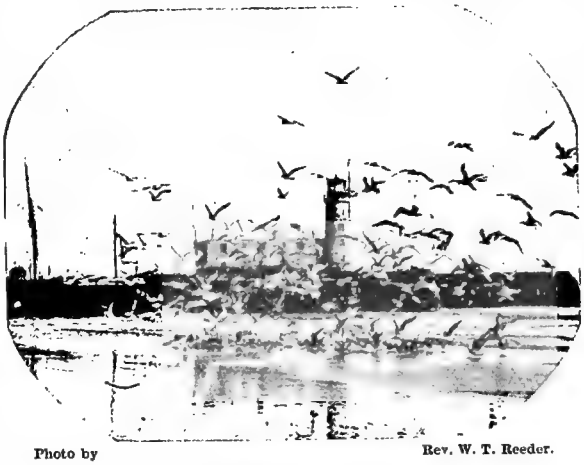


Photo by Rev. W. T. Reeder.

Seagulls after Herrings.

Most of the boats carry a crew of eight—usually seven men and a boy, and they take the big nets all ready for the night's work.

Hardy, stern old souls are these fisher folk; brave and independent. They live face to face with nature in her grandest moods, and learn much of her secrets. Many of the skippers are owners of the boats they work, while the fishing nets are usually the property of other members of the crew.

Each boat carries about one hundred to one hundred and fifty nets, which, with the buoys and ropes, are worth from £200 to £300. If they should get entangled in a derelict, £50 or £100 worth of nets may be lost in a single night. This is one of the dangers of the fisherman's calling.

Just as the farmer knows the times and seasons of harvest, so the fisherman knows the times and seasons of his harvest of the sea. Danger, toil and hardship is the common lot of the fisherman. Yet, he takes no thought of this, as, with set face, which time and rough sea weather has bronzed, and on which it has drawn many deep furrows, he sails to the ground chosen for the night's work. Then, whether on calm seas, or on wildly rushing waters, he battles to gain the fish.

In countless numbers the herrings swarm in the North Sea. The practised eye of the fisherman is ever alert for signs of the fish, as his boat sails along. The whereabouts of the fish is often determined by the presence of flocks of sea birds, which hover

Google

Photo by H. Wanless.

Hauling in the Net.

For ten months in the year the herring fishery lasts—from May to March. In May the fleet assemble in the far north; Stornoway being the headquarters. Eight weeks they fish there, and then the boats begin to move down the coast. By July they reach Aberdeen, and the long summer nights are spent fishing along the Scottish coast. September is the height of the herring season in Scarborough and Grimsby, and October and November in Yarmouth, while the dark, cold nights of December are spent round the Channel Isles and off the Cornish Coast.

"It used to be thought," said an old fisherman, "that the herrings migrated down the coast in shoals. Now, we know better. All the year they live off our coast, but at a considerable distance from the shore. When spawning time comes they are driven nearer land, and then we catch them."

around and indicate that the herrings are in the near neighbourhood.

Then the night's work begins in earnest. The large nets, which have been fastened end on end, are "shot" into the sea. Each boat casts about a mile of nets fastened to cork ropes. When these are thus joined they are termed a "fleet" of nets. The nets hang for a few fathoms perpendicularly in the water, being kept afloat by corks or buoys, and thus form a long wall or barrier to intercept the herring.

When "the drift nets" are set, the sails are taken in, the mast is lowered, the lights set to mark the presence of the fishing boat, and the little cobble is allowed to drift, drift, drift, all the night through wherever the wind and waves may take it.

Into this "drift net" swim the fish. They try to pass it, but become entangled in the meshes. The herrings will force their heads and gill covers through the nets, but can go no further. Nor can they retreat, and so they fall as spoil to the fisherman.

Photo by H. Wanless

Packing Herrings.

Photo by H. Wanless.

Landing Herrings

The nets are "shot" at sunset, and hauled in at sunrise. It is heavy work hauling in the great nets with their load of fish. Very anxious are the men to see the outcome of their night's toil. The dog fish is a common and much dreaded enemy of the fisherman. When it gets into a catch it badly injures the nets and spoils the fish.

The nets, having been hauled in, are quickly shaken, and there on the deck lie

Google

the heaps of shining beauties, the gift of the sea. The herrings are quickly sprinkled with salt and stored in the fish-room. Then once more the sail is set, for the night's toil is over, and away the boats make for the harbour.

Very early in the morning the fishing pier is the scene of intense excitement. When the fleet comes in no time must be lost in dealing with the night's catch, for it would alas! very soon depreciate in value. It often looks, to an inexperienced observer, as if so large a number of boats could never make the harbour. But cool judgment and good seamanship enable them to glide in and take up positions side by side,

Photo by H. Wanless.

Early Morning on the Pier.

Photo by C. E. Wanless.

Sorting the Herrings.

till their masts and spars look like a forest of tall trees, so closely are they packed in safety from storm or inclement weather.

Sometimes the herring boats, which are fishing together, will number 2000 vessels, but from 600 to 800 is the usual fleet.

When the boats are berthed there goes up a confused babel of sound as the fish is brought ashore. The broad, strong accent of the Scotsman, the harsh note of the Cornish skipper, the foreign twang of the Norwegian sailor, mingle with the more musical dialect of the Yorkshireman, till the visitor is bewildered and wonders how business can be done at all.

A little way up the pier, in the midst of an anxious throng of earnest men, stands the auctioneer, who sells the fish. Buyers, dealers, curers, and fishermen crowd round to see the price the fish will make. For a few minutes the excitement rises higher and higher. No wonder the men are so anxious for everything depends upon the market price. In Scotland and on the North East coast, the herrings are sold by the cran, and a cran varies according to the size of the fish, from 800 to 1000. An average good catch is 40 or 50 crans, a big haul will give 100 crans, and the price varies from 50s. down to 5s., so that between these prices there lies a comfortable living or semi-

Photo by C. E. Wanless.

Girls gutting the Herrings.

Google

Photo by H. Wanless.

Salting the Herrings.

starvation. In the height of the herring season the average is from 10s. to 25s. per cran. At Yarmouth, and in the South, herrings are sold by the last (10,000 herrings), while some of the Lowestoft men persist in selling their catch by the hundred.

On the stone pier, at the auctioneer's feet, lies a little heap of shining fish—a sample of the night's catch. The auctioneer quickly takes the bids, as quickly falls the hammer, the fish is sold, and the price of the sample governs the rate for the fish caught by that particular boat.

When the fish is sold, the fisherman's work is done, but much remains to do before it reaches the consumer. On the fall of the hammer the catch is taken over by the fish salesmen and curers. Part of it is simply packed in ice, and despatched by fast trains to the great markets of our large towns to be sold as "fresh herring, alive oh!" But only a portion can be thus disposed of, and the remainder has to undergo some form of curing. And here is where the women's work begins. Most of the women, especially the Scotch girls, go from place to place with the fleet, to help in the sorting, curing, and kippering of the herrings. Many of these girls come from little fishing villages in the north of Scotland. They will join the fleet in May at Stornoway, and some of them will not see home again until Christmas or even the early spring of the following year.

Often by five o'clock in the morning, in rain or sunshine, these girls are on the pier hard at work. Here in the open air, bareheaded, or covered with a small shawl, their short skirts enveloped in a huge thick oilskin apron, they stand and work—salting, sorting, and packing the fish. The work is hard, but merry, careless, happy-go-lucky lasses are these workers, ever ready to do a good turn or help a sick comrade, but quick at repartee, and merciless in their jokes.

The herrings are tipped into huge tanks. Near by are small tables. The girls work in companies of three, technically called "a crew." Two of the girls sort and gut the fish, each worker being armed with a short, sharp knife, and in an incredibly brief period the fish slip through their busy fingers. The third girl packs the prepared herrings. Rows and rows of barrels stand near, and into these go the fish. They are packed in neat rounds, and each round is covered with a layer of salt. This is repeated until the barrel is quite full. Then it is allowed to stand until, as the salt is absorbed, the herrings subside, and three times the barrel is re-filled. These barrels contain 700 to 1100 herrings, according to the size of the fish.

On a good day the girls will pack from thirty to forty barrels, for which they receive —to divide among the crew—9d per barrel. In Scotland these barrels are examined by a Government officer, and branded to guarantee

Photo by J. H. Rowntree.

Just finished packing.

Google

their quality. Much of the salted fish is sent abroad to Germany and Russia, "where," as one skipper, with a fine British disdain for foreigners, put it, "they eat them raw, and don't even waste the brine!"

Many of the herrings are loaded into carts, and taken to the kippering houses. Here again women, as well as men, are at work. The long rooms are loaded with herrings. As soon as the fish is taken out of the carts it is put into a wide open creel, which is quickly immersed in a huge tank of water. Round and round it is quickly swirled, and in a few minutes the fish is washed quite clean, and freed from the salt which was put on it in the boat. Then the herrings are tipped in big shining heaps on the broad tables, near which the women stand. They reject all the small or badly fed fish, only retaining the best to be converted into kippers. These are quickly slit down the back, and are cleaned with a dexterity which only comes with constant practice.

Then each herring is separately placed on a small hook — a number of which are

Photo by J. H. Rowntree.

A Group of Workers.

Photo by H Wanless.

When the Fleet comes Home.

fixed to a long rail—and taken to the curing room, a wide open space, with upright beams. Across these the herring-laden rails are placed, and a very weird scene does the curing house present. The fire which is lit in an open grate at one end is made of oak bark, the smoke ascends and winds round the fish, and by morning the herrings are kippers. They are then taken down, and stripped from the rails.

The herrings which are designed to change their nature and become bloaters are treated somewhat differently. They are washed from the first salt, and then resalted for from six to twelve hours, and afterwards slowly dried over a coke fire.

In either case, whether the fish is a kipper or a bloater, it is packed in neat boxes, and comes as a breakfast dainty to houses all over the land. The sprat, the pilchard, the sardine, and the shad are all species of the same genus; but none of these equal the common herring, either for its excellence as an article of food or in its value as an article of commerce.

Photo by Rev. W. F. Reeder.

When Work is over.

Google

MISS EDNA MAY.

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Are you from the ROYAL——?

Ah! Good morning; I'm afraid I'm just a little late.

Google

Would you mind if I looked through my mail first?

What rubbish some people do write!

Now what do you want me to do?

Strike an attitude! Let me think.

Google

How's this?

Or this?

Do I like England? Why, certainly.

You've all been very kind to me here, though ——

Google

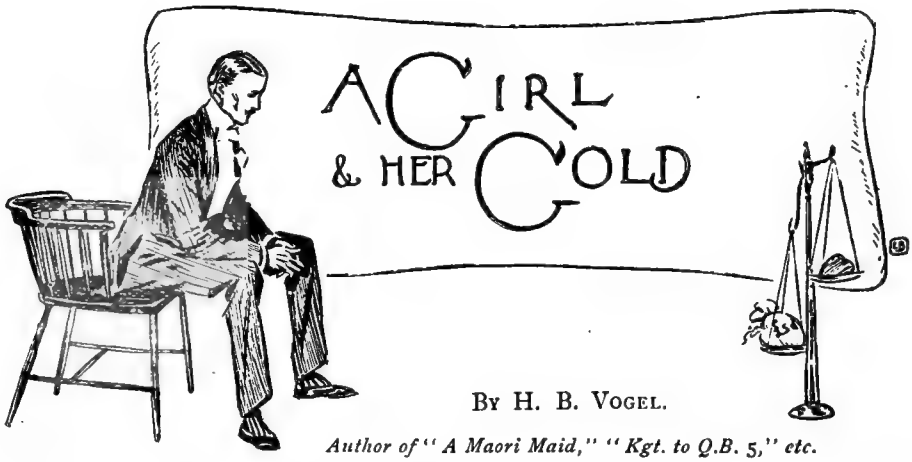
I love my own home best. That's only natural, eh?

Now I must really be off.

Ta-ta!

—!

Google



By H. B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid," "Kgt. to Q.B. 5," etc.

Royan, senior, educated his son and trained him as though when dying he would leave a fortune. Instead, he left a multitude of debts, which his gentle, honest-hearted widow paid, even out of her own money. It reduced her to poverty—such poverty that her living depended upon her son's exertions.

It was easy enough for Archie Royan to realise this, and, as it chanced, it was easy to obtain a means of earning just sufficient to support the frail, silver-haired old lady and himself. It was not so easy to overcome the habit of his training. Gradually the work grew more and more distasteful to him, until at length, unknown to his mother, he left the desk and became one of those mysteries so often chanced upon in the great gay world of London fashion.

No one knew where he worked—if he ever worked. Whence came his money? Whence, indeed, came he himself? All that the men knew was that he frequented clubs, and could hunt and shoot and play billiards or cards with the best amongst them, and that he was to be found as a guest at all seasons in some house or another, and was hail fellow well met everywhere.

As for the women they were content that he danced to perfection, was a thorough gentleman, and that sometimes—just often enough to awaken interest and sympathy—there lingered in the dark-brown eyes a shade or shadow as of trouble, and a ring in the strong voice that seemed to be a part of some other than a man of pleasure and society. Generally he was the gayest of the gay, and he and his bright, cheery laugh were very welcome.

Thus you have him. To society a gay, bright, sparkling man of the world, careless and thoughtless, an idler without purpose. To himself an idler by profession; a man with a fixed and a firm determination; a man who realized his power amongst women, and who knew that the marrying of money was counted in the social world as success rather than disgrace.

An Idler without purpose.

What conceit he had—it was not exceeding much—came to his aid and told him that the woman he made his wife would have an upright gentleman for her husband, and would never have cause to repent her choice. It was not for himself that he wanted money. It was for his poor old mother, patient and uncomplaining, but sadly in want of many little luxuries the counting-house desk would never give her.

To wed money for love of the woman was his hope. But to wed money and never to give way to love was his resolution.

Had he been free and alone, with no one dependent on him, he

Google

would have stepped out into the New World and have found life in the open, and have striven. But he was not. So he entered into this other life, outwardly a man careless and a slave to pleasure, inwardly with a set purpose and a bitter contempt for himself. Honest and honourable at least he would always be; and honest and honourable he was as men go in the wild whirl of moneyed folks. Not for a moment could anyone ever breathe a word against his play at cards or his promptness in paying when he lost. Only he played to win, and very rarely lost, and always mixed with rich gamblers because—well because they were rich.

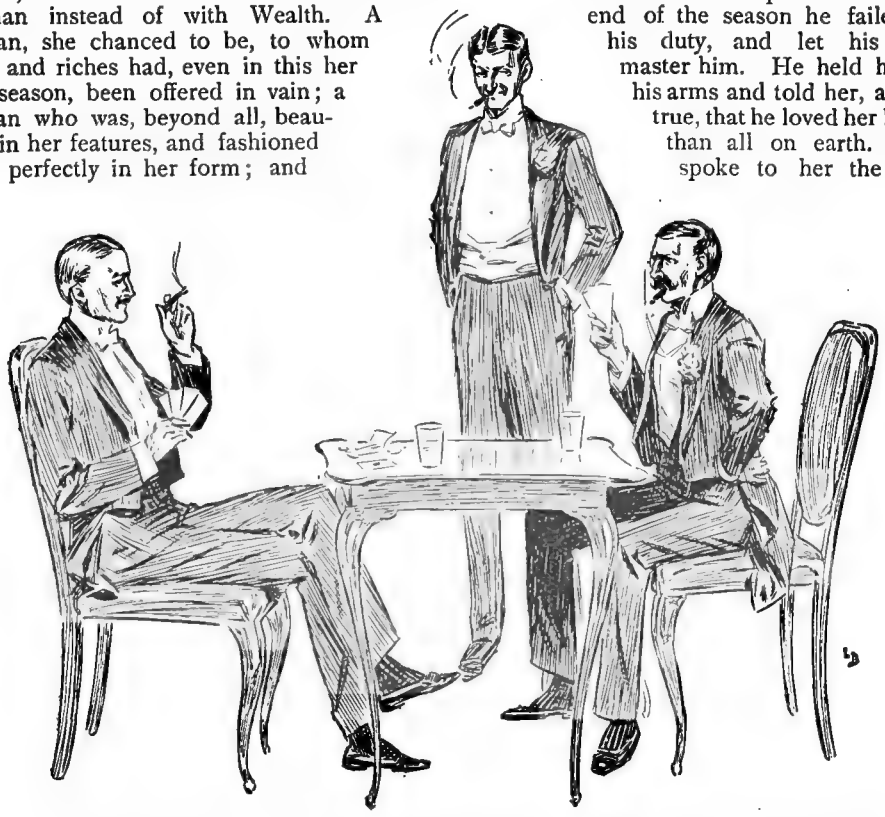
Thus it happened that his skill at billiards and cards, and living upon invitations, enabled him to put by, for the comfort of the one being in the world he really loved, more money than he could ever have earned at the office work.

Then suddenly he awoke to the frailty of his purpose and the emptiness of resolving. He had entered into the hateful life he led simply in order to marry Money, and behold, he had fallen in love with a Woman instead of with Wealth. A woman, she chanced to be, to whom titles and riches had, even in this her first season, been offered in vain; a woman who was, beyond all, beautiful in her features, and fashioned most perfectly in her form; and yet not a woman; only an unassuming, pure-hearted, gentle girl, passionate, impulsive, lovely and poor.

She was a girl to whom love was life, who loathed and detested the hollow admiration of those who coveted her for their stately homes, as they would covet a lovely picture, or choice piece of furniture.

Royan had heard of her and her beauty, and she of him; and thus, when it chanced that the two met, they looked the one at the other as though to ascertain the accuracy of their estimates. And looking, they knew they had each met an affinity.

She welcomed it—to love him was no difficult task—and every word and action swelled her passion for him. He, when he realised, strove blindly and madly to conquer himself — and failed. He knew the impossibility of it, and the total wrecking of his life — and hers, that it would mean. Money, money, money, was the god he had sold his soul to. He swore that he would drive her from his mind. Yet he scarcely ever left her side. Thus it came to pass that by the end of the season he failed in his duty, and let his love master him. He held her in his arms and told her, as was true, that he loved her better than all on earth. He spoke to her the soft,



He played to win and mixed with rich gamblers because—well, because they were rich.

Google

wild words of passion, and pressed upon her lips her first, long kiss of love. She yielded and was content.

It was done, and no sooner done than he awoke to the utter impossibility of it all. Yet he never told her. He loved her too much to lose her at once; and perhaps—perhaps it might be possible. He often made tens of pounds by backing horses, and why not thousands? So he plunged and lost, and when he reached the Hazelton's for a month's Christmas gaiety, he was worse than poor—in debt—and his mother was almost hungry.

His engagement had been kept a complete secret, and he had accepted the Hazelton's invitation chiefly because he knew that she would be there. He had not seen her since the end of the season, although they had written.

"Perhaps I ought to write," he argued within himself, "and yet—no, I must see her. I don't want her to think worse of me than she need. Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart, I love you! No one will ever care for you as I do. I can't give you up! I can't—and yet——" and Royal buried his head in his arms.

Money, money, money, kept ringing and jingling in his ears, and a pale, pinched face kept dancing before his eyes.

To break it to Ethel so as to give as little pain as possible was his wish, and unwittingly he did it in the bitterest, cruellest way of all.

The beginning of the end was the coming of another girl, who was an heiress and with much money of her own. She fell in love with the tall, handsome young fellow, who was friendly with the fair-haired girl. He very soon saw his opportunity and seized it.

She was good to look upon, and rich; and had it not been for the love of the sweet, gentle girl who had given her whole heart to him, he might have learnt to care for her. Yet her money, and his necessity for it, formed the golden magnet that drew him. He became her slave—and her master.

"Ethel will see me with her, and will think I have changed my mind—that is bad enough, but better than that she should think that I am doing what I am doing. Eh, Archie, old man—face it, realise it—you're selling yourself for money, and wrecking your life. Breaking her heart, too, perhaps—No, no, not that! I wouldn't do it if—— Bah! She likes me, but after all it is only a girl's first love. Boys and girls can't really love. The world says that, and the world must be right. She will forget me in a few weeks—whilst I—Oh, sweetheart, if you only knew—only knew."

She never did. She never learnt that his heart was breaking between the agony of his love and the doing of that which he thought was his duty. She only saw him in constant attendance upon the other girl, and felt that he was changing—that she was losing him.

Theatricals had been organised, and with them came the inevitable. They were amateur—even the very piece. One of the guests was the author. Archie was cast as the hero, and the final scene of the play was the shooting by him of the mad woman in order to protect his betrothed. Ethel was the mad woman, and the other girl the betrothed.

When a man wants to love a woman—a beautiful woman—and she already loves him, the acting and rehearsing of lovers' parts grows quickly very real. So it came to pass that Ethel saw the other woman—who had guessed her rival's secret, and was waging war for the handsome man—draw her lover from her, and take him for herself.

Poor lass! He was all in the world to her. To lose him seemed the losing of the light of her living. Passionate and impulsive, she beat the empty air in her agony of mind. Yet never a word did she breathe, but was always the same sweet self to him. Pride perhaps it was, or a vain hope that the love-making was after all acting, and his neglect of her but forgetfulness.

Her struggle was his, though she knew it not; and day after day he postponed the telling of what had to be.

Then he told her—partly. Not everything, for he made no mention of his poverty and of his necessity. He simply said that that which had once seemed so good was now impossible. He tried to be kind, and knew he was cruel and—almost broke down.

She scarcely spoke, for times are when words only mock the feelings and play strange discordant tunes upon them, sounding otherwise than meant. She grew pale, so pale that he was frightened when he saw the blow he had struck. Yet she neither faltered nor failed, but carried her head with the pride of a woman and quietly left him; and then, being out of sight, she bent and ran swiftly to her room. And he stood staring into empty space—still and motionless like unto a man of stone.

Thus towards the close of the wintry evening, with the firelight dancing about them and the laughter of gay folks round them, two hearts were broken.

Google

She would fain have thrown up her part in the play, but it was too late to alter the caste. The piece promised to be a success, and besides, it seemed strangely correct now since the hero was openly engaged to the heroine.

The final rehearsal went splendidly and a cartridge was slipped into the revolver just to see how loud the report would be.

"Take care you don't put a bullet in; we don't want Ethel shot," was the hostess's careful injunction.

"No fear of that, Lady Hazelton. I have fixed up four or five cartridges so that there will only be a little powder in them. Practically, they are only caps," said Jackson, to whom the weapon belonged. "There are the loaded ones in this compartment, so that there can be no possible mistake. Besides I will load the revolver myself before we go to dinner to-morrow, and put it under this shelf, and you can get it, Miss Ethel, when the time comes to use it."

"Aren't you frightened of the horrid thing?" asked some lady.

"No," said Ethel; and in after times people seemed to recall that answer and the giving of it.

"No need, Miss Ethel. Royan wouldn't hit a haystack a yard off," said Jackson.

"What is that you are saying about me?" asked Archie, turning from his betrothed to whom he had been talking.

"We were remarking that there is no need for Miss Vyvyan to be frightened of your hitting her, even if the revolver were loaded. You couldn't hit that door from here."

"I should be sorry for the door if I tried."

"You know," went on the young fellow chaffingly, "it looks so bad to see a chap on the stage point a pistol at the roof and some one just in front of him fall dead. It spoils the effect. Don't you think so, Miss Ethel?"

"Yes. The revolver certainly ought to be pointed somewhere in the direction it is meant to be fired in."

"I'd bet a hundred to one that when I fire it to-morrow it would, if it were loaded, hit you," said Archie.

"Bet with him, Miss Ethel. Take him in gloves," said Jackson. "It's easy enough," he added. "You see there is a small wad in each cartridge. If it hits you it will probably leave a tiny little bit of black."

"Then I will accept your wager, Mr. Royan," said Ethel very quietly. "I will wear a rose in my dress. Try and hit it."

"Right you are. But I say, Jackson, are you sure the wad won't hurt?"

"Certain, old man, certain."

And thus, amid laughter at its oddness, the silly bet was made.

The principals—Ethel, the other girl, and Archie Royan—fairly excelled themselves in the performance, Ethel especially.

"One would think she really did hate Miss St. John," meaning the other girl, said one lady to another.

The audience, a large one gathered from

She neither faltered nor failed but carried her head with the pride of a woman.

Google

all the country side, was fashionably enthusiastic and properly appreciative.

"I never thought Ethel would have done so well," said Lady Hazelton. "She seemed ill at dinner and left in the middle."

She had. But it was not that she was unwell. Nor did she go to her room straightway. Had anyone been near they would have seen her stop at the end of the long corridor by the study door. For a moment she paused and glanced up and down as though fearful of being detected. Then she turned the handle and entered.

It was a large room, and as it opened into the back of the big hall was used in times of theatricals as a sort of dressing room or green room. There were no lights, only a great blazing fire. It was sufficient for her purpose. Stepping up to a bookcase she drew from one of the shelves something that glittered and glistened. For a few moments she bent over a leather case standing on the table, and the firelight heard the rattle of metal, as though of the handling of the cartridges. There was a click and a snap. Then she returned the thing to its hiding place and sped swiftly to her room. She locked the door and, throwing herself on the bed, burst into a wild, hopeless, helpless, fit of weeping.

She was dressing when she unlocked the door for Lady Hazelton, who had come up to see if she was ill.

Yes, the performance had been an unqualified success, and the last act passed rapidly towards the climax. It was really a well written piece although conventional enough in its plot. The closing scene was strong and powerful.

The villain of the play had succeeded in ruining an unfortunate woman whose troubles had turned her mad. He resembles a twin brother whose name he has often assumed—and forged. The brother, the hero, is engaged to marry a girl whom the wretched victim knows to have been instrumental in preventing her marriage. Driven to desperation she determines to take the life of this other woman and thus revenge herself. Armed with a revolver she obtains entrance into the room where the girl is and, after a stormy scene, is on the point of shooting her when the hero appears and snatches away the weapon. A scuffle ensues and the woman is flung off utterly insane. She is about to make another onslaught when the man fires at her and kills

Before he could stay himself he had shot her.

Google

her. The play then came to a happy ending.

Why the hero was not at once arrested, and how it could end happily was not made clear; but the words of it all sounded very well, and the point was not pressed.

The last act was nearly over. The girl and Royan were on the stage, Ethel stood in the wing waiting her call, her right hand under her mantle toying with the revolver. Leaning against a pillar, quite lost in thought, she looked wonderfully beautiful though white and wearied.

Who shall say what was in her mind? The thought, perchance, of what might have been? The thought of what she had won—and lost? Of what she had given and received? Perhaps. But the hand that held the toy neither shook nor trembled. Nor did the girl make a movement save once when she swept aside a tear and glanced at the blood-red rose she wore in the bosom of her dress above her heart.

Then her call came, and she was playing her part. Playing it with an abandonment and passion that seemed too real. A passion that grew and grew until, as the man entered and found her with the revolver, the acting seemed beyond her power of acting. Quickly and well they feigned to struggle, and then she was flung a pace or two away, with the revolver in his hand gleaming towards her.

"The wager," came a voice with a laugh from the irrepressible Jackson. The faint shadow of a smile passed across the face of the man as he glanced along the barrel. The mockery of it seemed to strike him as he found himself aiming the weapon, now harmless, but which could be so deadly, at her who was everything in the world to him. Shoot straight! Oh, yes, he would do that just because of the wager, and he would try and put the little black bit of paper into the red rose.

Staggering back, the girl paused, and, as arranged in rehearsal, she straightened herself ere she sprang at him. It was to be the moment of his firing.

Then a strange thing chanced. For she arose as, rehearsing, she had always done; but, as he pressed the trigger, instead of springing towards him, she threw out her arms and called his name. As the revolver spat out its ugly tongue of flame the call passed into a shriek of agony. In the fraction of a second it had all happened. Before he could stay himself he had shot her. The petals of the blood-red rose were scattered, and, fluttering downwards, sank upon her as she fell—dead.

Photo by F. Foulsham.

Eight on a Gate.

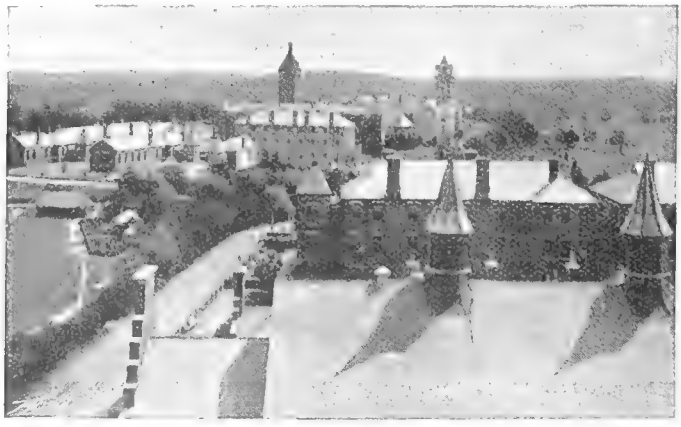
Google

A PEEP INTO AN IMBECILE TRAINING COLLEGE.

By Dr. Ch. H. Leibbrand.

Illustrated from photos taken under his direction by Mr. T. Neasbey.

Passing strange is the spectacle with its hundred and one phases which you see at the Darenth Schools and Pavilions for Imbeciles and Idiots! It is fatalistic tragedy in its intensest developments. And stranger still to look at are the ill-starred and but too frequently unconscious actors in this Drama. They are the flotsam and jetsam of human society. They are the wreckage of London's humanity. No wonder you gaze wonderingly. No wonder you gaze awe-struck. No wonder your heart wells forth in pity. For, it is true tragedy.

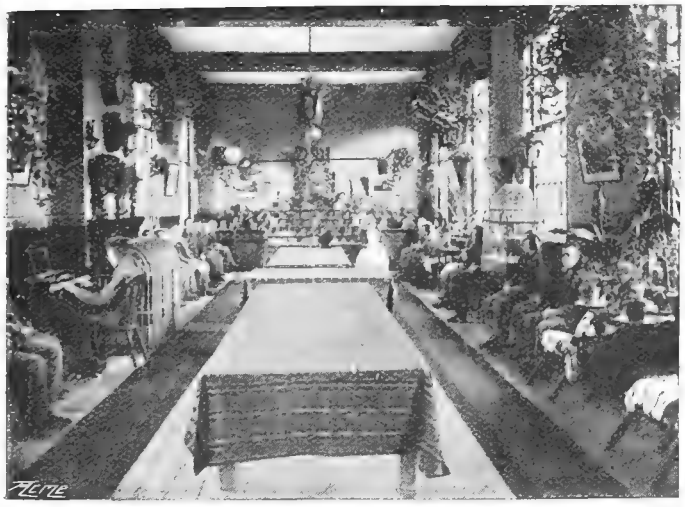


A bird's-eye view of Darenth Schools.

Indeed, as ward opens upon ward, you are forced again and again painfully to recognise that verily the sins of the fathers are visited on their children to the third and fourth generation. But as group upon group of hapless inmates and solicitous nurses appears, you are once more encouraged. You hopefully recognise that terrible though this visitation is, it is much alleviated by the ministrations from womanly love and man's kindly fellow-feeling. And so throughout this Drama you see love battling against misery; science, tempered by pity, endeavouring to mitigate—if not to suspend—the curse wrought by selfishness and over-indulgence.

It is, in truth, a strange spectacle you thus witness. It is a spectacle full of grand potentialities. And grand and in keeping

Google

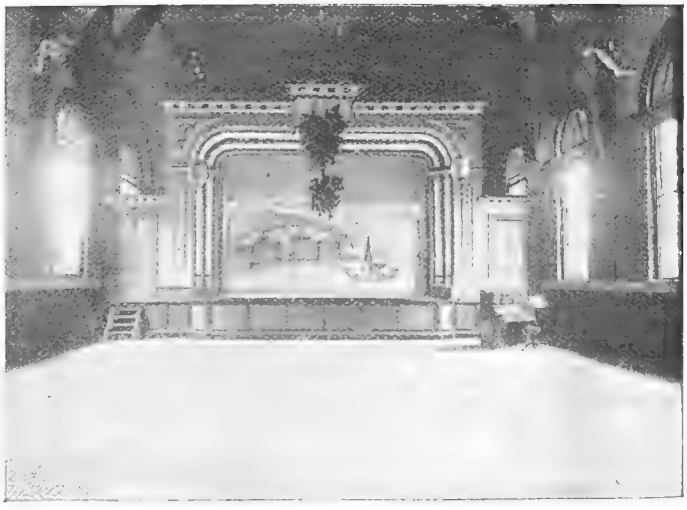


What a day-room looks like.

are the background and the field itself of this strife between hope and despair; between medical skill and the blight of hereditary disease.

Spreading its manifold wings across a breezy and commanding hill, you see the vast Institution, known as the Darenth Asylum and Schools, towering above the Thames, and the Essex Plain and the Darenth Valley in Kent—a look-out and a refuge, as it were, for miles upon miles of hamlet and village, and township and upland country. Let your eye travel westward, and below from the far distance rises the Crystal Palace, while still farther on may be seen the spires and cupolas of the million city, London. Let it rest nearer home, and from out a sea of green meadows and wood-spotted pasture land greets you the town of Dartford, with its historical church—in the dim past a Roman "Castellum"—then centuries after an Anglo-Saxon fort, and now a place of worship to the Christian God. Turn eastward, and you may breathe the breeze from the German Ocean. Look southward, and the Surrey hills send you from their woody crests a tempting invitation to speed thitherward.

Though set in such exceptional surroundings which brilliantly show forth man and Nature's fair and various handiwork, the Darenth Schools and Pavilions are not an unworthy monument of architecture. Not that these buildings are erected in, and representative of any particular style. They are neither Tudor nor Gothic nor Victorian. They are a style unto themselves; not too self-contained, however, to have largely borrowed from those established and acknowledged. Still, with all these architectural incongruities, the *tout ensemble* produces a most pleasing effect as our illustration shows. The lofty spires dotted here and there, the gracefully curved pavilions, the not too massively shaped blocks, the glass covered, serpent-like winding corridors, and again lengthy and straight running passages are suggestive of plenty of variety, of plenty of air, of plenty of light, of plenty of change. There is nothing that indicates restraint. There is nothing that forces upon your attention an impassable boundary line. There are classrooms, the chapel, and the recreation halls. There are the thirteen wings for male and female patients. There are the administrative sections, the laundry, the kitchens, and the stores. There are the ten one-storeyed pavilions, each accommoda-



A bijou theatre, where entertainments are frequently given.

Google

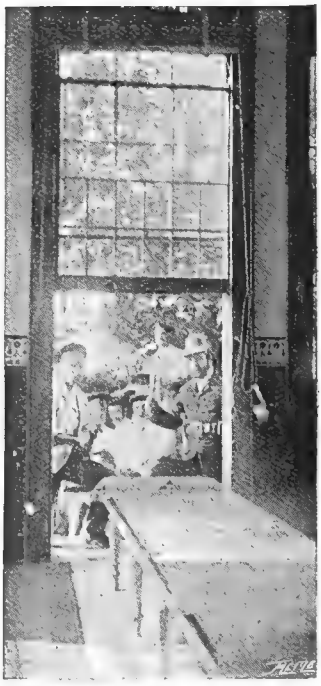
Window fitted with fire-alarm and fire-escape.

ting forty-four patients. But however numerous these buildings, they are not crowded together. Though intercommunicative withal, they are spread over an extensive area, interspersed with airing courts and playgrounds, and surrounded by not less than 173 acres of land under varied cultivation.

And it is well for the thousand inmates that this is so. Even to a healthy mind, nothing is more paralysing than the idea of a boundary—than the shock produced by a limit. Whereas, is it not just the opposite possibility of infinite acquisitions—no matter whether they be of a material, moral, or intellectual nature—that wholesomely stimulates the human mind, and spurs on man's activity? How much more disastrous, therefore, must be the effect of rigorous restraint and of a prison-like boundary upon a half-witted child? It is not merely that the suggestions of such restraint check its tentative though eager grasp after some new interest or some enlarged occupation. They also—but too prematurely and fatally—cloud over again the faint dawn of its weak mind, which, may be, was wistfully watching for the development along its horizon of some gleam of knowledge it had just discovered.

Thus it is that the same vastness, though, of course in a modified form; the same freedom from harsh rigidity; the same variety—which are so noticeable in the outside appearance and arrangements of the Institution—greet you as you pass from ward to ward, from dormitory to dormitory, from pavilion to pavilion. It needs but a glance at our illustrations to recognise this fact. Everywhere here the eye is appealed to—and, not less, the ear is called into service—and wisely so.

Emotion admittedly expresses itself best in song—in music. Equally, observation tends to reproduce itself most successfully in colour and form. However, this music and painting and sculpture—what are they, but highly developed manifestations of speech and eyesight? In order first to develop such faculty of expression and power of observation, it is obviously, therefore, only necessary to reverse the process of evolution which culminates in these perfected manifestations. Or in other words, what is required is frequently to exhibit the creations of these three arts. You surround the child with their productions even though they be but cheap, if only fair, reproductions. In so doing you teach it to observe. In compelling it to observe, you again induce it to give utterance to the impressions resulting from its observations.



The same window after the alarm has been sounded.

Google

Bootmakers at work.

It is, indeed, here that the system of training and the method of education at the Darenth Schools seems so well adapted to the youthful inmates and pupils. For, with no class of children is there a greater necessity for enlarging the capabilities both of eye and ear. In their case, more than in any other case, are these the only possible conduit by which to stir up emotion and to infuse intelligence. Without the aid of physical impressions, the majority of these thousand patients could never be successfully approached. So the flickering sparks of intellect are solicitously nursed by whatever means are likely to create and to stimulate an interest in existence.

For proof, go through the wards, go through the dining-rooms, go through the day-rooms. Everywhere you will be impressed by their brightness, their cheerfulness, their pleasing colours of various agreeable hues, their airiness and light. Everywhere you will be animated by the activity, by the movement that is enlivening them. The fact is, there are plenty of means to bring about this variety in the patient's daily life. There are pianos, there are harmoniums, there are all kinds of sweet singing birds. Especially there are flowers and plants innumerable, as is shown by the snapshot illustrating one of these day-rooms. And these comforts are not wasted. You need but look at the occupants of this very room. To be sure, to the medically trained eye, they bear the imprint of their unfortunate ailments. Yet, at the same time, even you yourself can see that, notwithstanding, theirs is not a hopeless case. You yourself will recognise that with the care with which they are surrounded, their mental condition can—it must be—improved; simply because it is physiologically proved to be improvable. In fact, of the 634 male and 348 female patients, as many as 490 are stated to be distinctly capable of amelioration.

A look into the upholstering department during a surprise visit.

For this reason certain reforms in the *régime*, excellent though this already is, which the Committee of Management, headed by Dr. Hill, its indefatigable chairman, contemplates, are most warmly to be welcomed. They will facilitate a more thorough selection of the hopeful from the hopeless cases—a selection the more beneficial, because imbecility and idiocy are, in their way, as detrimentally contagious as any febrile or other infectious disease. Withal, these inmates must be treated like plants. There

Google

is but little to distinguish them from these lower forms of creation. Many of them, on their arrival at "Darenth," are incapable of speech, many more of action, whilst not a few are devoid of will power. So their mind, their nature, like some inorganic substance, requires to be *moulded* rather than to be trained and educated. Hence the necessity of elimination—of selection. Each inmates' own characteristics and requirements must be studied, and his potentialities ascertained. His career from infancy, as, indeed, the careers of his fathers and forefathers, are to be inquired into; for the afflictions of these patients are mostly *purely hereditary* afflictions. To but enumerate some of the principal causations of these. They are, on the part of one or both parents alcoholism, tuberculosis, epilepsy, insanity, or fright; or worry and anxiety of the mother before the birth of the child. Obviously, therefore, you must know the causation before you can reasonably attempt the cure. And as there are scores of varieties and gradations of idiocy and imbecility, this knowledge is the more important.

In the tailoring department. Some of the patients are really expert tailors.

It is in respect of these latter that the arrangements at the Darenth Schools and Pavilions are almost perfect.

Look in at the classrooms, the recreation halls, the trade shops, the workrooms. You will find everywhere there the same corresponding varieties in employment and training and teaching, as well as the same corresponding gradations. There is the Slade system. There is the Kindergarten system. Once again, there is a wisely graduated system of elementary education. Particularly the latter testifies not less to the ingenuity of the head mistress, Miss Hoatson, than to her and her assistants' devotion. Not only are these elementary school lessons vastly interesting; they are also simplicity itself. Above all, they are efficient and full of usefulness. To appreciate them you need only to consider that many of the would-be pupils are at first incapable even of conceiving a single idea. Hence both the wisdom and the necessity of arranging these lessons conformably to Tucker's doctrine of the association of ideas. You give the child a brick. With the help of this you suggest some sort of building. The idea of building leads to that of a house. A house again implies occupiers. These occupiers in their turn suggest the idea of a family—of father, of mother, of children. And so on.

To be sure, such a process of instruction is a slow one, but it is a sound and reliable one; and as the pupils are more or less mentally weak and afflicted, thus exceptionally slow of understanding, it is the only appropriate one. In short, for them nothing better could be invented than the accepted scheme of lessons. You find there purely elementary subjects, such as spelling, writing, dictation, counting, addition, subtraction, drawing, cubes, natural history, object-lessons, and personal appearance. You see these varied by instruction in ornamental paper-plaiting, paper-folding, paper-cutting; by instruction in pricking, in knot and loop, in stick-laying; and by instruction in what is understood under colour and clock, coins and shop. These again you find advantageously interspersed with lessons in cane-weaving, basket-making, sewing, and knitting. And they, in their turn, are varied with Kindergarten, marching, drilling, singing, reciting, tables and games.

It is especially in reference to these games and to physical recreations, as well as amusements and entertainments, that the *régime* and system at the Darenth Asylum Schools

Google

and Pavilions may pass muster. In fact, the arrangements for these are models of their kind, as is even shown in our snapshots of the cricket ground, and of the stage. They may truly be imitated, to the benefit of the imitator, wherever the care of half witted children and imbeciles and idiots is in question. For the physical, the moral, the educational influence of such games and exercises and amusements is particularly and most comprehensively wholesome in the case of those who are thus sorely afflicted.

How the Slade system is taught.

It s, therefore, not wholly unexpected that with all these inducements to take an interest in life, some most satisfactory cures are being wrought amongst these hapless inmates. Nor is it strange that, after a more or less long training, imbecile children, who previously were in their primitive habits, mental sterility and physical incapacity, on a par with the lowest grade animals, become capable of employment. What is rather surprising is the large number of these improvements. Indeed, out of a thousand patients, on an average more than three hundred are in this way constantly reclaimed from a living death. And, in 1897-98, there were even as many as 378 of those fortunate ones. During that year, of the male inmates, there were employed in the tailors' shop, 18; in the shoemakers' shop, 16; in the upholsterers' shop, 16; in the grounds as farm labourers, gardeners, and so on, 50; whilst of the females, 30 were occupied with needlework, 30 in the laundry, and 20 in the workroom. This is no small achievement to be proud of.

Our snapshots catch them thus busily engaged in their various occupations, and these illustrations need no special explanation. They show at a glance the roominess, the light, the airiness of the workplaces. They show at a glance the content and physical healthiness of the workers. They graphically depict the interest these take in their not unfrequently difficult work. Above all, they demonstrate once more the infinite usefulness of an Institution such as the Darenth Schools and Pavilions.

Truly the Metropolitan Asylums Board can be proud of this establishment, the medical superintendence of which is in the able care of Dr. Taylor and his deputy, Dr. Beresford, whilst its economical interests are well managed by Mr. James Taylor, the kindly steward. As to the ratepayers, they cannot but be satisfied with the manner in which their money is so successfully spent.

In the cricket field.

Google

Settled for the night.

A FAITHFUL FOSTER MOTHER.

By Lewis Stevens.

In all branches of animal and bird life the foster-mother is to be found, and there have been many family gatherings quite as strange and unusual as "the wolf and the lamb feeding together, and the lion lying down with the ox." But, without doubt, one of the most remarkable instances of a creature fostering the young of an entirely different species was that of which many of our readers may have heard recently.

Early in October a cat and five kittens were found one morning, comfortably ensconsced in the hayloft of a stable at Brockenhurst. They were not wanted there, and so the men about the place removed the happy family to a crib in the stall where a broody but persistent hen had been for many days sitting upon some china eggs.

All went well at first, and the little party seemed comfortable enough, but before long sounds of a struggle were heard, and the cat left her little ones with a good deal of haste; in fact, she gave every indication of having been wonderfully helped in her exit from the new homestead.

An investigation was at once made by the stablemen, who found to their astonishment that the broody hen had taken up her place

These troublesome children will rise early.

Why, there's one kitten missing!

Google

Where is that missing kitten?

as foster-mother of the kittens. She was not to be turned out of her nest and had soon settled differences with the cat.

But she by no means extended her resentment to the tiny kittens. They to her were as dear as the chickens which she could *not* hatch from the china eggs, try she never so hard.

She would coo to them and do her best to amuse them, and, when they became restless, she did not fail to exercise her matronly abilities in keeping the little creatures well within bounds. Sometimes, while attending to one side of her nest, a kitten would stray from the other. But the foster-mother was not to be so evaded. The loss would soon become known to the hen and she would at once leave her place and search till she found the truant and persuaded it by pushing and other means within her power to return to the old homestead.

Of course, it was necessary that the cat should be allowed to approach her offspring from time to time in order to exercise her right and privileges as the actual mother of the kittens on such occasions, but the hen had to be forcibly removed, and the door barred against her. No sooner, however, was it opened again than the hen would drive out the cat, and resume her place as head of the house-hold.

At night the hen spread her wings over the little animals just as though they were chickens, and certainly they seemed to like the cosy warmth of their feathered quilt. Our readers will appreciate the splendid photographs which we are able to publish by the courtesy of Miss Edith Batt—truly the most curious photographs of animal and bird life ever seen. The hen belonged to Mr. Fort, proprietor of a hostelry well known to cyclists and tourists in the New Forest.

All safe again.

Although other birds often act the part of foster-mother to broods of an alien species, the common fowl seems particularly adapted for such a peculiar office. It is, indeed, a regular practice in London and in the country for a hen to be set upon ducks' eggs, and when the little ducklings are hatched, the foster-mother will give them as much attention and care as she would a brood of her own. It is amusing to see her consternation when the ducklings first take to the water.

Who said cat?

Google

THE CHINESE IN NEW YORK.

By James S. Metcalfe, M.A. (Yale).

Your Chinaman abroad is a sociable chap. Six days a week he may be working hard in his laundry in some remote suburb with no other Chinaman within five miles of him, but on the seventh he hies him joyfully to New York's Chinatown, there to mix with his kind and eat, drink and be merry. Here he finds his beloved opium, the Chinese theatre and restaurants, his fan-tan gambling, and all the other comforts of home.

Less than forty years ago, New York had no Chinamen and consequently no Chinatown. To-day it numbers in its population more than 700 Chinese professional gamblers, to say nothing of some 500 highbinders or professional assassins, and a score of young female slaves. The total Chinese in New York and its immediate vicinity are considerably over 10,000, of whom more than 8,000 are laundrymen. The others are engaged in ministering to the peculiar wants of their countrymen as doctors, apothecaries, restaurant keepers and dealers in Chinese goods.

Chinatown proper consists of about a dozen city blocks of crowded tenements and lies adjacent to the lower end of the famous thoroughfare known as the Bowery which corresponds to London's Whitechapel. The only whites to be found here are the police and the degraded women who live with Chinamen. It is a busy place and its narrow streets are crowded at all hours of the day and night with its yellow-skinned denizens. Verily, it seems as though John, as all Chinamen are familiarly known in America, never sleeps.

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

A Chinese Woman and Her Children.

John's principal occupation is doing laundry work for white brethren. As a washerwoman he is a success, although some of his customers complain that his methods wear out clothes faster than is really necessary. Others object to his peculiar way of sprinkling the garments before ironing them. This consists in filling his mouth with water, and then, in some manner known only to John and his kind, sending it forth in a cloud of the finest spray. The entire laundry business is controlled by the closest kind of a union, which has its headquarters in Chinatown, and to which John reports regularly. It fixes the prices to be charged for work; controls the location of laundries so that they will not be too close together; settles disputes and does a number of other things which conduce to John's business welfare It insists on perfect obedience to its decrees, and if John objects — well, the highbinders are always ready for a job.

Another objective point for John in Chinatown is the Joss-house or temple. This contains the Joss or god that

Google

John pretends to worship. Mr. Louis Becke, who has made an expert study of the Chinese in America, claims that John really has no religion, and that what passes for such is only a conglomeration of superstition and diluted philosophy, which permits him to do anything he wants with a clear conscience. Each body of Chinese has its own Joss with its own peculiarities. One of those in Chinatown is based on the career of Chinese Gordon, and is supposed to be endowed with his virtues. John never prays to his Joss to be made a better man; only to be made well when he is ill, to succeed in his business or gambling, to overcome his enemies, or to achieve some other material object.

Very few of the Chinese in America have any family life. The Exclusion Law and the expense of bringing out wives operate against it. A few wealthy merchants have imported wives, but a larger number of Chinamen marry white women of the very lowest classes. These latter keep their wives in physical comfort at least, and treat them kindly.

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y

The Interior of a Chinese Laundry in New York.

The highbinders are the organized criminals of Chinatown; that is to say, we would consider them criminals, but the Chinese nature is so constituted that what we regard as criminal is to him only usual and commonplace. The highbinder is a blackmailer, a paid assassin, a procurer, a spy for a gambling house, in fact anything that will yield him pay without hard or continuous labour. It may seem strange that he should be permitted to exist when his occupation is so well known, and he makes no effort to hide himself; but it must be remembered that he is a member of a powerful organization of which all Chinamen stand in mortal terror; further than this, the American authorities are absolutely helpless because, no matter what crime the highbinder may commit, no Chinaman can ever be found to testify against him.

Gambling in Chinatown is conducted on a large scale, though secretly on account of the efforts of the police to suppress it. The lottery provides a favourite method and is drawn regularly; but John's greatest passion is for fan-tan, which liking is shared by some white New Yorkers who have learnt its rules. The game is played by taking an indefinite number of coins from a box or bag, and placing them on a table; then the banker divides them into lots of four. The result hinges on the number of coins remaining after the last four have been removed. Manifestly, this will be either one, two, three, or none. This is apparently a very simple game, but John's nature is in some ways a simple one although in others, to us, most complex. Simple as the game may seem, John will come miles to play it, brave the dangers of arrest, and lose at it everything he owns; his wife, if he has one, or even his life, if his enemy be his opponent.

Opium-smoking is at once the bane and the joy of John's existence. It is his joy, because when used in moderation—and some Chinamen do smoke in moderation—it seems to do the Chinese constitution no harm. It brings into his life of toil an occasional period of dreamy happiness and a forgetfulness of life's asperities. There are those who say that opium is an actual benefit to the Chinaman, enabling him to do an increased amount of labour with a less amount of fatigue. So far as outward appearance and demeanour go, the moderate opium-smoker is a less objectionable person than even the moderate drinker.

Opium is John's bane because often he becomes its abject slave, and then he is no better off than the white man or woman who has sold his soul to the opium pipe. He is besieged day and night by horrors no sane mind can picture, he is no longer able to earn a livelihood. His body is racked by the pains

Digitized by Google

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

Where a quiet Game of Fan-tan may be played.

and torments of the infernal regions, and ever present is the terrible craving and gnawing for the drug he no longer has the means to secure. Is it strange that he is willing to steal, to become a highbinder, to murder, to do anything which will relieve his horrible agony of body and mind?

Some of the opium "fiends" who prowl about Chinatown are horrible objects to gaze upon. Unkempt, emaciated, their glittering eyes sunk deep in the bony sockets, they seem like ghouls who, satiated with feasting on the dead, have left some neighbouring graveyard to clutch and strangle the living with their claw-like fingers. If in charity you should pay for a smoke for the wretched creature in one of the near-by dens, or "joints" as they are called, you would behold a wonderful transformation. The squalor would remain, but after one or two "pills," as opium smokers call the minute quantity of opium contained in a pipe, the whole appearance of the poor devil would change. After a few pipefuls his eyes would lose their unearthly glitter, his cheeks would seem to regain their fullness, and one might almost imagine the hue of health had returned to them. A sort of languid rapture succeeds the former hunted, ravenous look, until finally the head sinks back in the dreamy ecstasy of the opium victim. Ecstacy it is not, but deep, heavy sleep, which, compared with the former horrors, is Paradise itself.

The opium den, or joint, of Chinatown is not an inviting place. The vigilance of the police and the blackmail of the highbinders preclude any idea of luxury. But what does the opium fiend care? In his beloved drug are all the luxuries of the Orient and all the comforts of the alien land where he has made his temporary home, for in America all Chinamen are only transients who will eventually return to the Flowery Kingdom either in the flesh or in the box which contains their bones. The joint is quite often located in a sub-basement, where, if you have the *entrée*, which few white people have, you will find yourself in a close, muggy atmosphere laden with a penetrating, sleepy odour different from anything that has ever before possessed your nostrils. It is this peculiar and penetrating odour which leaks through cracks and keyholes, and reveals the concealed joint to the searching police.

About the walls of the joint are ranged tiers of bunks, each occupied by a Chinaman who is in some stage of his national intoxication. One may be taking the first whiff of his first pipe; another, partially under the influence of the drug, indulging in a dreamy cigarette; and others in the condition of dead unconsciousness which marks the final stage of the indulgence. About the place shuffles

Google

the Chinese proprietor carrying to and from his customers the trays on which are the opium and the smoking implements. In joints of a little better class, those patronised by the well-to-do Chinamen and by the women who dwell in Chinatown, there is a trifle more regard paid to appearances and to comfort. Instead of the bunks a broad sloping shelf surrounds the room and this is covered with matting. On it, with their feet towards the centre of the room, the smokers are stretched out in couples, each pair with a "lay-out" (as the tray and utensils are called by their users) between them. There is a slight attempt at decoration and the dim light which is characteristic of all joints, humble or magnificent, comes from bright-coloured paper lanterns.

The opium differs largely in quality and cost, but the method of smoking it is the same with rich and poor alike. The pipe which in the minds of non-smokers is often confused with the tiny-bowled tobacco pipe of the Japanese and Chinese, has a stem of bamboo about an inch and an half in diameter. Into one side of this, near the end, is set the bowl. This is of about the same diameter as the stem and is made of clay. Its top is roofed over with the exception of a hole in the centre about the size of a pea. The lay-out includes, besides other articles, a small jar of prepared opium, and the lamp and small hook used in "cooking" the drug. These latter are the essentials; the others, like the sponge for wiping the pipe-bowl and the knife for scraping it, are in the nature of luxuries.

The process of smoking consists in first dipping the little hook into the opium and twirling it with the fingers until a pill of the dark, thick, sticky stuff adheres to it. This is then twirled in the flame of the lamp until it bubbles and seethes, and finally reaches a dull red heat. This glowing pellet is then transferred to the orifice in the top of the pipe, and its fumes, with more or less rapidity, drawn into the lungs. An old smoker will take them all at one inhalation, others will devote three or four to one pill. The joints and smoking here described are those of Chinatown itself.

A discussion of the Chinese in New York would not be complete without some reference to their influence on their white neighbours. They have not appeared in commerce because their dealings have been confined to their own people. Except as laundrymen, they have not affected the labour market

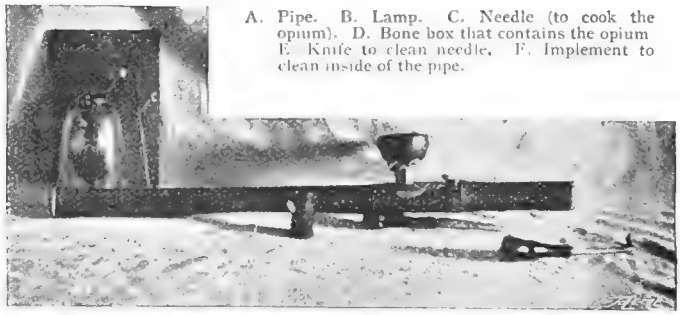
From a Photo.

The Interior of a Chinese Opium Joint of the Best Class.

Google

because the law which prevents the further immigration of the Chinese into America was passed before there was any great influx of labourers. White people come into contact with the Chinese in the laundries, but it is a strictly business relationship, and frequently is in the nature of a row over the mysterious-looking hieroglyphics on the rice-paper which John gives as a receipt for the clothes left with him.

Some whites have achieved a liking for Chinese food, and are regular frequenters of the restaurants of Chinatown. These institutions are strictly national in character and serve nothing but Chinese food and drink. The odours of these places are peculiar and not appetising to the uneducated palate. Rice and tea are of course the principal viands served. The rice is beautifully cooked and the white pile of large, distinct grains is tempting even to a Caucasian. Pig and chicken are the favourite meats and are cooked in a number of ways. The best compound dish—from our point of view—is called "chop suey," and is made of pork hashed up with onions and beans and celery tops. Others are made of such ingredients as shark fins, moss, bird-nests, eels' bladders, and sturgeon's head. The drinks are rice brandy and palm-root wine.



A. Pipe. B. Lamp. C. Needle (to cook the opium). D. Bone box that contains the opium E. Knife to clean needle. F. Implement to clean inside of the pipe.

Photo by Vander Weyde, N.Y.

An Opium Smoker's Outfit or "Lay-out."

It is in teaching them to smoke opium that the Chinese have had the greatest influence on the people of New York. It must not be inferred that the vice has become a general one in the metropolis of the United States. It is not largely prevalent, but it has slowly crept up from its lowly beginnings in Chinatown until now it has a few devotees in almost every circle of American society. The police are vigilant in their efforts to suppress it and are usually successful, on account of the betraying odour, in raiding joints in those parts of the city occupied by the middle classes. Rich "fiends," however, can so seclude their pet indulgence that they need be in no fear of the police and the consequent arrest and public disgrace.

It may, or may not be, the influence of the drug, but the white smoker seems to have a mania for surrounding its use with the greatest luxury. The writer once visited a place of this kind, and a description of it will serve for that of several others. These private joints differ only in the details of the decoration which their owners' diseased fancy lavishes upon them. The method of smoking or "hitting" the pipe is always the same.

The private joint in question was situated on the top floor of a magnificent private residence. The indulgence of the hosts' guests was usually preceded by a dinner, more dainty than filling, accompanied by the most delicate wines that money could buy. Your opium smoker does not care much about eating and drinking. A string quartette furnished music for the dinner, and its soft strains were heard in the distance during all that followed. The lift carried the host and his guests to the top floor. Here was a medium-sized room, most fantastically but richly adorned. Its low ceiling was covered with dark-blue felt. Scattered over it were golden stars of different sizes clustered about a golden sun, from which hung an electric light dimmed by a deep purple globe. About the edge of the ceiling and at the top of the walls was draped a gilded fish-net, through whose folds was drawn the stuffed body of an enormous serpent. His head, with glittering eyes and protruding tongue, hung down just in front of one of four soft divans which occupied each corner of the apartment. The floors were covered with heavy rugs, and the walls hung with artistic embroideries in all the colours of the Orient. On the soft resting-places the party quickly arranged itself in congenial couples. Then came a pleasant-faced Chinaman, dressed in delicate silks, bearing four trays on which were the opium lay-outs, and in addition a complete selection of cigarettes.

The divans were all broad and well supplied with handsome pillows. The only light, aside from that of the central

Google

burner, was supplied by the tiny lamps on the trays between the men and women on the divans. They were all devotees of the drug, and a speedy loosening of shirt-collars and unhooking of bodices, showed they were eager for its enjoyment. The etiquette of opium-smoking is that when two persons are smoking together, each shall alternately cook a pill for the other. It is rather a slow process, and dreamy conversation, punctuated with many cigarettes goes on in the intervals.

The Chinese in New York were harmless when left to themselves. If their principal vice has spread to the Americans it is not because the Chinese have spread it, but because the Americans have sought it. They have many virtues which the Americans and other races might well emulate. They are frugal and industrious, and alcoholic intoxication is with them an unknown vice. So long as a Chinaman has any work to do he sticks at it, stopping neither for food nor rest until it is finished, no matter what the hour may be. Often, long after midnight, when everyone else has gone to bed, the light in his laundry is the only one to be seen in the quiet suburb or remote side street where he has located the little industry which is to gain him a competence, and enable him to return to the Flowery Kingdom, there to pass his declining years in affluence and in the worship of his ancestors. This is John's highest ambition. He has no interest in America, and no desire to become a citizen. If he cannot return to China alive, he insists that his bones shall be sent there after his death, and he and his friends form societies to carry out this sacred purpose. If he dies they bury him, and after a suitable time his bones are taken up, scraped, carefully packed, and, at the expense of the society, sent to his native town for final interment.

A YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

THIS elegant bridge spans the Esk near Glaisdale, a picturesque village in the North Riding in Yorkshire.

It is said to have been built in 1621 by Tom Forres, who loved an Eskdale maiden, whose father opposed the match because of the poverty of her suitor. Tom thereupon determined to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and on the eve of his departure had agreed to meet his sweetheart to say farewell. But, alas, the flooded river divided them and could not be forded, and he had to depart without seeing her, vowing that if ever he should return rich he would erect a bridge so that no Eskdale lover should be in such a plight again.

Photo by H. Vaughan Walker.

The Beggar's Bridge, near Glaisdale.

His ventures abroad proved successful, and, returning to Eskdale, he carried out his vow and built the bridge. His sweetheart had remained faithful to him, and he eventually married her, and in after life became Mayor of Hull.

"The rover came back from a far-distant land
And claimed from the maiden her long-promised hand,
But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
And the lovers of Egton pass over it now."

Google

FARQUHAR OF THE "CRESCENT"

BY MAUD CHURTON AND HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE EDITOR of the *Crescent* frowned moodily as he plunged his blue pencil ruthlessly through paragraph after paragraph of the MS. sheets before him. It was already Wednesday evening, and, as they went to press on the morrow, he had to work rather against time. Consequently, the atmosphere of the office was somewhat sulphuric.

"I do wish those beggars wouldn't scamp their work so infernally!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I can never use more than half the rubbish that they have the impudence to send in."

As he spoke there was a knock at the door, and, in response to the Editor's growling "Come in," a young man entered. He was a good-looking young fellow of about eight-and-twenty, apparently, with a clever face, and the bright alert look of the thoroughly up-to-date journalist.

"Good evening," he remarked, nodding pleasantly. "Anything in my line to-night? I feel inclined for work."

George Henderson looked up from his desk. "That you, Farquhar?" he said, wearily. "Yes, I can let you have a page this week. I want you to do your best with it. The circulation always falls slightly at this time of the year—I'm sure I don't know why. Let me have something good this time, by way of a change, you know. Something smart and snappy, like your 'Nostrums of a Novelist' and 'Minor Moralities," for instance."

"All right. Who is to be the victim, this time? I'm spoiling for slaughter just now."

"What a bloodthirsty fellow you are," returned the Editor. "It's positively indecent! Let me see—give me a review of this book, will you? I haven't read it myself yet: I never have any time for this sort of thing, but I hear that the *Planet* people are gushing over it. You can take your cue from that, and slate it accordingly."

His companion glanced at the title carelessly. "Ah, 'Lilies of the Field.' Well, there's no striking amount of originality about the name, at any rate. I rather think it is a plagiarism from one of the Gospels. Who is the gifted author, by-the-way? Reginald Denton? Can't say I've heard of him."

"Who is to be the victim this time?"

"A *nom-de-guerre*, I believe," answered the other. "I can tell you something about it, too. 'Reginald Denton' is a woman."

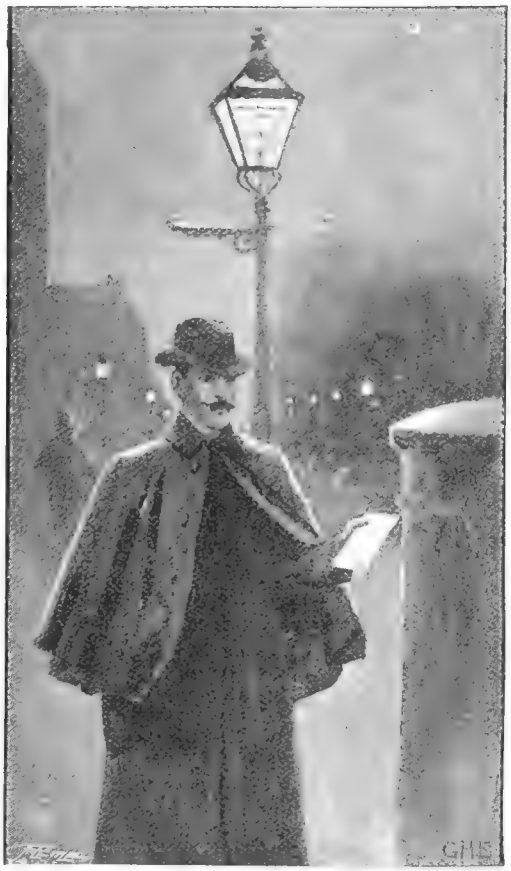
"Oh, come!—this is really too much of a good thing! I can't stand this phase of Newer Femininity; it gets on my nerves. When they take to annexing our masculine cognomens in this calm fashion, I must

Google

seriously think of calling myself 'Mary Jenkins,' or something of that sort, in self-defence. Well, goodnight; you shall have the 'copy' by to-morrow morning."

At ten o'clock that evening Harold Farquhar commenced his task in his little room in Gower-street. His confident frame of mind had vanished, for, on perusal, the book had proved an agreeable surprise. It was strong and striking, and the treatment and conception particularly appealed to him. The writer had struck — with considerable success, he was fain to admit — a note of more than average interest, and it annoyed him that he should be instrumental in condemning good work. He was of an age when he had lost neither his hair nor his ideals, and consequently he rather prided himself on his critical impartiality.

"Confound it all!" he said to himself for the tenth time. "I shall have to slate it now, I suppose. I said I would, and Henderson evidently expects me to do so. Besides, those idiots on the *Planet* have raved over it, and that ought to be quite enough to decide any self-respecting member of the *Crescent* staff. Here goes, then — her blood be on her own head!"



The copy was due at the "Crescent" office next morning.

Seizing a sheet of paper, he placed his pad on his knee, and settled down steadily to the work before him. Every now and again he paused, read over the last few lines, and laughed quietly to himself. When a couple of sheets were filled, he signed them at the bottom with his pen-name, and carefully blotted the concluding paragraph. As he did so he could not help smiling at the thought that, in making use of a pseudonym, he was doing the very thing against which he had so inveighed. But then in his case, he told himself, it was not with the idea of misleading anyone as to his sex.

Since the 'copy' was due at the *Crescent* office next morning, Farquhar put on his hat, and went out to post it at the corner of the street. As the MS. dropped with a dull thud into the pillar-box, a sudden sense of remorse flashed upon him. The *Crescent* was by way of being a leader in literary matters — suppose his article did the book serious harm? It was a disagreeable thought. The writer was a woman after all, and for the sake of another woman whom Harold Farquhar loved, the action was already hateful in his eyes. A woman — and he had struck at her in the dark! The idea made him feel very uncomfortable, and he acknowledged to himself that he would like to recall the review, if he could. But it was too late — there was no help, and it must go.

He leaned against the pillar-box, hesitating. Certain felicities of phrase which had pleased him in the novel recalled themselves importunately, together with the brutalities of his own review.

"Hang it all! I must be getting soft-headed in my old age," he muttered fiercely, as he strode the street. "I'm not bound to gush over every book that comes my way. Why should I cut up like this about it?"

But she was a woman, and the novel had been good. He could not forget it. Visions of 'Reginald Denton' weeping over next Saturday's *Crescent*, and refusing to be comforted, kept him awake that night. The incident haunted him with curious persistence all the next day.

Google

On Saturday morning he woke up cross and irritable. "Thank goodness, I shall see Stella to-day," was his first thought, "and get out of this infernal Fleet-street atmosphere." But when at five in the afternoon he entered the little drawing-room of the flat in Denton-street, where Stella Sutherland lived, the first thing he saw was the new number of the *Crescent* lying on a side-table. He threw it across the room. Hardly had he done so when the door opened and Stella herself came in.

She was *petite*, with a sweet, sensitive face, and fair hair. To-day she looked very pale, and black shadows encircled her large, blue eyes. Farquhar crushed her in his arms as she entered, and kissed her fondly.

"It's good to see you again, my darling," he cried. "But what on earth is the matter, little girl? You're not looking cheerful at all—are you ill?"

The girl buried her face on his shoulder, trying to control her voice before answering.

"No. I'm only miserable, Hal," she replied, at length. "I'll tell you all about it . . . where is that number of the *Crescent*? I want to show you something in it. Why, how did it get over there?"

"Sorry, darling," said Farquhar, apologetically. "I'm so sick of 'shop' to-day that the sight of a newspaper makes me wild. I was obliged to pitch it aside."

"But why should you object to the *Crescent*?" she asked. "You don't do any work for it, do you?"

"Oh, the Editor gives me a column, now and then," he answered, carelessly. "I look him up when I feel inclined."

A sudden light came into her eyes. "Then you can tell me who he is," she cried, clutching his arm. "Who is he, Hal, who is 'Northcote Boyd?'"

Turning over the leaves rapidly, she thrust the page he knew so well before him. Harold Farquhar saw his own review, headed "Dreary Drivel," and signed with his pseudonym of "Northcote Boyd."

The words danced before his eyes. A horrible foreboding was at his heart.

"Who is Northcote Boyd?" she repeated, passionately.

"I don't know, dear," he heard a strained voice saying. "It is probably a pseudonym - very few of the staff use their own names. What's it about, though?" he continued, more naturally. "Oh, I see—a very cruel attack on a new writer—'Reginald Denton.' Very bad taste, of course—but what does it matter to you, my dearest?"

"It matters a good deal to me," said Stella slowly, "because I—I am Reginald Denton, I took the name from Denton-street as a pseudonym. 'Lilies of the Field' is my work—the first fruits of my pen. I wanted it to be a surprise for you, Hal, but it's all spoilt now—and I—I loved it so!"

She broke down and began to sob miserably.

"Good God! If I had known of this before," exclaimed Farquhar, as he soothed her in his arms. "You, 'Reginald Denton!' *you!* Oh, why didn't you tell me, child?"

"Yes, I ought to have told you," she answered, lifting a tear-stained face that wrung his very heart, "but I wanted it to be a surprise. I thought you would be so pleased and proud of me. I ought to have told you, of course, and you would have reviewed it for me, wouldn't you, Hal? And then I might even have gone into a second edition."

"No reason in the world why you shouldn't now," he said, trying to comfort her. "One bad review can't spoil a book—and the *Planet* was very eulogistic. Come, dear, you must cheer up about it."

"Ah, did you read that notice in the *Planet*, then?"—she brightened involuntarily—"It made me ever so happy. But the *Crescent* is more influential. And at the very outset a review like this is enough to ruin a beginner's book. Just listen!"

She began to read aloud some of the passages in which he had laid himself out to assail the work. Farquhar groaned as he heard, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. That he of all men should have done this thing!

"It seems to me pure malice," the trembling little voice went on. "What do you think of this concluding paragraph, for instance?"

> The "Lilies of the Field" are scarcely likely to blossom in such feeble soil as this. If "Reginald Denton" will accept a well-meant word of counsel, she—for the writer is misguided enough to seek to palm off her inanities under cover of a masculine cognomen—she will in future eschew the perilous paths of literature, and return perchance to the more fitting occupation of knitting socks, and other legitimate feminine pursuits.

"Cruel!" he could only mutter, desperately. "To hurt the sweetest little heart on earth! Never mind, dear. Try to forget the thing, and I will do my best to boom the book all round the clubs and everywhere. We'll show them that the *Crescent* is no good at all as a judge of literature."

But the mischief had been done; the poison was working. Farquhar did not dream the

Google

effects of his review could be so far-reaching. Several lesser lights took their cue from it, and almost a dozen unfavourable notices appeared within three weeks, quite counteracting the few friendly criticisms which had led the way. From the day "Dreary Drivel" was published, the sale of "Lilies of the Field" grew less and less, until gradually it ceased to move altogether. He had killed the book!

"I wonder if Northcote Boyd is satisfied?" Stella said to him one day, with a dreary little smile. "I wonder if he realises what a first book is to a young writer—the blood and tears which go to the making of every page. No one who has not produced a book can know what it means."

The pain in her voice made him wince. "Don't take it so to heart, dear," he implored. "You are far too sensitive about it. Do try and forget."

"You don't understand," she replied, turning wearily away. "You are a man—I suppose women feel more. I cannot forget—it was my heart, Hal! I worked at it day after day, and often half the night as well—every word of it was dear to me—I put my best into it! And now it has been killed by the pen of 'Northcote Boyd' and buried in two columns of the *Crescent*." She laughed hysterically, and the man told himself that his punishment was more than he could bear.

Nemesis had indeed overtaken Farquhar. His thoughtless action had been punished a thousandfold, for not only did Stella take the affair to heart in an incredible degree, but to add to the torture which the sight of her grief occasioned him, he was continually haunted by the fear that, sooner or later, she would discover the hand that had struck her.

"Who is Northcote Boyd?" she repeated.

It made him shudder to think of it; and to-night the sense of impending calamity was stronger than ever, for Stella had asked him to take her to dine at Pinsuti's—the restaurant above all others patronised by the *Crescent* men. He would be certain to meet some one or other of them, and nothing seemed more likely that by some fell mischance, his identity with Northcote Boyd would be discovered.

Stella, however, had set her heart on the promised expedition. She was eager to see, at close quarters, the literary and artistic

Google

celebrities who foregathered there, and of whom he had so often spoken to her. Anything seemed worth while which helped to cheer her. Flinging prudence to the winds, he hailed a cab, and together they went down to Fleet-street.

For a time, all was well. He chose a table in the most secluded corner of the room; there were no pressmen about as yet, and Stella was delighted with everything. She talked and laughed with all her old vivacity, and took the deepest interest in the people he pointed out. The *Crescent* men did not generally arrive before half-past eight or so; if they could get away before then, all might yet be well. They had a delightful dinner, and Farquhar at length managed to shake off a little of his despondency.

Then came a portent of evil. A couple passed on their way out, engaged in animated conversation—a very handsome woman, dressed in a magnificent black and silver costume, and a man well-known as a dramatic critic of eminence.

"But, my dear lady," he was saying, "consider—an editor is only a man after all!"

The woman looked back at him over a white shoulder.

"No journalist is a man," she laughed; "they are all charm-proof neuters!" Stella observed the effective play of her lashes. They did not catch his answer, but the lady's reply was quite distinct.

"Oh, you critics!" she added, with another silvery laugh. "Why you're the worst of all. You would kill the book of the woman you had kissed an hour before, and think nothing of it!"

A leaden weight seemed to fall on Farquhar's heart. He stole a glance at his companion who had gone pale.

"I wonder if Northcote Boyd has ever killed where he has kissed?" she said, wistfully.

"Hullo, Northcote!" he cried out.

He did not trust himself to answer, but, calling the waiter, paid his bill and got up to leave. Almost as he did so the door opened, and the next moment one of his colleagues on the *Crescent* was coming towards them.

With a groan of despair Farquhar recognised the man. It was Harrington, the one above all others whom he was anxious to avoid, on account of his invariable habit of addressing him by his pseudonym.

"Come along," he exclaimed hurriedly, seizing Stella's cloak. "You can put this on outside . . . A man I don't want to meet," he added in a lower tone, seeing her bewildered expression. "Quick, now!"

Stella hastened on as fast as she could. "Some dun or other, I suppose, she said, smiling. "Naughty boy!"

But Harrington had already noticed Farquhar and hurried out of the room after him. Stella was a few steps in front and he imagined Farquhar to be alone.

"Hullo, Northcote!" he called out, at the top of the stairs. "Hi, there, Northcote Boyd! You're in a deuce of a hurry!"

Stella flashed round in an instant.

"Who—where is Northcote Boyd?" she cried, wonderingly. "Where is he, Hal?"

Farquhar stood on the staircase between the two, his face ashen. There was no other man in sight. Her gaze swept the landing and returned to him.

"Harold?" she said.

"Er—I—" stammered the bewildered Harrington from the stair above.

Stella turned to him sharply, "Why did you call this gentleman 'Northcote Boyd?'" she asked in a low voice, looking fixedly at him. "I have a particular reason for asking."

"Er—a pen-name of his, madam," he

Digitized by Google

replied, in confusion—and then, *sotto voce*, when he saw the expression which came over her face—"Beastly sorry, if I've let anything out, Farquhar. Afraid I've put my foot in it."

Stella turned and passed on without a word. Farquhar's eyes were blazing.

The commissionaire hailed a hansom. For a second they stood waiting on the kerb, but he dared not look at her. They had been going to the Lyceum, but now he gave the cabman the address in Denton-street instead.

No word was spoken during the short drive. Stella unlocked the door of the flat with her latch-key, and he followed her in silence to the drawing-room, turning on the electric-light as he passed.

She sat down and faced him. Her white quivering face was utterly pathetic.

"It—it's true?" she asked, swallowing painfully.

"God forgive me, darling," he stammered, "I——"

"Please go. I can't bear any more," she said, simply. "I'll send you—your letters, and—and the ring."

"Stella!" he cried, imploringly. He had never dreamed of this. "Only listen to me—I never knew—I swear——"

"Please leave me alone," she repeated, a piteous little break in her voice. "W—won't you do even *that* for me?"

"Is all our love to count for nothing?" he protested, vehemently.

A spasm of pain passed across her face. "It was all the world to me," she said, slowly, "and I—I cannot love a liar and a coward."

"I will explain everything," he cried, passionately. "Stella! Stella! Only listen, only think—all our love against such a little thing. You can't really mean it?"

"It was not a little thing," she repeated, beneath her breath. "It was my heart."

The first train starts at six p.m.,
For the land where the poppies grow;
The Mother dear is the engineer,
And the passengers laugh and crow.

The Palace-car is the Mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
Then the passengers wink and blink and nod,
And fall asleep in the train.

But what is the fare to Poppyland?
I hope 'tis not too dear!
No! the price is this, one loving kiss—
And it's paid to the Engineer!

At eight p.m. the next train starts,
For the Poppyland afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

So I ask of Him who children took,
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge I pray of the trains each day
That leave at six and eight!"

E. R. Louden.

Google

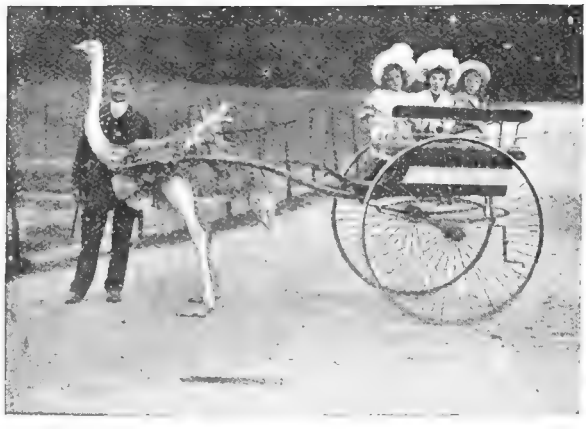
CURIOSITIES OF PARIS LOCOMOTION.

Illustrated with Photographs by Lancelot Bayly.

By Ellsworth Douglass.

It is said that all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; but the average Englishman, who detests the sight and abhors the smell of a motor-car, would find the paradise turned to purgatory if he chanced to be sent, after his very respectable demise, to haunt the Avenue de la Grande Armée in that city.

Apropos, it was the "day of the dead" in the Catholic calendar, that is the second of November, when the truth of the foregoing observation was forced upon me. French holidays are few (except the one they are having all the time), and the Parisians were certainly making the best of this one. It occurred to me that the day, instead of sending them mournfully to the cemeteries, had merely reminded them of Mr. Bill Nye's advice to "have a good time while you are alive, for you will be a long time dead!" At any rate, all Paris was on wheels of one description or another, and was scorching and quacking over the avenues and boulevards, hurrying to the parks, to the races, to the suburban gardens and cafés. I was bound afoot for the Bois de Boulogne.



A feathered Biped in Harness.

The ostrich which draws a children's wagonette in the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

To get there I merely had to cross "Big Army Road," as the Avenue would doubtless be called in London. It is really three streets, two railway tracks, three broad sidewalks, a shaded promenade, and an asphalt bicycle path, all welded into one gloriously broad avenue, leading from the Arch of Triumph to the Maillot Gate.

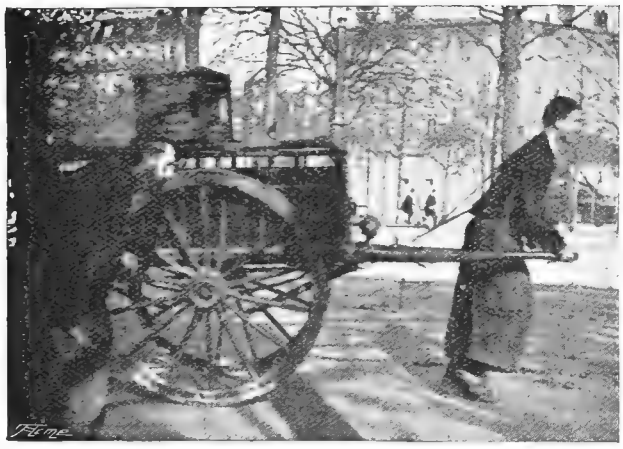
I managed to cross it; but that is because I am a man, more or less keen of eye, quick of movement, and, perhaps, over confident of my ability to take care of myself. Had I been a timid woman, I should be there yet, looking up and down in my bewilderment for a policeman to stem the tide of wheeled traffic, which knows no bobby's truncheon, and never slackens for mere pedestrians. I recall dodging two steam tram-trains running in opposite directions, two three-horse buses, eighteen or twenty bicycles, three motor-carriages, two automobiles, a voiturette, five motocycles, and a distance-eating motocyclette, or self-propelled bicycle. But what struck me most was the solitary coachman, completely hemmed in by this concourse of self-propelled vehicles, swearing in desperation and vainly trying to extricate his neglected *fiacre*. Even his travel-weary horse seemed to surrender to the inevitable and resignedly to join in that cry so infectious in France: "Vive l'Automobilisme!"

This was no special occasion for the dis-

Copyright by Ellsworth Douglass in the United States of America, 1899.

Google

play of motor-cars; no procession or intended exhibition of them. It was just a winter holiday which happened to impress me with the extraordinary development and rapid pace of self-propelled traffic in Paris. There were fancy automobiles driven by liveried footmen, with milady and her poodle in the comfortable rear seat; there were young men on motor-tricycles, hauling a staid father and mother in a two-wheeled cart behind for a swift run through the parks; there were enthusiastic *chauffeurs*, mud-spattered and reckless, off for a trip to Versailles or Fontainbleau; there were jolly *bourgeois*, rubicund and rotund, with well-packed hampers to be emptied in the gardens of St. Cloud or the forest of St. Germain; and there were faultlessly dressed gentlemen, remnants of the nobility, enjoying their latest and most exhilarating fad.



Unfeathered Bipeds who draw the Fruit and Vegetable Carts of Paris.

I caught the infection of it, became enthusiastic over it, went back through it to my hotel for my camera and spent several hours in photographing the most interesting specimens of it. With all the crowd, with all the rush, with all the reckless speed such as would be permitted in no other city on earth, I saw no accidents and heard of none. It is characteristic of the Paris authorities that instead of suppressing or restricting automobilism, they have recognised it as an advance of civilisation and have encouraged it. There are some cities which struggle against every innovation, and shun a new idea, as they would the invading army of the enemy, but it is not so in Paris. The city authorities soon became convinced that a motor-car is better governed, and more easily stopped than a horse. They simply require that every driver or conductor of a motor-car or motocycle must know how to do it. He must have thoroughly learned from a competent teacher and carry with him a certificate to that effect. In case of an accident, if he should fail to produce this certificate it would go hard with him.

Before taking up the automobile pictures in detail we have two very different sorts of bi-peds in harness to consider. From the place where the Avenue de la Grande Armée turns into the Bois de Boulogne, there is a sort of minature tramway, with little cars on a narrow track, and drawn by a single pony or mule, on which the French children delight to ride to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. In this garden they first become acquainted with strange birds, beasts and plants, which are brought from distant lands and acclimatised there. The obliging ostrich, shown in the photograph with which this article opens, is the largest acclimatised bird there. He is harnessed somewhat after the fashion of a horse in a

A Motor Tricycle drawing a two-wheel Cart.

Google

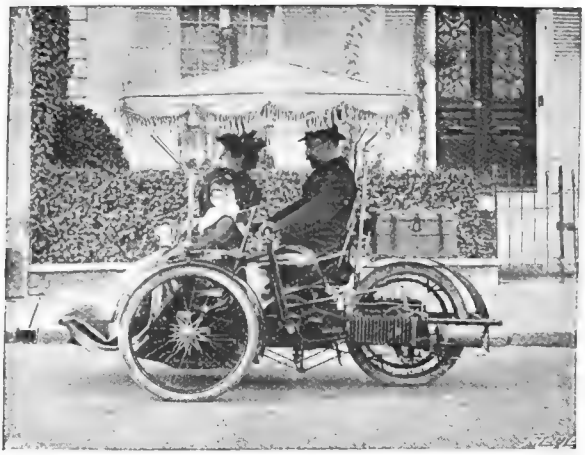


Photo by Dubroni & Co., Paris.

A Family Party off for a Pic-nic.

hansom cab, but he requires to be "personally conducted" by an employé. He would not deign to take a bit in his beak, and he utterly refuses to learn the use of lines, which are only there to please the pretty little passengers whom he is taking about the grounds in the neat little waggonette, especially constructed for him. If he saw a motor-car he would probably leap over the fence and bury his head in the sand, but these are excluded from the Jardin, and he has now become quite accustomed to the half-hourly ascents of the big captive balloon not far from him. This balloon is quite as tame and manageable as he is and affords as much amusement to the children who go up in the basket nearly a thousand feet above the beautiful park, when their parents are not too timid to take them.

Men in harness hauling vegetable carts are quite as common a sight in Paris as mokes in London. If they happen to own a dog, they harness him up with a rope collar to help pull the cart, and it is wonderful how willingly and how vigorously the dogs work at their unusual task. The harnessed men in our photograph have not lost their hats in a strong wind; they are simply "wearing their hair" as the French expression goes, and this is a very common thing among working people. One often sees shop-girls and *bonnes* going to market, walk miles in the rain without hats. They arrange their generous tresses in a sort of shock, coming to a peak like the top of a haystack to shed the rain, and hanging over the brows to keep the sun a little out of their eyes.

But to return to the question of automatic travel, we call attention to the illustration we give of a motor-tricycle (or as the French say, more euphoniously, motocycle) towing a neat cart behind. This very natural addition arose out of a protest by the ladies against being left at home while the men went "burning up" the pretty park roads. Papas take their children, husbands take their wives, and boys take their staid parents through all the joys of "flight on the surface" in this fashion.

Another style of three-wheeled motor is that constructed with the two wheels in front instead of behind. The front seat is well placed to get the best view and catch all the park breezes. It is a favourite seat with the ladies, and those who have once ridden there will never consent to take the rear seat on a tandem bicycle again. The man sitting behind has the guiding wheel in his right hand and the motor regulator in his left.

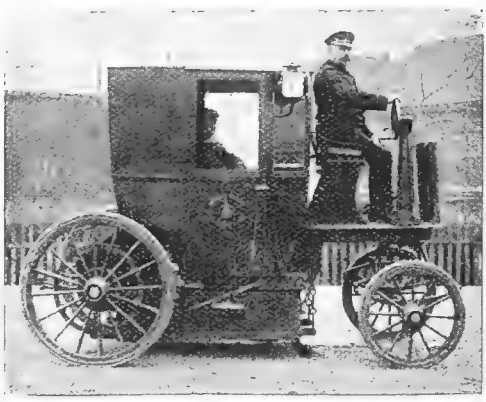
Perhaps a still more convenient form is the family motocycle, which we show above. The front seat is wide enough for mamma and the young hopeful, while the father drives. The canopy top may impede progress a little, but it adds comfort on the ordinary summer day. An ample lunch basket rides over the rear wheel, and the happy family is

Werner Moto-cyclette or Motor Bicycle towing a Cart.

Google

well provided with all that is necessary for a thorough day's enjoyment.

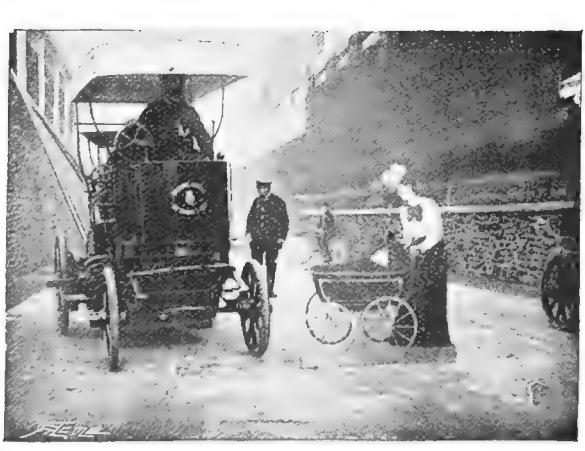
It has long been the fond dream of the wheelman to see a light and convenient motor invented to drive an ordinary bicycle. On heavy roads he has longed for it, and on steep hills he has prayed for it. Let him now look at our illustration of the Werner Motocyclette. The motor is admirably located in view of the cyclist in front of the handles over the front wheel. It is almost a pocket edition, and can be attached to any strong bicycle. It weighs only 22lb., and a still lighter form is now being perfected by the same inventor. It turns at the rate of twelve hundred revolutions per hour, and imparts motion by means of a leather belt, sewing-machinewise, directly to the front wheel. Inside the frame, below the seat, is a compact reservoir, carrying enough petroleum essence to drive the wheel more than sixty miles, but one must count on a less distance if he wishes to take a friend in tow in the neat wicker cart which trails behind. The great advantage of motocycles having pedals is that they need no awkward starting apparatus, such as automobiles require. The ordinary motor-car appears to be uninitiated to be running away when it is standing perfectly still, as there is such a violent revolution of the fly-wheel used for starting them. This motocyclette is started with the pedals, which are arranged on a rachet, and need not revolve when the motor is well in motion.



A Parisian Motor Cab.

In case of an accident to the machinery the rider is not put to his wits' end to get home. He simply pedals home as on an ordinary bicycle, and charges the little extra exertion to the fun he has had with the motor on more propitious occasions. The weight of the entire bicycle and motor in our photograph (exclusive of cart) is only 67lb., and it really seems to realise the ideals of swiftness, lightness, and the liberty to take any sort of roads, even very narrow paths which would be closed to other motors. The success of these machines has been demonstrated by twenty months hard usage in France, and in such countries as Algeria, Servia, Turkey, and even Madagascar. Over reasonably good roads a speed of twenty miles per hour can be maintained.

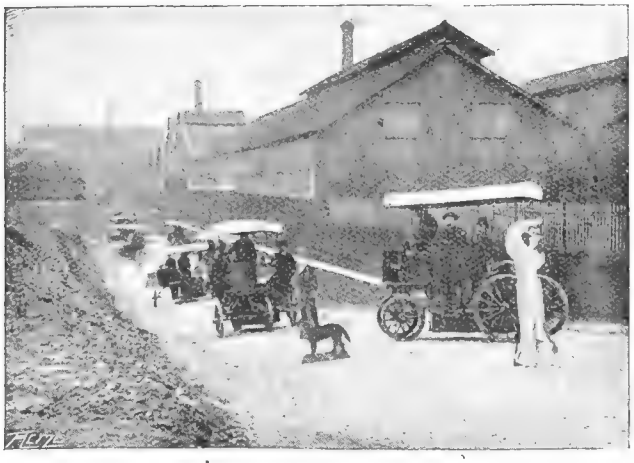
The only sort of motor-cars which have not been seen in Paris are those which are commonest in London, namely: public carriages plying for hire. The opening for such is exceedingly promising, since nearly every resident of Paris is deeply interested in automobilism, and wild with desire to ride in some sort of motor carriage. The Compagnie General des Voitures recognised this long ago and saw that the future was likely to leave their one-horse victorias in the cold. They began experimenting with petroleum motors with satisfactory results, until they were assailed by the grave question of the vile smell a dozen such carriages would give off about a station where they might be in waiting. That set M. Bixio, the director of the company, to investigating and experimenting with electric motors,



Motor Cab Drivers being taught on the specially prepared Track, with its Dummy Figures.

Google

with most satisfactory results. Three styles of such carriages have for some time been built for this company, which will in due time circulate over the Paris thoroughfares for hire at the regular rates now charged for horse-drawn carriages. But so far they have only served to teach the small army of coachmen employed by this company, how to conduct a motor-car over every sort of road and through every sort of obstacle.



Looking down the Track.

The Paris authorities insist that each such conductor must have a diploma from the police department certifying to his ability to manage the motor. To give all the coachmen proper training, the company has built at considerable expense and great pains, a practice track at Aubervilliers, which is a decided novelty in its way. One part of it is built at the same slope as the steepest street in Paris; here it is paved with brick, there with wood, and in another place with vitreous blocks or asphalt. There are stretches of common dirt road and loose sand, and in one place it crosses a number of tram-tracks.

But this is not all. It was necessary to train the conductors to dodge the crowds of the Paris streets. A training which took no account of careless pedestrians, helpless children and reckless bicyclists would be of small account. So the ingenious M. Bixio has devised a score or more of dummy figures which are scattered in confusion, here and there, down the slope of the practice track.

A special design of carriage has been built for convenience in teaching the primary class of would-be conductors. The instructor is seated in front, with his right hand on the steering wheel, his left on the motor regulator and his feet on the brakes. Behind him, stand the pupils watching his operations and receiving preliminary instructions.

After a few lessons of this sort, the pupil is put in the seat and the instructor walks by his side or stands behind him. The dog, the nurse with the baby, and all the other things are only make-believe figures, which require but a light touch of the motor wheels to fall over dead and testify against the conductor.

Soon under full speed he dashes down the hill, cutting between a woman with a perambulator and a boy on a bicycle; then he passes two more heedless boys and a stupid *bonne* with a big basket and other equally indifferent figures.

A dignified man created by some scene-painter, has drawn himself up in the middle of the road and refuses to budge. The driver turns his wheel, whisks past, and goes his way. At the end of the hill he must turn and dodge the same difficulties on the up-hill journey, which is quite a different problem.

Looking up the Track.

Google

PRAYING WHEELS.

By Lewis Stevens.

The religion of the lamas of Thibet is a most accommodating one, especially in regard to the many prayers which have, on pain of heavy penalties, to be offered to the Deity. To recite the requisite number of prayers per day, not even the many thousands of lamas in the country would suffice, but an ingenious device has been brought into requisition which enables even the most ignorant and busy to "pray" without ceasing.

The prayer-wheel has been described many times before, but we are able to present our readers with an exceptionally interesting photograph of a praying machine which stood in a Thibetian village.

The wheels are not only inscribed outside with prayers, but the cylinders are also full of little slips of parchment with invocations of the Deity and petitions written upon them. The machine stood in the village square by the side of a monastery, and it was open to any faithful Buddhist to give the wheels a twirl as he passed.

Throughout the day the wheels would, almost without ceasing, keep up a series of spasmodic spins, urged on by various devout worshippers. Each time the cylinders revolved, the whole of the prayers contained in and upon them were supposed to go up to God, and to be accepted by Him as readily as if they had been said by the devotee.

From a Photo.

A Thibetian Praying Wheel.

Wheels of this sort are placed in the walls by the street side, and are spun by the passers-by

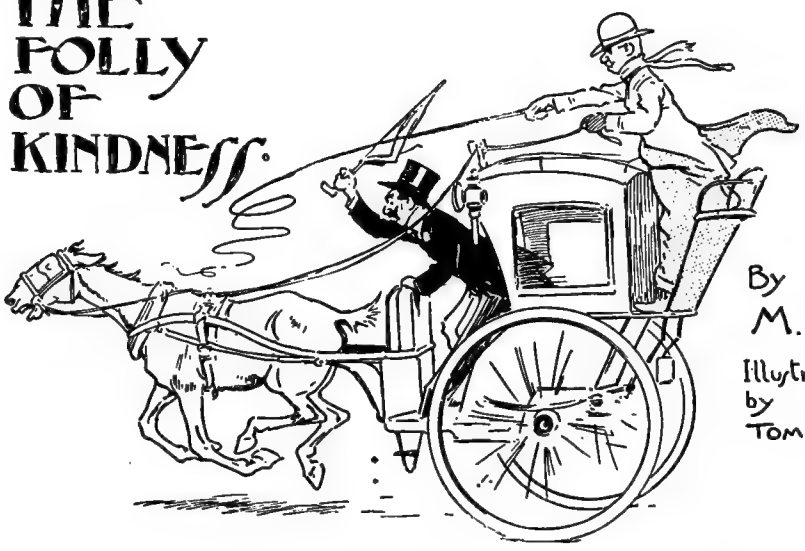
The Buddhists of Thibet have also hand prayer-wheels, which they carry about and twirl as they go, whilst at many monasteries huge cylinders, containing many hundreds of prayers, are turned perpetually by wind or water power.

A traveller, recently returned from Thibet, says that at Soonum he saw several large prayer cylinders arranged over rivers and streams, and the people of the village considered themselves in a very special way the favoured of the gods. In one instance the prayer cylinder was nothing more or less than an ordinary beer barrel, which had been filled with parchment prayers and fixed on a pole. The other end of the pole was in the water, and had a rough horizontal fan-wheel affixed to it.

Here we see a distinctly practical method of devotion. The power of water is harnessed by civilisation and turned to many useful purposes, but scarcely to that of praying on our behalf.

Google

THE FOLLY OF KINDNESS.



By M. DENNIS

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE.

I ASK for no sympathy. Some, perhaps, may think that my narrative displays me in a ridiculous position. I do not hold that view. still, if any foolish person likes to laugh at me he may. But sympathy I absolutely decline.

For many years I devoted a large slice of my leisure to a dutiful endeavour to enliven the old age of my Uncle Janson.

Regularly every Sunday afternoon—well, nearly every Sunday afternoon—I called upon him about half-past six and stayed to dinner.

I will do my uncle the justice to admit that his dinners were not bad, and his cigars were distinctly smokable. Still on my part I invariably, and often laboriously, kept up a proper show of listening to his reminiscences.

Then, when at last he died, after years of devotion I was insulted by a legacy of five hundred pounds.

Nor was that all.

A whim of the old man's magnified the insult into an outrage.

He left directions that the contents of his will were not to be disclosed until after his funeral; and so my insult was ostentatiously proclaimed in the presence of Benjamin, whom I despise, and Christopher, whom I detest.

We three cousins seldom met. Even at the ceremony of reading the will we met, if I may so put it, as little as possible. I sat myself in one corner of the room, Benjamin slunk into another and Christopher aggressively seized upon a third.

No one spoke until Higgs, the butler, from the odd corner, suddenly asked the glum looking solicitor at the table whether he would like a sandwich. Then Christopher laughed. I mention the fact both to indicate Christopher's character and to record the only laugh he got that day. For old Janson had seen through him after all; and even now the indignation which I feel at my own treatment is tempered by the remembrance of Christopher's expression as it dawned upon him that his transparent toadyism had failed. As for Benjamin, he was not even mentioned in the will. I doubt if anyone, who had a choice in the matter, ever did mention Benjamin.

There were extravagant legacies to the servants (Higgs, a mere butler, getting twice as much as I), that beggarly five hundred to me, the same to Christopher, and then all the rest — and such a rest it was — to Anna. What possessed the old man to pitch on Anna I cannot conceive. True she was his niece, but was not I his nephew? She was perfectly happy out there at Swampton Park. She didn't want the money as I did; she couldn't spend it as I could; she hadn't earned it as I had. So she got it. Still, though justice is justice, I did not for a moment bear any malice towards Anna. Indeed I was only drawn into the painful struggle of which I have to tell by a kindly thought for her. Before the lawyer had quite ceased his droning it occurred to me that I might well go myself to Swampton Park and convey in person Anna's good news.

I am a man of action. In a few seconds

Google

I was out of the house and across the road to the underground railway station. There was no train in Anna's direction for ten minutes; still the rail would be quicker I thought than a cab. Returning to the station door I nearly ran against Christopher, who was just outside in the act of hailing a hansom. I drew back, but most unluckily he had seen me; for he turned, and, in one coarse sentence which I shun to repeat, he indicated to me his sinister intention of proceeding immediately to Anna's. It is right that his exact words should be stated. They were these: "My little lot to your little lot I'm there first."

I drew back, but unluckily for me he turned.

Without waiting to hear my indignant protest he jumped into the cab and was off. I knew Christopher's character; if he got there first he would ask Anna to marry him. I knew Anna's age; if Christopher got there first she would consent. I looked again at my watch; he had nine and a half minutes' start, and a good horse. It was clearly my duty to persevere, but it might be an unpleasantly close race.

The train was late, and when it did come it waited an age in the station. At last it started, but not before another whole minute had been added to Christopher's start. In one minute and three-quarters—a horribly long minute and three-quarters—we reached the next station. There three-quarters of a minute were wasted. The train was delayed, actually kept back, while a fat old woman was prised into the next carriage by the guard. He was impudent, too, to me when, with my watch in my hand, and my head out of the window, I warned him that I should report his conduct to the company. Then another crawl to the next station, and there another unnecessary delay. If it took five minutes to clear two stations how long should I be in reaching Swampton Park? I am no great mathematician, but I managed the calculation on my cuff. To add four minutes for the quarter of a mile from Swampton Park station to Anna's house was the work of a moment, or rather would have been the work of a moment had I not received in its course a sudden mental shock. It flashed upon me that I hadn't the faintest remembrance of the name of Anna's house.

I anathematised the builder's folly, and Anna's folly, and everybody's folly, in not having numbered the houses; and then I settled myself to think.

Rossetti Road, of that I was certain. St. Someone's, Rossetti Road; for I knew that in Anna's red-brick paradise all the houses were in the nominal ownership of saints. But try as I might I could not recall Anna's particular saint. I could only remember that she was near the end of that dreary road, and that there were some very odd saints down her way.

I allow that for a short time I was dejected. I had already gone through much, and the thought that it might be my duty, for Anna's sake, to run backwards and forwards like a startled chicken was depressing.

But I soon took heart again. For Anna no doubt would be well known in Rossetti Road; and, besides, I could remember that every inaccessible ledge on the outside of her villa was guarded by white wood bannisters. That style of decoration could not be very common, even in an artistic suburb. And of course—I wonder that I had not thought of it before—Anna's blinds would be drawn.

Cheered by this thought, I once more attacked my calculations. Soon their completion showed me that I was bound to arrive

Google

at Anna's five minutes before Christopher, even if his horse kept up all the way a speed of twelve miles an hour. Anna would be saved.

I gave up timing the train, lit a cigar, and began to think quietly over what I should say to her.

Obviously Christopher's conduct would force me, for Anna's good, to propose to her, and to propose to her at once. I am no hypocrite, and I do not pretend that I loved Anna—in any strict sense of the word. Still it is sometimes one's duty to make a sacrifice, and I held myself bound to run any risk to prevent the success of Christopher's nefarious scheme.

But my proposal, I felt, must be made as gently as possible.

There must be no shock about it; above all no opening for hysterics. I should have liked ten minutes for a nice graduation, but I could only count on five, and nothing must be left to chance.

It would be unfair to conceal from Anna her altered fortunes, so I would allow half a minute in which to tell her that we were both beneficiaries under our uncle's will. It would not, of course, be necessary to go into details.

I would congratulate her, and possibly she would congratulate me. I allowed another half minute for that. Then I would say that even the circumstances under which we met were brightened by being the bearer of good news to her. It would be impossible to let Anna waste any time there, so I would proceed at once with a reference to the great regard and affection which I had always felt for her. It might be necessary, in common politeness, to pitch the affection a little higher than the facts altogether justified.

I allowed another two minutes. Then I would gently suggest the joining of our fortunes, and end by asking her in so many words to be my wife. I reckoned that I should have a margin of a minute at the least.

My train plunged into the last tunnel. I was getting very near. Beyond the tunnel the railway and the main road from town run alongside one another for some three-quarters of a mile to Anna's station; and Rossetti Road is less than another quarter of a mile beyond the station.

Perhaps it would be inadvisable to smell too strongly of tobacco.

I let down the window, and was instantly deafened by a whistle from the engine. The train was scarcely moving. Another whistle and yet another and the train stopped in the middle of the tunnel. It was scandalous; but as I had prudently allowed a margin I felt that I could spare a few seconds.

But the few seconds grew.

However far I leant out of the left-hand window I could see nothing. Out of the right-hand window a red light was visible low down in the distance, at which I directed some ineffectual observations.

The seconds mounted to a minute. My margin had gone. Still no movement of the train; nothing more to be seen from either window; an awful silence.

Five, ten, twenty seconds. Then suddenly another whistle. Now, no doubt, we should be off. I might not after all be able to mention to Anna those financial considerations, but still—

Thirty seconds; the train had not started. Forty, fifty, another minute; was the thing ever going on again?

I gained nothing by poking my head out of alternate windows; I could no longer sit still; my eyes could scarcely follow the small hand of my watch as it raced through the seconds.

Three minutes. Oh, to be cooped up alone, in a dark hole, unable to do anything but rush from window to window; with that rascal's horse, perhaps, galloping along over my very head! I was possessed with a longing to attempt to push the train along, and then with a frenzied desire to shout out of the window; but, where could I push and to whom could I shout?

I have some idea that when at last the train did creep on again, after a delay of five and a half minutes, I was saying something to someone out of the window; but what it was and to whom I was speaking I cannot remember. Exhausted I sank back on to the seat. The insufferable heat filled my brain with thoughts of old Janson.

As daylight at last began to show, I managed with an effort to get again to the window. The train left the tunnel. There was the road, his road; and there, yes, there was he. I can scarcely bring myself to describe the sight forced upon my eyes. Christopher's hansom; the doors wide open; the driver lashing his horse unmercifully; and Christopher himself belabouring the unfortunate animal with his umbrella. The poor brute was doing his best, though I rejoiced to notice that he had gone a bit lame. Christopher's absolute cruelty compelled me, as the train whizzed past, to shout "Shame" and "Whoa" from the window.

Google

Neither cry seemed to have any effect; and the cab, still galloping, grew smaller and smaller in the distance. As a minute later I rushed from the station I could not catch any glimpse of it. My mind was made up. I would struggle to the end. I would run for it—for her I mean; I would sacrifice everything, even a proper dignity of appearance, in my efforts to save poor Anna from that inhuman villain.

I did run. I started along the straight main road, away from the station and away from the cab. I ran desperately. I could see the place where Rossetti Road and another road branched off together from the high road. Seven lamp-posts only intervened. I ran past four of them; then I had to lessen my speed. Before I could walk to the next post I heard a low rumbling sound. I looked round and there, passing the station, was the cab. I ran more desperately than before. The pain in my side was terrible; I felt that I could run no further. He would pass me then. My indomitable spirit refused to be beaten, and I struggled on. When I had nearly reached the corner, I looked round again; the cab was not a hundred yards behind.

On I raced, reached the corner, turned, and then, after one rapid survey, my mind rose to the desperate occasion.

Rossetti Road lay before me, but, exhausted as I was, I could not hope, without assistance from my brain, to reach its further end before that infernal cab.

When I had nearly reached the corner the cab was not a hundred yards behind.

But right across the second of the two roads which here branch off my quick eye discerned a wooden obstacle, warning the passer-by to beware of an apparently mythical steam-roller. I also noticed, and properly appreciated the fact, that a telegraph boy was strolling towards me down Rossetti Road. I made these observations, and thought out my plan, in an inappreciable fraction of time, and almost as quickly I proceeded to its execution.

"Do you want to earn five shillings?" I shouted to the boy. He stood still, stopped whistling, opened his mouth wide and stared vacantly at me.

I know the signs by which Post Office people depict their failure to grasp what is asked of them.

He had not heard.

It was absolutely necessary to regain my breath. The cab rattled horribly.

"Do you want to earn half-a-crown?" I repeated, each word a separate pant.

"Show us it," he replied.

I threw him the half-crown; made him take one end of the obstacle; seized the other myself, and in a moment Rossetti Road was closed to road traffic.

On again I fled. Past St. Bruno's, St. Leopold's, St. Buildina's, and dozens more. Hastily scanning each as I ran past, I could not spare a moment to look round even when a clattering and a shouting told me that Christopher had reached my obstacle. The third house from the end had the blinds drawn.

Yes, there were the white bannisters; that was Anna's.

I rang both bells, knocked twice, and then, running down into the road, I looked back.

The cab was still the right side of my obstacle, pirouetting round and round. The driver, acting on that general principle so loved by cabmen, was beating his horse and trying at the same time to communicate with Christopher through the trap; while Christopher was endeavouring to dodge the reins to shout back over the roof.

As the servant opened Anna's door to me

Google

I made him take one end of the obstacle; seized the other myself, and in a moment Rossetti Road was closed to traffic.

I saw Christopher jump out and the cabman gracefully flick his hat off with the whip as he sprang.

I hustled the servant off to fetch Anna. I would wait in the hall.

As soon as the woman was out of sight I shot the bolts of the front door. Then a second time I rose to the occasion. Taking my match-box from my pocket I thrust wax matches one by one through the pin-hole into the lock of the latch. The ninth was nearly home when I heard Anna descending the stairs. Out it came again and, slipping it back into my pocket, I advanced to meet her. As I did so a shuffling noise outside, a violent ring of the bell, and a still more violent knock told me that Christopher had arrived.

"Come in here, Anna, will you?" I asked a little loudly, perhaps, "I have urgent news for you."

"Oh, it's you, Edward, is it?" Apparently thinking this not quite the most idiotic question conceivable, Anna paused at the foot of the stairs to add: "And, pray, what is the matter?"

I shook her warmly by the hand as we walked together straight across the hall; indeed, I had to shake her by the hand right into the drawing-room. As I shut the door I saw the servant cross the hall to let in Christopher.

"I think I know your news already," Anna began, with a silly smile, before I could get breath to start. "Dear Benjamin telegraphed to me at once."

The officious busy-body! What on earth had it got to do with him? But I said nothing. I was thinking how to begin. The shaking which the front-door was undergoing baulked me abominably. Suddenly faint exclamations reached me from the hall, and I heard the bolts withdrawn. Only eight wax matches standing, so to speak, between Christopher and me, I felt that I must plunge for it.

"You know, Anna," I said with a convincing wave of my hand "I have never attached importance to mercenary considerations. Doubtless Benjamin's telegram was concerned with some mere matter of money."

Anna seemed to wish to break in, but a crack from the hall warned me to push on.

"You may," I continued, "have suspected, but you cannot have known, what I have come to tell you."

Another crack; I warmed to my work.

"You cannot have known it," I went on, speaking as quickly as I could, "for never before this moment have I breathed of it to a soul. You may well have suspected it, for it is impossible that an affection such as I have long entertained towards you could exist without some occasional indication of its presence. Anna, I have come to-day in some haste, and as you may perceive in some agitation, to tell you that I love you——"

At that point I grasped her hand; and I am perfectly sure that Anna would have blushed had she been a few years younger, and had not a sharp report, like that of a

Digitized by Google

pistol, rang out in the hall. As it was, she jumped up and screamed.

"Be calm, be calm," I shouted to her. As I heard the front door thrown open, I thought it best to scramble quickly to my feet. "It's nothing; nothing ——" I could hear Christopher in the hall—this was no time for further eloquence. I got between Anna and the door. "Anna, I love you madly; will you marry me?"

The door had opened. The servant was announcing Christopher; and in he walked. Anna had not answered me.

With his usual want of manners Christopher pushed past me to shake hands with Anna. On tip-toe, and with a pleading look, I tried to catch her eye over his shoulder. Suddenly he turned to me.

"May I congratulate you?"

I could hardly venture, under all the circumstances, to say anything, but I smiled triumphantly in answer. The fellow turned to Anna, and put the same question to her. This time I caught her eye.

Anna giggled. Anna distinctly giggled. I should pull it off after all! She looked again at me. My eyes beamed with expression.

Finally she looked at Christopher and said, "Yes, I think you may congratulate *me*."

I *had* pulled it off then! I had fought and won! Ah, brains will tell! I had not suffered for nothing. I had saved her! I took a rapid turn up and down the room; and then, notwithstanding some show of reluctance on Anna's part, I kissed her hand. The accent she had put on the "me" was really charming.

Christopher broke in again:

"It's just the least bit sudden, isn't it?" he had the impertinence to ask Anna.

"Not at all," I began hotly; but Anna insisted on interrupting.

"It is a little sudden, I know," she said, "but, you see, as he had paid for a reply, and as——"

"Who had paid for a reply, Anna?" I asked.

"If you will only be quiet, Edward, I will read it to you," she replied.

"What on earth is 'it'?" I demanded.

I do not wonder that Anna looked ashamed of herself as she extracted a telegram from some hiding-place in the front of her dress. I took it from her quickly and read:

"Uncle left you all will you marry me reply paid Benjamin."

"Of course, you haven't answered this thing, Anna?" I asked, still strong in my faith in the woman.

One moment more and that idol went.

"I have just answered 'Yes,'" she said.

I was roused a minute or so later by Christopher's voice, sounding far away, babbling some horrible nonsense about his having had the honour of meeting Cupid's messenger at the end of the road.

'Cupid's messenger,' indeed! Cup—— "Oh, great Heavens!" I should have ejaculated (had I been less affected) as I left the house, "if that—if that" (for I was really very affected)—"if that little whistling lout hasn't my half-crown."

I got between Anna and the door. "Anna, I love you madly; will you marry me?"

Google

SOME FAMOUS LONDON INNS.

By Beatrice Beaman.

The Crown and Treaty House, Uxbridge.
It was here that Charles I. signed the treaty between himself and his Parliament in 1644.

Every year in descriptions of our famous 'Varsity boat-race, mention is made of the "Crab Tree," which is a well-known riverside landmark. Until a few years ago, on this spot stood the old "Crab Tree Inn," which claimed to so great an age that we find it spoken of as a landmark in the fifteenth century, when a certain lord built a house half-way between here and the Bishop of London's palace.

Interesting tales are told of the place when it was the noted abode of smugglers, and it was with great regret that the news of its demolition was received by all lovers of the historical and antique.

In all parts of England may be found inns and taverns of great age and interesting associations, especially in London and its suburbs. In some cases, the names are as household words amongst us, yet probably but few know or trouble their heads about the histories of these ancient hostels.

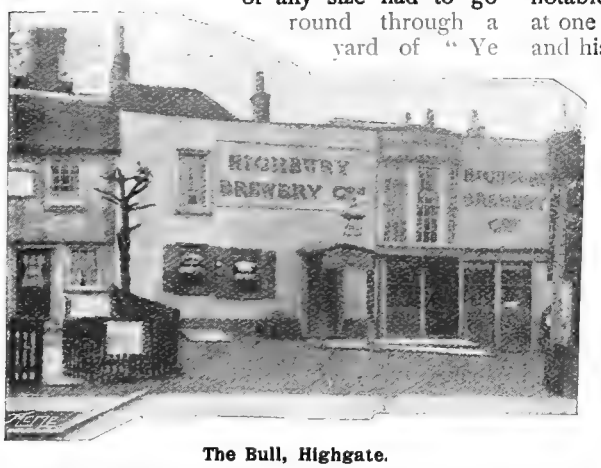
The old saying "He has been sworn at Highgate," meaning "he is a knowing fellow," arose out of the custom of swearing on the horns, practised until a quarter of a century ago at the "Red Lion" and "Olde Gate House," Highgate.

Various reasons have been given for the origin of the custom, of which the most sensible seems to be that graziers, who had cause to stop frequently at the various Highgate Inns, tried on those occasions to keep the accommodation exclusively for themselves. Finding they were unable to do so, they insisted that whosoever wished to join them, should swear brotherhood and friendship on the horns of an ox or stag. A huge pair of mounted horns may still be seen in the "Olde Gate House"

The Crab Tree Inn.
This inn was so ancient that we find it spoken of in the fifteenth century.

Google

hall. The ceremony is too long to detail here, but it is interesting to note that in 1742, a pantomime song on the subject was sung at the Haymarket. Up to 1769, all waggons of any size had to go round through a yard of "Ye



The Bull, Highgate.
Nell Gwynne used to spend a considerable portion of her time at this inn.

Olde Gate House," as they could not pass under the low "Gate" arch on the Highgate Road, which was demolished in that year. Many celebrities have visited this inn in their day, among the number being George Cruikshank and Doctor Johnson.

The present edifice is an ordinary looking building, disappointing in its modernness, though its historic associations remain the same.

"The Angel Inn," on the crest of Highgate Hill, is remarkable for its antiquity, dating as it does from before the Reformation. Doubltess it was originally the Salutation Inn, and when the Virgin was struck out at the time of the Reformation, the angel remained, and became the sign. It is one of the few hostelries still in existence built altogether of wood.

Not far from it stands the "Bull Inn," worthy of note as the favourite resort of George Morland, who used to stand for hours in the inn yard, joking with the waggon and coach drivers. Nell Gwynne, the famous paramour of Charles II., is said to have spent much of her time in this hostel. The club room of the "Bull" contains some interesting relics of former days, whilst its tea gardens, well-known to many a Londoner, with its rustic seats and summer houses, seems to spread an atmosphere of byegone days about the place.

The "Bull and Bush" at Hampstead, a notable public-house in North End, was at one time the frequent resort of Addison and his various friends. In its pleasant tea gardens some curiously made bowers and arbours are still to be seen. The tavern is also renowned as having been once Hogarth's country seat.

The district of Southwark can boast of more than one inn of ancient date. Here stands the "Talbot," once known as the "Tabard," and famous under that name in the "Canterbury Tales." Chaucer says :—

"Befelle in that season on a day
In Southwerke at the Tabard as I lay," etc

The hostel was built in 1307 by the Abbot of Hyde, and was much frequented by pilgrims on their way to Canterbury.

"The White Hart," of Southwark, according to Hatton, had the largest signboard in London, after the "Castle" of Fleet Street. It is supposed to have been the headquarters of Jack Cade in 1450, Shakespeare among others mentioning (in Part II. of Henry VI.) the rebels in Southwark. In the quaint chronicle of Grey Friars we read, "At the Whyt Harte in Southwarke one Hawaydne was beheddyd." Neither the "White Hart" now standing nor its immediate predecessor, which was pulled down some years ago, can lay claim to being the building that sheltered Cade, for in 1876 the whole tavern was burned down by the great fire of Southwark, though the new inn was rebuilt on the model of the old one.

The Bull and Bush, Hampstead.
This inn was once Hogarth's country seat.

Digitized by Google

"The Pack Horse," at Chiswick, has been well known for over two centuries, as we find it mentioned in an advertisement in 1697. Here Walpole frequently stopped on his journeys to and from Strawberry Hill. The very name takes one back to old days and primitive modes of travelling.

A famous inn is the "Bald-Faced Stag" of Edgware, and dear to the heart of the London cyclist. It is evidently a relic of great antiquity, but it would be hard to fix its exact age, and, though partially rebuilt, the greater part of it retains the form of bygone centuries. The culprits of the Gill's Hill murder are said to have stayed here with a cart containing their victim's dead body, ere they threw it into the pond, to which it was afterwards consigned. Dick Turpin was a frequenter of this tavern, and it is here that he is supposed to have had his horse's shoes turned, so as to make his pursuers imagine he had gone in an opposite direction. Over the parlour door hangs a horse-shoe, worn by a horse that broke its neck in a stag hunt, the fortunate rider escaping uninjured.

The "King's Head," Chigwell, opposite the Church, is a long plaister-fronted inn, with projecting storeys and fanciful gables, dating from the time of the Stuarts. The sign is a portrait of Charles I. painted by Miss Herring, several years ago. Dickens accurately describes this Inn in his description of the *Maypole*, and they are undoubtedly identical the one with the other.

Gordon, in Barnaby Rudge, is supposed to have put up at this inn. Dickens was a great lover of the place, as may be gathered from the following extract from a letter by

King's Head, Chigwell.

This inn was a very favourite place of Dickens, and is described in "Barnaby Rudge."

him to John Foster—"Chigwell, my dear fellow, is the greatest place in the world." The "King's Head" contains on its first floor a large and interesting room known as "John Chester's Chamber."

"Jack Straw's Castle" at Hampstead is by no means an old inn, but it is a fairly interesting one all the same, and has long been noted for its public and private dinner parties and open-air entertainments. In the "Cabinet of Curiosities," published in 1822, the following four lines on this tavern are to be found, namely :—

"With best of foods—of beers and wines,
Here you may pass a merry day.
So shall mine host while Phœbus shines,
Instead of straw, make good his hay."

Jack Straw was second in command to Wat Tyler, and was to have been made king of one of our English counties had the rebellion succeeded. Probably on account of his celebrated confession his name alone of the rioters of that time has associated itself with any local habitation. His "castle" was a mere hovel on the hill side. Both this inn and the adjacent "Castle" boast Romney, Blake, Morland, Dickens, and others as frequent visitors in their day.

Castle Hotel and Jack Straw's Castle.

Over the kitchen fireplace of the former there was a mantel-tree, made from the post of a gibbet. Jack Straw was second in command to Wat Tyler.

Google

The "Castle Inn" had in 1818 the post of a gibbet as mantel-tree over the fireplace of the kitchen, and outside an elm tree still marked the spot where Jackson, the noted footpad, was hanged.

King James and the Tinker Inn.
This inn is still standing, although it is now 988 years old.

A truly historical hotel is the beautiful "Star and Garter," of Richmond, with its princely accommodation and stately appearance. It was built originally in 1738, and so limited was its size that not a single person could be housed for the night. A drawing by Herne of the primitive building is still kept and exhibited. In 1794, an important view of Richmond was taken, and it is supposed this was done from the "Star and Garter."

The little inn was at its worst in the baby years of our own century, when not a whole pane of glass could be found in its windows! Then Christopher Crean, the Duke of York's cook, bought it, renewed and enlarged it, and opened it as an hotel in 1809. At his death, his widow kept up the business, but the hotel was chiefly noted for its high prices! However, it thrived until twenty-eight years ago, when a terrible fire entirely destroyed it. On its site a palace has been erected.

The "Red Lion" Hotel, of Henley, is probably identified with more historical associations than any other inn in the kingdom. Charles I. and Prince Rupert are both reported as having stayed here, and the great Duke of Marlborough here furnished a room for himself, sleeping in it before starting for his various famous campaings. In July, 1788, the King and Queen and Princesses breakfasted here. General Blücher was a later visitor, and it is authentically reported that George IV. as Prince of Wales dined at the "Red Lion," and ate fourteen mutton-chops! The hotel's chief claim to fame lies in the interesting fact that it was here William Shenstone wrote with a diamond upon the window-pane the well-known lines:

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's special grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

The sign of the "King James and the Tinker" at Enfield is probably unique. This inn is still thriving, though it lays claim to nearly a thousand years of existence. It is popularly associated with the well-known ballad of the King and the Tinker, and though the poem is essentially a Border ballad, the inn must have been connected with some episode of the kind. According to the legend King James I., having lost his followers during the chase one day, wandered about in the forest till he came to an inn, where sat a tinker having a modest drink. The King began talking to him, and asked

The Plough, Kingsbury Green.
This is amongst the oldest of English inns. It is said to be over 800 years old.

Google

him "What news, honest fellow?" to which the tinker replied that there was none save that the King was out hunting in the forest, and added that dearly he would like to see him. At this the King told him to get up behind him on his horse and he would show him the King. "But," said the tinker, "how shall I know which is he among all the grand nobles?" To which the King replied: "The King will be covered, the nobles all bare." So up got the tinker, but great was his dismay on finding out he had been talking to the King all the time, and besought for mercy on his knees, "like one that was frightened out of his wits." King James, however, did for the tinker a very good thing indeed, making this mender of kettles, and lover of good ale, a "knight with five hundred a year." An old oil-painting representing the chief incidents of this story, was found in London some years ago, and a copy of it is to be seen at Enfield.

"The Plough Inn," at Kingsbury Green, is supposed to be over eight hundred years old, but possesses no other interest save its antiquity. Those who would visit it are warned not to get lost in Hendon lanes and fields on the way.

The "Fighting Cocks," of St. Albans.

This inn is also known as "Ye Rounde House," and claims to be 1,227 years old.

Probably the oldest inn in England is the "Fighting Cocks," of St. Albans, known also as "Ye Rounde House," and claiming to be twelve hundred and twenty-seven years old.

"Ye Olde King's Arms," at Sandwich is very old. and of quaint interesting appearance, with its projecting upper storey, and pointed gables. Under the eaves is some curious carving, dated 1613.

The photographs for this article were taken by W. J. Burnell, London.

AN AMPHIBIOUS ARRANGEMENT.

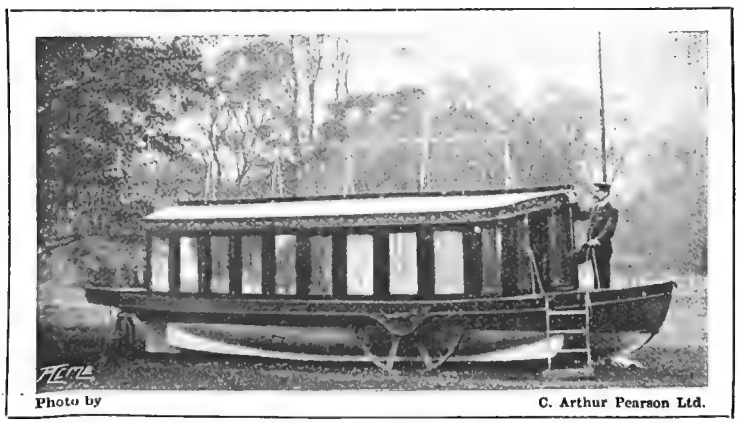


Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

This queer-looking craft used to be on Virginia Water, and was built for the double purpose of travelling in the water and on the land. The Prince of Wales has frequently used it. Its present home is at Twickenham.

Google

A Good Sign

Perfect health is a sure sign of intelligence in the selection of food. A wise choice of food includes Quaker Oats, for it is extremely nutritious, delicious, easily digested and economical.

If you value your health, a prudent pleasure dwells in Quaker Oats. Easy to buy; easy to cook.

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

THE WORLD'S BREAKFAST

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

SINDELAR PAUL F. BERRICK ADV'G AGENCY

Doctors recommend it and

Nurses endorse
the fact that Babies thrive on

Robinson's PATENT BARLEY.

WITH MILK.

Mothers are delighted at the results of

Robinson's PATENT BARLEY.

which is a fine powder prepared from the finest Barley Scotland produces.

Babies crow with delight after taking

Robinson's PATENT BARLEY.

Sold in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins by all the best Grocers, Stores, &c.

Google

Inside and Outside.

It is the fellow who stands inside the house and looks out through the window that most enjoys the storm. How jolly to see the passers-by struggling against the wind or scudding before it, their coat collars up to their ears, their hats jammed down on their heads, slapping and slashing over the flooded pavements, soaked to the skin, maybe, cursing the weather with what breath they may have left, as they pelt and writhe along the road. Great fun, I say, this is for the man who looks out through the window. Not his are the wet clothes "clinging like cerements," as poor Tom Hood said about the girl who had ended her sorrows, as so many do, in the Thames. Not his the able-bodied chance of catching a bad cold and getting floored with rheumatism or pneumonia. Oh, no; he is on the right side of the brick wall, snug as a bug in a rug, and dry as a bone. So he just fills himself full up with what is probably one of the meanest forms of delight, the enjoyment of witnessing the miseries of others. You may not believe it, but I know people who take a distinct and positive pleasure in attending funerals for the sake of looking upon the grief of the afflicted, and hugging the idea that it is somebody else and not they themselves who is being macerated and ground up in the merciless mill of sorrow.

On the same lines we may regard strong healthy persons; they who have been hearty as pigs all their lives; they who eat like hungry horses and sleep like policemen off duty; who have scarce ever had a pang or a pain, and fancy that illness in others is a culpable weakness, if not an absolute sin. I have a notion to add that chronically well people are the coldest blooded wretches on earth. There! I *have* said it, and it's true. If the reader is one of them, he can skip the following letter if he likes. There are plenty more to whom it will be an advantage to peruse it carefully.

"For over ten years," says the writer, "I had suffered from indigestion and weakness. I felt weak, low, and heavy. I had no appetite, and when I sat down to the table, often I could not touch a morsel of food. After meals I had excruciating pains at the chest, through to the back: also a gnawing constant pain under the shoulder blade. I had frequent bilious attacks, being so sick that I could not lift my head from the pillow.

"At night I was restless, getting no proper sleep, and in the morning feeling worse tired than when I went to bed. I was much swollen about the waist, and was constantly belching wind. I got gradually weaker and weaker, it being a misery to get about. I continued like this for ten years, never being well, not knowing what it was to enjoy my meals. I saw doctor after doctor (I am sure that I consulted twenty doctors), who gave me medicines, but I received no benefit from them. They did not suit my case.

"I gave up all hope of ever getting well again, and wished that I was dead, always fretting at my weak state. In April of last year (1896) a pamphlet was sent me by post, and I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My symptoms were accurately described in this small book, and I determined to try it.

"I sent to Mr. Coppin's Stores, Marsham Street, Westminster, for a bottle of this medicine. After taking it a few days I found it was doing me good. I could eat and enjoy my food, which agreed with me. This gave me confidence and I continued with it, and soon all the pain left me, and I felt as strong and well as ever I did in my life. I felt brighter, and could eat anything, nothing coming amiss. I have since kept in good health, taking an occasional dose when required. You can make what use you like of this statement, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) (Mrs) Annie White, 117, High Road, New Southgate, London, N., August 10th, 1897."

This lady is the wife of Mr. H. White, butcher, New Southgate. In private conversation they both speak very enthusiastically of Mother Seigel's Syrup. Mrs White says that although during her long illness she could scarcely walk at all, she can now walk six miles without fatigue. And that is not half a bad tramp, even for a woman who has never been ill Many of them cannot do as much. That our correspondent *can* is a striking illustration of the power of the medicine that cured her. I who write these lines have not always had the luck to be looking out of the window at other people fighting the bad weather. I have been bowed down under the tempest of sickness and pain myself. And so have millions. And it is we who sympathise with Mrs. White and rejoice with her on her recovery.

Google

BRYANT & MAY'S

SPECIAL PATENT SAFETY

MATCHES.

Twenty Prize Medals for Excellence.

Do not contain Phosphorus, and are quite harmless to those employed in their manufacture.

KEATING'S LOZENGES

THERE IS NO BETTER REMEDY IN THE WHOLE WORLD FOR ALL COUGH AND THROAT TROUBLES THAN KEATING'S LOZENGES. ONE GIVES RELIEF. THEY WILL CURE, AND THEY WILL NOT INJURE YOUR HEALTH. THEY CONTAIN ONLY THE PUREST DRUGS.

Sold everywhere in 1/1½ Tins.

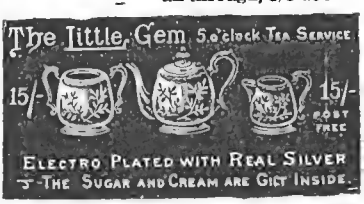
IF YOU WEAR
P&S Corsets
TRADE MARK
YOU FEEL a better woman
YOU LOOK a better woman.
YOU ARE a better woman.
ASK YOUR DRAPER FOR THEM
Illustrated Catalogue Free from
W. PRETTY & SON, IPSWICH

Sheffield Plate and Cutlery

Direct from Makers, saving 50 per cent.
Money returned if Goods not Approved of.

"THE MARVEL" TEA POT.
7/6
OR TEA POT COFFEE POT SUGAR & CREAM COMPLETE FOR
24/6
POST FREE
ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.
FULL SIZE STRONG AND ELEGANT RICHLY ENGRAVED BY HAND

Solid White Bone beautiful Table Knives, **6/-** doz. Dessert **5/6** doz. Carvers, **3/-** pair. Finest White Nickel Silver Tea Spoons, **2 6** doz. Dessert Spoons and Forks, **5/6** doz. Table Spoons and Forks, guaranteed to wear like silver all through, **6/6** doz.



Samples for inspection post free.

Write for our new Catalogue, with hundreds of illustrations. Post free to any address.

Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

T. C. WILSON & CO., LION WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

Google

HOLLOWAY'S
PILLS AND OINTMENT

Are the Best Medicines for all

COMPLAINTS OF THE THROAT, CHEST, LIVER,

Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels; Skin Affections, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma and Inflammation of the Lungs.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND MEDICINE VENDORS

Silvereta

PLATE POWDER.

HARMLESS & NEVER SCRATCHES.

LUSTRE IS BRIGHTER & LASTS LONGER THAN ANY OTHER

Sold everywhere, or Post Free on receipt of 1/- from the Manufacturers, 2, Lorrimore Street, London, S.E.

BATH EUCRYL

In your Bath?

If not, procure it at once.

WHY?

BECAUSE it is antiseptic and wards off disease.
" it safeguards against Colds, Chills, and Influenza.
" it refreshes after exertion and fatigue.
" it strengthens the system against exposure.
" it softens the water and is fragrant.
" it allays irritation of the skin.

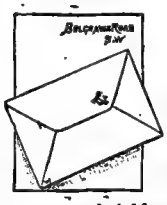
Sold by dealers in Proprietary Articles at 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

A special sample bottle, containing sufficient for six or more baths, will be sent post free on receipt of 6d. by the manufacturers,

MAJOR & Co., Ltd., HULL.

Zo

"DIAMOND" NOTE.



The NEW SIZE for Ladies' Correspondence, made in our popular "Slate Grey" quality.

100 sheets headed with your address and 100 plain envelopes, **2/6.** Postage paid.

Samples of this and our other Specialities in Stationery (including exceptionally cheap Embossed Monograms and Addresses) on application.

SHARP WALKER & Co.

259, High Holborn, LONDON.

WIGS FRINGES TAILS

Artistic, Hygienic, can be redressed in any style, fit guaranteed, finest workmanship, detection impossible. **£4 4s.**

of natural curly and wavy Hair for Cycling, Dancing, Hot Climates, or Sea Voyage, **10/-**, with long hair at back, **15/-**.

of pure long human Hair, extra fine quality, 20 in. **5/6**, 22 in. **7/6**, 24 in. **10 6**, 26 in. **12/6**, Catalogue Illustrated with Instructions in Hairdressing post free

R. M. ALEXANDRE, 30, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

Lutas Leathley & Co's Gigantic Clearance Sale

Immense Reductions. **Stupendous Bargains.**

Double Width Dress Materials, 8d., 9d., 10d., 1/-, 1/4, 1/5, 1/6, 1/8, 1/11, 2/-, 2/4, Black and Colours. Mantlings from 2/1, Suitings from 1/3, Flannels from 7d., Flannelette from 3½d., Calico from 2½d.; Blouse Flannelette, 4½d.; Print, 3½d; Aprons, 10d.; Stockings, 11½d.; Oxford Shirts, 2/2. Splendid variety in Shirting, Towelling, Corsets, Umbrellas, Underclothing, Blankets, Sheets, &c. Skirt Knickers, Aprons, Bodices, Towels, Table Covers, Handkerchiefs, Furs, Gloves, and Curtains. Remnants—Calico, 3/6 and 4/3; Flannelette, 4/6; Blouse, 4/9 and 7/6; Dress Stuffs, 3/9, 6/-, and 8/6 per bundle.

PATTERNS, ILLUSTRATED AND SALE PRICE LISTS FREE.

Last Days of Sale! **Stock Rapidly Diminishing.**

LET THEM ALL COME TO

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO. (Dept. 13), ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Google

Messrs. NICOLE FRERES'

'REGINA' & 'POLYPHON'

MUSICAL BOXES.
Play over 1,000 Tunes.

These Boxes render on steel combs the most exquisite music, with a compass and volume of tone equal to that of a Piano. As a Social Entertainer they are unrivalled. With one winding run **20** to **30** minutes. The tune-sheets are of metal and practically indestructible, while the mechanism is solid yet simple. Handsome cases.

ALL PRICES, FROM 16/6 to 100 GUINEAS.
All Dealers, or Handsome Illustrated No. 94 Catalogue free to readers of ROYAL MAGAZINE.

NICOLE FRÈRES, LTD. (Dept. 94),
21, Ely Place, Holborn Circus, London, E.C. Est. 1815.

"IBIS"

TOOTHACHE & NEURALGIA CURE.

In Bottles, 1/1½, all Chemists, or post free from Maker,

Mr. B. ROBINSON, R.C.S L.D.S., Eng.,
Surgeon-Dentist
29, Seymour Street, Liverpool.

501 PIANOS.

Organs, Harmoniums, and Thousands of Banjos, Mandolines, Brass, Military, and Orchestral Band Instruments, Gramophones, Phonographs, Penny-in-Slot Electrophones, Polyphons, and Symphoniums; also Musical Boxes, and everything in the Music Line, from a Penny Whistle to a 300-Guinea Grand Piano.

YOU SHOULD SEND TO-DAY FOR A CATALOGUE; IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING.

JOSEPH RILEY & SONS,

On Constitution Hill, Birmingham.

Thousands of Customers say: "Best and Cheapest House in the Kingdom," and send no end of unsolicited Testimonials.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Satisfying.
Strengthening.
Soothing
for Infants
Agreeable.
Digestible.
Nourishing.

GOOD! It's MASON'S

MASON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND CHICORY

EXPELS THE OLD METHOD

COFFEE WITHOUT DREGS.

An agreeable, stimulating, and sustaining beverage. Instantly prepared, and most economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle, post free, nine stamps. Also try **MASON'S WINE ESSENCES** and **MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.** Sample bottle of either sent post free for 9d.; Two assorted, 1s. 3d.; Three assorted, 1s. 8d. Agents wanted.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 50 in. wide, 6/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 in. wide, frilled both sides, 1½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/-. Sample Book of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, CRETONNES, TAPESTRIES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, &c., Post Free.

LACE CURTAINS

DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast-room Curtains, floral style, 3 yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide. All taped edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, &c., Post Free.

GORRINGE ART CARPETS.

Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6 ft. by 9 ft., 9/-; 7½ ft. by 9 ft., 11/3; 9 ft. by 9 ft., 13/6; 10½ ft. by 9 ft., 15/9; 12 ft. by 9 ft., 18/-; 13½ ft. by 9 ft., 20/3; 10½ ft. by 10½ ft., 18/6; 12 ft. by 10½ ft., 21/6; 13½ ft. by 10½ ft., 23/9; 12 ft. by 12 ft., 24/-; 13½ ft. by 12 ft., 27/-; 15 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 36/-; 21 ft. by 12 ft., 42/-. HEARTH-RUGS to match, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18 in. wide, 10½d.; 22 in., 1/0½; 27 in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., Nottingham.

Wernicke Elastic Bookcases!

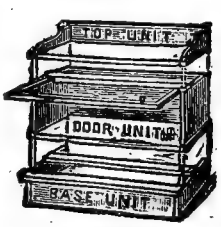
"A System of Units."

A Remarkable and Useful Novelty!

Are always complete but never finished—small enough for 10 or large enough for 10,000 books. Never too large and never too small. Dust-proof, convenient, and attractive. Varieties to suit every requirement. **Cannot be bought elsewhere!** Invaluable for Public and Private Libraries, and to all Book Lovers. Send for Handsome Illustrated No. 90 Booklet, free to readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

TELEPHONE: 317, HOLBORN.

THOS. TURNER (Leicester), LTD.,
44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
23, Snow Hill, Birmingham.
7 & 9, Newarke Street, Leicester.



The Units.

WATCH BUYERS PLEASE NOTE

THAT

Henry E. Peck's PIONEER Lever Watch

as shown, is the most marvellous Watch ever offered to the public.

It can only be bought from Henry E. Peck.

Read carefully the description underneath. You will see every point as described faithfully. There,

I COURT EXPERT CRITICISM.

It cannot be bought at any other Shop.

Showing Dial.

Only 30/- Worth 60/-

Don't listen to the Watch jobber, who tells you he has a watch just as good, which only means that he wants you to buy something which possibly his grandfather had in stock, something very inferior, and could not possibly compare with the **Pioneer Lever** if you gave **£5 5s.** for it.

The "PIONEER" WATCH

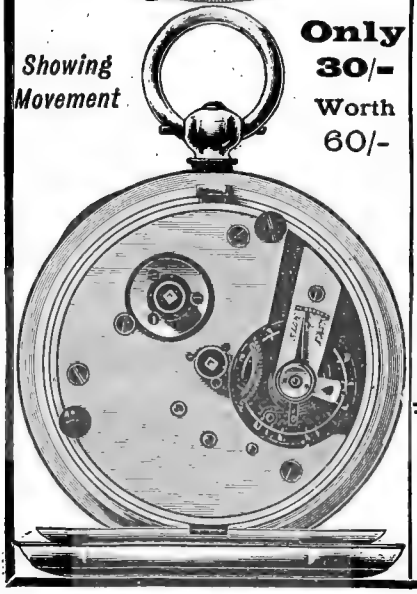
Gent's Solid Silver Hall-marked Cases, crystal glass, three-quarter plate movement. Properly adjusted.

Patent Lever, straight line escapement, compensation balance, jewelled in 15 actions, visible ruby pallets, hard white enamel dial, sunk seconds.

Interchangeable movements made on the one gauge system. Hardened and tempered hair-spring. Dust-protecting rim caps. Timed and fit for pocket. No delay whatever.

H. E. PECK, 71, Ludgate Hill, LONDON. **Only 30/-** Worth 60/- **Keyless, 35/-** **H. E. PECK, 71, Ludgate Hill, LONDON.**

Showing Movement



Only 30/- Worth 60/-

ONE OR TWO OTHER POINTS.

One Month's Free Trial.

A 60/- Watch for 30/-

I guarantee it to last a lifetime. Five years' warranty. Money refunded if not more than satisfied.

***PLEASE NOTE.*—I rely upon you to submit this bargain Watch to all your friends, thus helping me to enhance sales, as the infinitesimally small profit received by me for the "*Pioneer*" Lever necessitates my selling immense quantities.**

ALSO SPECIALLY NOTE.

I Stock a very fine range of Ladies' Watches and Jewellery.

SEND CASH. We send Watch next Post. No delay. Always in Stock.

MY handsome Catalogue of every description of Watches, Jewellery, Electro Plate, Cutlery, Clocks, &c., &c., is printed and published and waiting for YOU. SEND FOR IT AT ONCE. Post Card will do. All goods sent subject to customer's approval, and may be returned and money refunded if not thoroughly satisfactory.

HENRY E. PECK,

Lever Watch Manufacturer,

71, LUDGATE HILL, AND LUDGATE ARCADE, LONDON, E.C.

Post Office Orders to H. E. PECK, General Post Office, London.

Google

HAMILTON'S

IRISH HOMESPUNS

BEAT THE WORLD FOR HARD WEAR.

Guaranteed hand-spun and hand-woven from pure wool only. The only perfect material for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, and sport and country wear generally. Beautifully soft, light, and warm. Equally suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Prices from 21d. per yard. All goods carriage paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free on application. Address DESK 9.

THE WHITE HOUSE,

Depot for Irish Peasant Industries,

PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

INSIST UPON having your FURNITURE Upholstered in 'PANTASOTE' (REGISTERED TRADE MARK.)

The Best Substitute for Leather.

Equal in Appearance and Wear at

HALF THE PRICE.

Write for nearest Agent to

WM. E. PECK & CO. (Incorporated)

8, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

BELL'S DYE-WORKS PAISLEY

For DYEING of all kinds and FRENCH CLEANING.

CATALOGUES FREE.

15 per cent. Discount on all Parcels sent direct by Post or Rail.

HIGH-CLASS WORK AT LOW PRICES.

Never Fails.

Established 24 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?

A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?

A DOSE at BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

Try it also for

Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, Whooping-Cough.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

PIANO LEARNT in a WEEK

Ritchie's Musical Indicator

enables anyone entirely ignorant of Music to play the Piano, Organ, or Harmonium beautifully by ear, and to vamp to Songs in all keys *in one week.* 101,000 sold, and every customer delighted. Post free, 1/8.

MUSICAL SUPPLY Co.

(Y Dept.),

6, Wood St., Liverpool.

TYPEWRITERS

Every Make

FOR SALE, HIRE, or EXCHANGE,

at Half the Usual Prices

M.S. TYPEWRITTEN from 10d. per 1,000 words.

TAYLOR'S

LONDON:

74, *Chancery Lane,* AND W.C.

61, *Cheapside, E.C.*

Established 1884. Telegrams—"Glossator," London. Telephone No. 690, Holborn.

"MATCHLESS"

FREE FROM ACID POISON OR GRIT.

"WARNING TO LADIES."

Beware of Polishes that set up injurious acids when brought in contact with the metal. They impregnate your clothes with verdigris and spoil your hands.

"SIMPLE TEST."

Dab a small quantity on a penny and leave it overnight. If it sets up acid the surface will become green with verdigris.

"MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH will not turn any metal green, and is therefore free from acid.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

METAL POLISH.

PATON, CALVERT & Co. MANUFACTURERS, LIVERPOOL.

Digitized by Google

BOTH SIDES OF THE CASE

Is it worth while to buy the Encyclopædia Britannica?

WHEN a man asks himself whether it is worth while to buy a book, the burden of proof rests upon the book, and not upon the purchaser.

The vis inertiæ, the rule that change and movement shall not occur without a cause, is the elementary law that keep the planets in their places, and it is as sound a rule of conduct as of physics. There is the money at the banker's, capable of transformation into any one of a thousand pleasing forms, and desirable in itself, without any transformation; a power in reserve, a sword in the scabbard; and a sword that does not rust, but grows longer and sharper day by day; doubling itself after a few years, if one leaves it undisturbed. Yet within the last year more than ten thousand of the people of these islands have exchanged money for copies of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, believing that the books are of more use to them than the sovereigns would have been.

Why?

To begin with first principles, every man lives by the exercise of his wit, the use of his mind; the capitalist and the landowner as well as the merchant and the professional man, for it needs as much intelligence, nowadays, to keep money when one has it, as to make money in the first place; the percentage of persons who are unable to take care of the money they have, and to get the best value for the money they make, being quite as large as the percentage of persons who are unable to acquire money. The brain is the watchdog, as well as the money-getter; the housekeeper, as well as the bread-winner. Thought has taken the place of physical force. The cave-dweller who could run fastest and strike hardest brought home the largest store of meat and pelts, when the world was young. Nowadays the man who thinks quickly and accurately is the man who attains his object in life; whether it be power or pleasure, power for good or for evil, enjoyment for himself or for other people. The cave-dweller had to eat meat and wear skins in order to gain the strength to seek for more meat and more skins, and we have to spend money in order to train our minds. During the earlier years of life we give nearly all our time and energy to this training, but it is only the foundation that we can hope to build before the struggle begins. A man cannot cease to read and think when he has completed the process of formal education, any more than he can cease eating when he attains adult stature. His mind works with or without his consent; it is a ship in deep water; it may be guided, but there is no anchorage; it must move in one direction or another. Of all the winds and currents which affect its course there is one influence that never ceases to act—the influence of the printed page. Everybody reads, everybody thinks about what he reads. If he reads nothing but jests, his thoughts never rise above a titter; if he reads nothing but the weekly police reports, his mind never escapes from the fog of crime and misery; if he reads nothing but cheap fiction, his mind never grasps the essential facts of life. Every one, however, reads one thing worth reading, nowadays, the daily newspaper. The man who has not heard of the Soudan campaign, of the Dreyfus case, of any one of the dozen topics of the day, is unimaginable; he ceased to exist when popular education became part of our national life. And the reading of the news of the day is in itself a keen stimulus to mental activity. Fiction is mixed with the facts; matters not worth a thought must find their place in the newspapers, as they do in the world's history, which it is the function of the newspaper to chronicle from day to day. But, on the whole, the world's doings yield sound food for thought, and every man who reads his newspaper, and thinks about what he reads in it, is using his mind to good purpose. If he does not think about it, his time has been wasted; he might as well have been shaping the paper into boats, like a child, or tearing it with his teeth, like a puppy.

It is when he begins to think about his newspaper that he finds the need of books. The newspaper may print a war map to help him understand the movements of an army, but it cannot print a treatise upon every subject which the news of the day invites attention. Yet the treatise must be accessible if the news is to be clearly apprehended; the reader must refresh his recollections in one case, acquire new information in another case, in order intelligently to form his opinions. Books are as indispensable to the newspaper reader—and therefore to everyone—as a chart is to a navigator. A library of some sort is a necessary of intellectual life.

The question, then, changes. Is it worth while to buy the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA rather than some other systematised library? A systematised library it must be, since its function is to answer questions, to meet any one of the doubts that present themselves from day to day. Here, again, the consideration of cost, of the other uses for money, must be faced. The *Times* Reprint of the Ninth Edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is a much lower-priced book than the original impression, completed nearly ten years ago, although it is a verbatim reprint—the same words in the same type, the same illustrations, no abridgement or curtailment. But, notwithstanding the reduction in price, it costs, even now, in the cloth binding, £16, or, in monthly payments, 16 guineas, at the rate of one guinea a month.

Can an equivalent library be purchased for less money? Not in the form of a work of reference, that is certain, because there is in the English language no other work of reference which attempts to treat in detail any such a variety of subjects as are included in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA; it is, in its own field, quite without a competitor.

Cannot a man, however, purchase isolated treatises, dealing with the various branches of knowledge, for his money?

That is a question which everyone can answer for himself; it is a mere matter of figures, and the calculation will, in itself, furnish agreeable and instructive food for thought.

Of the sixteen thousand articles in the work, at least fourteen thousand are brief essays. There are certainly not more than two thousand subjects which are each important enough to justify the existence of a separate book upon each subject. Of these not more than five hundred are long enough to make each a book in itself. Upon nearly every one of these five hundred subjects separate books have been published; many of them written by the same men who wrote the articles for the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Everybody knows roughly what books cost: a good history, so much, a good biography, so much, a good handbook upon any special subject, so much.

The most satisfactory way to answer the question at the head of this column is to take pencil and paper and estimate the cost of five hundred good books.

If the total be more than a hundred guineas, as against sixteen guineas, there is very little room for doubt, and the next thing to do is to call at the office of the *Times* in Printing House Square, or to write to the Manager of the *Times* asking for an order form. Residents of the West End may obtain order forms and further particulars of the offer at the establishment of Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

Digitized by Google

When you want a

Porous Plaster

ASK FOR
AND SEE YOU GET

ALLCOCK'S

TAKE NO OTHER.

ALLCOCK'S

ARE
THE ORIGINAL
AND GENUINE PLASTER.

Be Sure to ask for

ALLCOCK'S PLASTER

Digitized by Google

ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES,
SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.

CADBURY'S
COCOA

Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—THE LANCET.

No Alkali used to darken the colour.

"Cocoa is in itself a perfect food, and requires no addition of drugs whatever."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Illustrated London News.*

Insist on having CADBURY'S—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

SOAPMAKERS BY ROYAL WARRANT
To Her Majesty
THE QUEEN
Pears
AND TO
His Royal Highness
THE PRINCE
OF WALES.
Ich Diene

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google